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1863



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MY LITTLE  
War Experience.

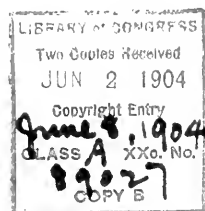
WITH

Historical Sketches and Memorabilia,

BY

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130th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,  
Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Corps,  
Army of the Potomac.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE generous tribute of praise bestowed upon the writer's brief and insignificant Army Experience upon its appearance serially in the York Daily is his excuse for essaying its publication in book form. This tribute was doubtless evoked more by the appendant historical sketches than the commonplace narrative itself. A large majority of our present population has grown up since the termination of the terrible internecine struggle for the maintenance of the Union, which logically ended in the abolition of slavery and the perpetuity of republican institutions. To them, especially, this book may be instructive and entertaining—notably the parts relating to slavery—the primary cause of war, the bitter hatred engendered thereby, the graphic battle descriptions by the commanders on both sides of the great contest, and the portrayal of the cognate contemporaneous events. To the younger local population must be peculiarly gratifying the patriotism displayed by their ancestors in the enthusiastic war meetings held in York, published in full because they were typical of patriotic assemblages held during the war period throughout the entire North.

The sires nobly supported the flag when the war clouds first emerged above the horizon, and were ever conspicuous in the stirring local events and scenes enacted during the greatest conflict in history. Dur-

ing the great struggle, they, too aged themselves to enlist, furnished their full quota of men and money, and extended a most generous and practical hospitality to the thousands of sick and wounded men sent from the front to the York Soldiers' Hospital. They were sons of heroic forbears of a County which sent more equipped soldiers to the theatre of war in the Revolution and lost more men in proportion to population than any other section of the Colonies.

This prosaic narrative, without literary finish, is in itself but a weak and attenuated thread which has been made the expedient for suspending from it campaign excerpts and historical sketches and memorabilia, relevant and irrelevant, that were believed to be specially interesting and instructive. The book, therefore, can justly be denominated a medley or hodge-podge. The thrilling battle scene and other pictures, perhaps too profuse, illustrative of the text and as varied, were also conceived to be attractive to the reader for whose entertainment, if any, this Little War Experience was alone written and compiled.



# CONTENTS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Causes of the Great Civil War.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER. PROTECTIVE TARIFF AND AFRICAN SLAVERY. SLAVERY IN YORK COUNTY. SENSATIONAL AND MOST REMARKABLE NEGRO RELIGIOUS MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS. CONTENTION FOR SECESSION. THE BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON SENATOR SUMNER. INTENSE INDIGNATION IN THE NORTH. THE DRED SCOTT DECISION. DISGRACEFUL MELEE IN CONGRESS. THE JOHN BROWN INVASION.....	1—12
--	------

### CHAPTER II.

#### The Genesis of the War.

SOUTHERN STATES SECEDE. PATRIOTIC MEETINGS IN YORK. FORT SUMTER SURRENDERS. INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN THE NORTH. ENLISTMENTS. OFF FOR THE FRONT. AT ARLINGTON, VA. THE MARCH THROUGH MARYLAND. THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.....	13—28
--	-------

## CHAPTER III.

## Antietam.

NOTHING LIKE IMMINENT PERIL TO STIMULATE PIETY. SENSATIONS UPON ENTERING A BATTLE. THE FEARS EXPERIENCED BY GENERALS GRANT AND SHERMAN. THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. THE BLOODIEST SINGLE DAY OF THE WAR. "BLOODY LANE." GALLANTRY OF THE 130TH REGIMENT. COMPLIMENTS BY GEN. FRENCH. DESPERATE CONDITION OF THE ENEMY. ERRORS AND MISTAKES. 29—45

## CHAPTER IV.

## Losses in Battle.

IMMENSE LOSSES OF THE SECOND CORPS. THE BEST FIGHTING CORPS IN THE ARMY. ITS EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENTS. CONFEDERATE DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. COMPARISON OF BATTLE LOSSES WITH THOSE OF EUROPE. IMMENSE SUPERIORITY OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER. MY SHATTERED RIFLE. TAKEN TO HAGERSTOWN ON A HAY WAGON. THE YORK SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL. .... 30—53

## CHAPTER V.

## Fredericksburg.

RETURN TO THE ARMY. PICTURESQUE HARPER'S FERRY. COUSINS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES. GEN. McCLELLAN REMOVED. AT BELLE PLAINS. OUR EXTREME HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS. TERRIBLE FIGHTING IN THE CITY OF FREDERICKSBURG. THE RIGID DEAD CONFEDERATE. OUR DIVISION MAKES THE FIRST CHARGE ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS. THE AWFUL SLAUGHTER. THE FIELD LITERALLY COVERED WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED. THE ENTRY OF THE SHELL. FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

..... 54—69

## CHAPTER VI.

## Description of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

BY THE COUNT OF PARIS, AND GENERALS FRENCH AND COUCH. GEN. FRANKLIN'S ASSERTION THAT GEN. BURNSIDE'S GOING TO SLEEP LOST US THE BATTLE. HIS ERRONEOUS LETTER AND CONCLUSION. GEN. BURNSIDE'S UTTER INCOMPETENCY. . 70—80

## CHAPTER VII.

## After the Battle of Fredericksburg.

TAKEN TO THE HOSPITALS AT WASHINGTON AND PHILADELPHIA. MINISTER TO A WOUNDED AND DYING CONFEDERATE. THADDEUS STEVENS IN CONGRESS. HIS INTELLECTUAL SUPREMACY, AND INVALUABLE SERVICES IN THE CAUSE OF THE UNION. NOBLE TRIBUTE BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WAR LECTURES. HIS GREAT SPEECHES FOR THE UNION IN GREAT BRITAIN. HE CONFRONTS ANGRY AND VIOLENTS MOBS. CONVERTS A HOSTILE PUBLIC SENTIMENT AT A CRITICAL PERIOD. FIERCE AND LUDICROUS SCENES. . . . . 81—86

## CHAPTER VIII.

## Chancellorsville.

RETURN TO THE ARMY IN FRONT OF FREDERICKSBURG. WINTER DUG-OUTS. PICKET DUTY. BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. THE ROUT OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS. THAT DREADFUL SATURDAY NIGHT; BOTH ARMIES MIXED UP IN TOTAL DARKNESS. HORRORS OF THE SHRIEKING WOUNDED, MINGLED CURSES. HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE ARTILLERY. . . . . 87—93

## CHAPTER IX.

## Chancellorsville.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S MORTAL WOUND AND DEATH. THROWN FROM HIS LITTER. GRAPHIC AND THRILL- ING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE HORRIBLE NIGHT-BATTLE AND JACKSON'S TRAGIC DEATH, BY THE COUNT OF PARIS, AND JACKSON'S WIDOW IN HIS MEMOIRS. HIS RANK AS A CHIEFTAIN. A RELIGIOUS FANATIC. DEMANDS THE KILLING OF ALL PRISONERS OF WAR. HIS DEATH, AND NOT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, THE TURNING POINT OF THE WAR.....	94—108
--	--------

## CHAPTER X.

## Chancellorsville.

THE BATTLE RENEWED ON SUNDAY. GEN. BERRY KILLED IN OUR COMPANY. THE FATAL BLUNDER OF HIS SUCCESSOR. THE TERRIBLE RETREAT STEP BY STEP TO AN INNER LINE. HAND TO HAND CONFLICT. HORSES SHOT BETWEEN THE LINES. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S UNIQUE LETTER TO GEN. HOOKER. THE LATTER'S INCOMPETENCY AS AN ARMY COMMANDER. CORPS COMMANDERS IN COUN- CIL OF WAR, URGE A RENEWAL OF THE ATTACK WHICH WOULD HAVE RETRIEVED THE DISASTER. THE RETREAT TO OUR ABANDONED WINTER QUARTERS.....	109—120
--	---------

## CHAPTER XI.

## Our Return Home.

HOSPITABLE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF YORK. HEROISM EXTOLLED. YORK COUNTY IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. CONTINENTAL CONGRESS IN YORKTOWN. GENERALS LAFAYETTE, GATES AND WILKINSON AND THE CONWAY CABAL IN YORK. THE UNFOUGHT DUEL. DUCKING OF THE TORY RECTOR IN YORK. BANQUET ON THE COMMONS TO THE 130TH REGIMENT. WITTY TOASTS AND ELOQUENT SPEECHES. COMPLIMENTARY ORDER BY OUR DIVISION COMMANDER, GEN. FRENCH.....	120—129
--	---------

## APPENDIX.

### NOTE 1.

(Page 6.)

### Negro Religious Meeting.

NEGRO RELIGIOUS MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR. GRAPHIC AND HUMOROUS DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MINISTERS AND CONGREGATION WHO EVEN SURPASSED IN THEIR EJACULATIONS, SHRIEKS AND SPASMS THE "HOWLING DERVISHES" OF THE EAST. .... 131—138

### NOTE 2.

(Page 8.)

### Assault upon Senator Sumner.

THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY PRESTON BROOKS UPON SENATOR CHARLES SUMNER IN 1856. A MOST INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE ACRIMONIOUS SLAVERY DEBATE THAT LED TO IT, AND THE PREGNANT CONSEQUENCES. .... 139—144

### NOTE 3.

(Page 10.)

### Free Fight in Congress, 1858.

THE SWAGGER OF SOUTHERN FIRE-EATERS IS RESENTED BY BLOWS. STRUGGLING MASSES IN FISTIC CONFLICT. GROW FELS KEITT. LUDRICROUS END OF THE ROW. HOW THE LOSS OF THE WIG OF GEN. BARKSDALE (AFTERWARDS KILLED AT GETTYSBURG) STOPPED THE GENERAL MELEE. .... 145—148

## NOTE 4.

(Page 12.)

## John Brown Invasion.

THE JOHN BROWN RAID AND BATTLE AT HARPER'S  
FERRY. HIS LAST MOMENTS AND EXECUTION. IN-  
TENSE EXCITEMENT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

..... 149—153

## NOTE 5.

(Page 14.)

## Union Meeting in York, 1861.

..... 154—155

## NOTE 6.

(Page 15.)

## Fearful Excitement in York.

"LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC TOWN MEETING, APRIL  
18TH, 1861. PATRIOTIC SPEECHES AND RESOLU-  
TIONS. AID FOR THE FAMILIES OF YORK CITIZEN  
SOLDIERS. TELEGRAPH AND RAILROAD COMMUNICA-  
TIONS WITH BALTIMORE SUSPENDED. ORDERING OFF  
AND DEPARTURE OF THE YORK MILITARY. PASSAGE  
OF TROOPS. PATRIOTISM OF YORK CITIZENS." 156—158

## NOTE 7.

(Page 16.)

## "The War Excitement in York."

ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY. OVER FIVE THOUSAND  
TROOPS QUARTERED IN YORK. RETURN OF THE  
YORK COMPANIES. IMMENSE COUNTY MEETING.  
APPROPRIATION OF \$10,000 BY THE COMMISSIONERS  
AND \$5,000.00 SUBSCRIBED FOR THE FAMILIES OF  
SOLDIERS. FORMATION OF A HOME GUARD. . . . . 159—163

NOTE 8.

(Page 17.)

“The President’s Call for Troops in 1862.”

WAR MEETING IN YORK. LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC  
GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE..... 164—166

NOTE 9.

(Page 48.)

Losses in Battle.

OUR BATTLE AND REGIMENTAL LOSSES IN THE CIVIL  
WAR COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE GREAT CON-  
FLICTS OF EUROPE. AMERICANS THE BEST, MOST  
COURAGEOUS AND TENACIOUS FIGHTERS IN THE  
WORLD..... 167—170

NOTE 10.

(Page 55.)

Harper’s Ferry.

By President Thomas Jefferson.

..... 171—172

NOTE 11.

(Page 83.)

Thaddeus Stevens.

The Great Commoner.

..... 173—181



## NOTE 12.

(Page 86.)

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in Great Britain.  
1863.

DELIVERS BRILLIANT SPEECHES TO CONVERT THE DOMINANT CLASS OF THAT COUNTRY TO THE CAUSE OF THE NORTH. IS CONFRONTED BY ARMED AND HOSTILE MOBS. IN IMMINENT PERIL. GRAPHIC AND HUMOROUS DESCRIPTIONS. HIS TRANSCENDENT SWAYING POWER AS AN ORATOR. .... 182—187

## NOTE 13.

(Page 122.)

Conway Cabal, Lafayette.

GEN. LAFAYETTE'S REBUFF TO THE CONWAY CABAL IN YORK. HIS SECOND RECEPTION IN YORK, 1825. EARLY STAGES AND PRIMITIVE CARS..... 188—190

## NOTE 14.

(Page 122.)

Gates—Wilkinson Duel.

GENERALS GATES AND WILKINSON AT YORK, 1778. THEY MEET TO FIGHT A DUEL AT THE "ENGLISH CHURCH," YORK. THE CONWAY CABAL. .... 191—194

## NOTE 15.

(Page 123.)

The Ducking of the Tory Rector in York.  
1775.

..... 194—195

## NOTE 16.

(Page 123.)

York County Patriotism in the  
Revolutionary War.

..... 196

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

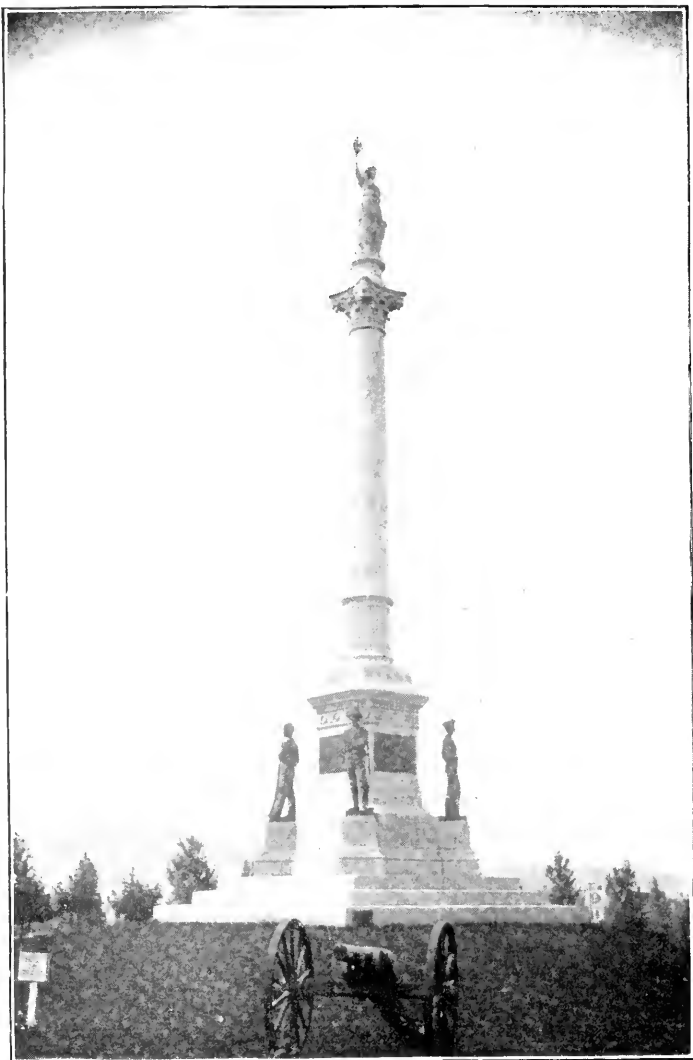
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Edward W. Spangler, 1863-1903	Frontispiece
Soldiers and Sailors Monument, York, Pa.	
The Cause of the Civil War.....	4
United States Slave Trade (old print).....	4
African Slavery (old print).....	12
John Brown .....	12
Off for the Front, 1861.....	18
Return of the Survivors, 1865.....	18
Col. Michael H. Spangler, 1814.....	24
Battle Monument, Baltimore, 1838.....	24
Defeat of Gen. Braddock (old print).....	28
The Battle of Bloody Run (old print).....	28
Where Gen. Grant was Frightened.....	30
The Commons, York, Pa.....	30
Battery in Full Charge.....	36
Bloody Lane, Antietam.....	36
Havoc Wrought to a Battery.....	40
Fire too Hot; Limbering Up.....	40
Artillery in Action.....	46
French's Division at Antietam.....	46
Harper's Ferry, 1830.....	50
Spengler Hall, Strasburg, Va.....	50
Settler's Cabin in Primeval Forest.....	54
An Old Virginia Mill.....	54
Hospital Scene as Seen by the Reserves.....	58
A Battle with Mosby's Guerillas.....	58
Supply Trains, Belle Plains, Va.....	62
Laying Pontoons at Fredericksburg.....	62
Bombardment of Fredericksburg.....	68

A Recollection of Fredericksburg.....	68
Charge of Second Corps on Marye's Heights.....	72
Charge on the Ramparts, Fredericksburg.....	72
An Evening in Camp at the Front.....	78
The Mills House, Fredericksburg.....	78
The Standard Bearer Faithful unto Death.....	84
After the Battle.....	84
The Dream of the Soldier.....	92
Severing Communications .....	92
Gen. Hooker's Headquarters, Chancellorsville.....	100
Stampede of the Eleventh Corps, Chancellorsville....	100
Artillery Massed at Chancellorsville.....	106
Battle on the Plank Road, Chancellorsville.....	106
On the March to Chancellorsville.....	114
Retreat from Chancellorsville.....	114
York's Fourth Company in the Revolution.....	122
Return of the Veterans.....	126
The Last Muster.....	126
The Slave Market, Ancient Rome.....	136
Return of the Missionary and Slave.....	136
The Last Moments of John Brown.....	150
Abolishing Slavery in the House.....	150
Capt. Rudolph Spengler's Comp. in the Revolution..	156
Centre Square, York, Pa.....	162
East Market Street, York, Pa.....	162
Reconnoitring .....	168
Hon. Thaddeus Stevens.....	174
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.....	184
Bent on Storming a Beecher Meeting.....	184
Gen. LaFayette's Stage Tour, 1825.....	188
Ball Given to Gen. LaFayette, York, Pa.....	188
Primitive Coal Train.....	192
Primitive Passenger Train .....	192
Continental Congress at York, 1777.....	196
Stop Firing .....	202
Last Thoughts .....	202







SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT, YORK, PA.

# My Little War Experience.

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Causes of the Great Civil War.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER. PROTECTIVE TARIFF AND AFRICAN SLAVERY. SLAVERY IN YORK COUNTY. SENSATIONAL AND MOST REMARKABLE NEGRO RELIGIOUS MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS. CONTENTION FOR SECESSION. THE BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON SENATOR SUMNER. INTENSE INDIGNATION IN THE NORTH. THE DRED SCOTT DECISION. DISGRACEFUL MELEE IN CONGRESS. THE JOHN BROWN INVASION.

IN compiling the historical portion of a work issued several years ago\* the writer found but few scraps that threw light upon the movements or experiences of the battalions of York County troops sent to the front in the Revolutionary War. Any personal narrative, even from a private soldier, would have

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\*Spangler Annals, with Local Historical Sketches.

been of great local historical value and profoundly interesting.

Perhaps in the distant future some local chronicler in writing with a proper perspective the history of the York County troops in the great Civil War, may glean at least a bit of information from these pages in relating the inconsiderable part taken by the 130th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which the writer was a youthful and humble private.

The private soldier in an army of 100,000 or more, men is, individually a mere atom, as it were, playing a very insignificant part. The range of his observation is limited to his immediate surroundings. He knows nothing of the destination of his division, the general movements of the army, or the plans of a campaign. His province is to obey orders and shoot.

But why the fierce, savage and rentless fratricidal strife and dreadful carnage between the North and South for four long, anxious and heartrending years, with a sacrifice of 360,000 Union soldiers, and a cost of \$3,000,000,000 in money, to which must be added \$2,700,000,000 paid since in pensions? The only answer, is, Slavery, with a protective tariff as an incident. The conflict between slavery and freedom was "an irrepressible conflict."

The great moral and social evil was so radical and deeply rooted that a permanent cure could only be effected by a resort to arms, with emancipation as a logical sequence. Most of the decisive wars in Christendom, since the dark ages, have, like our great struggle, been waged to mitigate or eradicate some great moral and public wrong, eventuating in the amelioration and uplifting of mankind. Abraham Lincoln rightly contended that the Union could not exist half free and half slave,



and the South, recognizing the fact, made war against the Union to decide the issue. The pregnant and portentous events that led up successively to the final crisis and crash may, as introductory, prove instructive at least to the generation born since the war.

The remote and proximate causes of the great Civil War, as stated, were tariff for protection and African slavery. The South, devoted solely to agricultural interests, demanded free trade. The North, depending largely for its wealth upon the products of its manufacturing industries, insisted upon protection. The prices of fabricated commodities being enhanced, as alleged, as a result of a protective tariff without a corresponding compensation to the South, John C. Calhoun and his States' sovereignty associates asserted that the laying of imposts, not for revenue, but for protection, was *ultra vires*—an illegal exercise or want of power; that the States had the right to judge of infractions of the Federal Constitution and could nullify such laws by right of Constitutional resistance. The arguments in support of this doctrine by orators of scholastic attainments were more metaphysical and refined than rational and sound.\*

The chief source, however, of irreconcilable division was slavery. Upon the invention of the cotton-gin in

\*Mr. Calhoun, in 1816, made a vigorous speech in behalf of a protective tariff as calculated "to bind together more closely our wide-spread republic." In 1832, and years prior thereto, the Southern States were almost unanimous for free trade, and so now was Mr. Calhoun, their brilliant exponent, and as there was no immediate prospect of a repeal of the existing protective system, South Carolina in the same year adopted an ordinance to nullify the tariff, and if not repealed, avowed a determination to declare its independence. One of the leading facts in President Jackson's administration was the prompt and complete crushing of the contemplated secession of South Carolina, and in which he threatened "by the Eternal to hang Calhoun higher than Haman."

1793, cotton planting became immensely profitable; slave labor, indispensable in its cultivation, was in excessive demand, and negroes were imported in vast numbers.\*

In the opinion of the Southern planter, the slave catcher in Africa was a greater benefactor than the religious missionary; that the capture and enslavement of the hapless African negro contributed immeasurably to his benefit and advantage, and that the institution itself had the sanction of Divine authority. The ascendancy of slave labor degraded and crowded out the reif-respecting white laborer, and left a class known since as the "poor whites," shiftless and densely ignorant.

Immigrants refused to settle in the slave States and capital declined investment, and in consequence the Northern States were growing so much faster than the South in wealth and population that the latter became apprehensive of its ability to extend the institution of slavery into the territories which were rapidly filling with settlers, the majority of whom, save in the South-west, were from the North.

The slave holders asserted that not only would this extension be arrested, but by reason of the rapidly-increasing and intensifying abolition sentiment in the Free States, the institution was menaced in the States in which it already existed. The antagonism thus en-

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\*Prior to the discovery of the cotton-gin, the South was engaged in industrial pursuits. Its representative citizens--Washington, Jefferson, Governor Spotswood and Col. William Bird and others of equal rank--were engaged in manufacturing. But the "cotton-saw" opened the Southern region to a new field for energy and capital, which for half a century, by slave labor, yielded most extraordinary profits. In 1791, 186,316 pounds of cotton were exported: but the invention principally raised it to 17,789,803 pounds in 1800. By this very fact it fastened slavery on the South for at least a generation longer than it would otherwise have existed.



THE CAUSE OF THE CIVIL WAR. (Old print.)



UNITED STATES SLAVE TRADE,  
1850

Old Print.)



gendered had its origin in the beginning of our history. But for the compromises on the slavery question inserted in the Constitution—the permission to import slaves until 1808, the three-fifths representation of slaves in Congress, and the return of fugitives from service to the owner—the Thirteen States would not have been able in 1787 “to form a more perfect Union.”

The anti-slavery agitation in England which ended in the memorable Act of 1807, abolishing the slave trade in the British Colonies, exercised a powerful influence in the United States.

For sentimental and economic reasons, slavery in the North was gradually abolished. In 1780 the Legislature in Pennsylvania passed an act for its gradual abolition. The slaves in 1790 in York County, which then included Adams County, were 499, and 156 in 1800. The last slave in York County died in 1841.

The subjoined advertisements in the Pennsylvania Herald and York Advertiser of January 4th, 1792, show even as early as the end of the 18th Century, the horrors of slavery in selling the slave mother from her children, and the brutal application of the lash:\*

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\*\*\*TO BE SOLD.

“A healthy stout Mullato Wench 16 years old; she had the small pox and measles, can cook, wash and can do most sorts of house work. Inquire of Robert White, Tavern Keeper, York.

Feb. 14, 1798.”

“NEGRO FEMALE.

“The subscriber has for sale a NEGRO FEMALE, who is a slave for life, about 32 years of age, very healthy and stout, well acquainted with business, either in house or field; she has three female children, the oldest near six years of age, and the youngest about three months; the two oldest are registered according to law. The largeness of the subscriber's own family, and her propensity for breeding, are the principal reasons she is offered for sale. The purchaser on giving bond and sufficient security, will be indulged with one year's credit, or more if necessary. A tenderness in separating a parent from her children, is the inducement for pro-

In the Southern States, the slaves of the old aristocratic families were generally treated kindly and taken care of in old age. They were given religious instruction, and the services, under the guidance of colored ministers, were fervent and earnest, even if they appeared extremely boisterous, comical and ludicrous to the educated white observer. A very entertaining and humorous description of one of these remarkable religious gatherings is given by a noted traveller throughout the South before the war.†

But there was a large minority of slave-owners,—a large majority in the Cotton States,—who subjected their slaves to great hardships and cruelties—a class so vividly depicted in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” They had no compunctions whatever in cruelly over-working their slaves, and on the coarsest diet, and in exercising the lash with undue severity, torturing with the pillory, and in separating on the auctioneer’s block the husband from his wife and the parents from their children.

These abuses, repugnant to every moral feeling, naturally intensified the anti-slavery feeling of the Free States, and accentuated the determination to prevent the extension of the institution into the territories. New

†App. Note 1.

posing the whole together; but if circumstances on contracting, render it necessary, they will be sold separately, except the youngest, by

Oct. 13, 1790.

MOSES McCLEAN, Gettysburg, Pa ”

“THIRTY DOLLARS REWARD.”

“Runaway from the subscribers, November 26, 1791, living on Sugarland Run, Loudon County, Virginia, two negro men named Philip and Daniel. Phil is about 30 years old. He is apt to smile when spoken to, has a flat nose, large mouth, thick lips, wrinkled forehead, with some scars on it, and has the marks of the whip on his back.”

“Daniel is a low full-fed lad 19 years of age, and has a scar on the joint of his little finger and hand.

JAMES COLEMAN.

JOHN JENKINS.”

and increased markets for slaves being thus menaced, and the tariff laws arraigned as an alleged unconstitutional invasion of their rights, the slave States contemplated even in the first quarter of the last century a political separation. With this end in view, their statesmen contended that the bond which held the States together was a mere compact, and the Federal Union a league or confederation which might be dissolved at the will of the States.

It was held by the statesmen of the North, and in the earlier days by the constitutional lawyers and jurists of the South, that when the States adopted the Federal Constitution, the several States abdicated, except as to the local powers reserved, their sovereignty to the Federal Union, and that, after such abdication, the States possessed none of the attributes of sovereignty, such as coining money, laying imposts, emitting bills of credit, making treaties and levying war. The government of the United States being therefore a Nation, no one State could secede from the Union without the consent of all the others. It was never denied that the inalienable right of revolution, by reason of intolerable oppression, resided inherently in every people. But that was not the contention of the South for the basis of revolution did not exist. The right contended for was that of secession in virtue of the Constitution.

With the famous Missouri Compromise began the aligned slavery struggle that led to the Civil War. In 1820, the territory of Missouri, a part of the Jefferson Louisiana Purchase of 1803, applied to Congress for admission as a State into the Union. It was proposed that it be admitted as a free State. This bitterly enraged the pro-slavery party of the South; and then began a long series of acrimonious discussions both in and out

of Congress. It was finally agreed that slavery be permitted in Missouri, but prohibited in all the territories north and west of the northern boundary of Arkansas. This was supposed to be a complete settlement of the slavery dispute; but soon proved to be a source of trouble, the South alleging that it had been obstructed in the constitutional exercise of its slave property rights.

In 1850, the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, enabling the slave holder to recover his slaves in the free states. Any assistance rendered a fugitive to enable him to escape was penal and subjected the party to damages. All citizens were required, when called upon by the officers of arrest, to render personal assistance in the performance of their duties. These officers were generally the scum of the earth, and unscrupulous in their efforts to secure the big rewards offered for the restitution of fugitives. To command a free people with humanitarian instincts, under a posse comitatus, to join in a hunt of maltreated and hounded slaves was so odious and repugnant that a refusal nearly always followed the fiendish demand, and the law became practically a dead letter.

In 1854, the Missouri Compromise was repealed; the act of repeal giving the people of all the territories the option to adopt or exclude slavery when applying for admission as States. Then began the bitter contention in the territory of Kansas. Freemen rushed in from the North, and Border Ruffians mostly from Missouri. A reign of terror and violence ensued unparalleled in the history of the country. Kansas, despite the determined pro-slavery efforts of the Buchanan administration, was ultimately admitted as a free State.

It was during the acrimonious debate in the United States Senate in 1856, on the "Crime against Kansas,"



that the cowardly and murderous assault was made in the Senate Chamber by Preston Brooks a member of the House from South Carolina, on Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts.\* It was the most sensational event before the war and stirred the North to its depths. The day after the assault many members of Congress went to their seats armed.

In 1857, the remarkable Dred Scott decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States, under which the owner might, without molestation, carry his slaves with him into any State in the Union. Slaves were declared by the Court to be mere chattels or things, same as cattle, and had no standing in Court.

In the State of Pennsylvania even swine were held to have a *locus standi*; for there is found a Supreme Court case in 1833, reported in 10th Sergeant & Rawle, page 393, entitled *The Commonwealth at the relation of Jonathan Wilson against Fourteen Hogs*, in which the hogs were captured, and secured their freedom by an action in the nature of a *habeas corpus*. The Supreme Court said: "The argument on the part of the captor here is, that a hog is an out-law, *caput lupinum*, and may be shot down like a mad dog," a position that the Court denied.

In the opinion filed in the Dred Scott case, the Supreme Court for the first and only time enunciated the indefensible doctrine, originated by Calhoun, that the Constitution extended *ex proprio vigore* (of its own force) over acquired territory; in other words, that inasmuch as the organic law permitted slavery in the States, it carried itself into the acquired territories, and that the laws of Congress limiting slavery in certain territories, as in the Missouri Compromise, and allowing the

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\* App. Note 2.

people of a territory to determine whether it should be free or slave when applying for admission into the Union, were unconstitutional. This decision is the one chiefly relied upon by the appellants in the Porto Rico and Philippine importation cases, argued in the Supreme Court of the United States, and which a year ago (1902) challenged the attention of the entire country.

A citizen of Porto Rico in 1900 imported merchandise from his island; a soldier brought rings to San Francisco from the Philippines, and were both taxed as imports from foreign countries. The contention was made by the attorneys for the appellants, that the moment these new insular possessions were ceded by Spain to the United States, under the treaty of Paris, they became integral parts of the United States, and its people, ipse jure, citizens thereof; and inasmuch as commerce is free of duty between the States under the provisions of the Constitution, and as the latter, under the Dred Scott decision, carries itself by its own force into acquired territory, therefore the imposition of custom duties upon commerce between these islands and the United States was a palpable infraction of the Constitution.

The antagonism between the North and South reached a climax in Congress in 1858 when occurred a disgraceful melee in the lower house of Congress between struggling masses. The encounter was fierce with a most ludicrous ending.\*

One of the most exciting and momentous events of the country was the John Brown Raid at Harper's Ferry, Va., in the fall of 1859, and his capture by United States troops under the command of Captain Robert E. Lee, afterwards the most famous of Confed-

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\*App. Note 3.

erate Generals. The bitter feeling engendered on both sides by the Dred Scott affair was aggravated by this filibustering incursion, and Brown's violent methods were treated by the South as a demonstration of Northern sentiment. The execution of John Brown and his associates by the Sheriff of the County was doubtless justified by the law of the land but proved to be a signal blunder. Under the peculiar circumstances executive clemency should have been extended.

Abraham Lincoln spoke in the Cooper Institute, New York, February 27th, 1860, and referred to John Brown in cold, measured and judicial words: "John Brown's effort was peculiar," he said. "It was not a slave insurrection, it was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair in its philosophy corresponds with the many attempts related in history at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people until he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution."

John Brown was controlled by the noblest motives, the highest sentiments of philanthropy and humanity. However fatuous, unlawful and violent his methods, he represented in his convictions on the great national evil of slavery the sentiment and conscience of the North. His purpose was the freedom of a race, a purpose since achieved, and in which the people of the South, and the exponents of Southern opinion, now profess to rejoice. It is even now (1903) proposed to place the statutes of Gen. Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, and John

Brown, of Kansas, as representatives of their respective States among the immortals in the Statuary Hall of Fame in Washington.

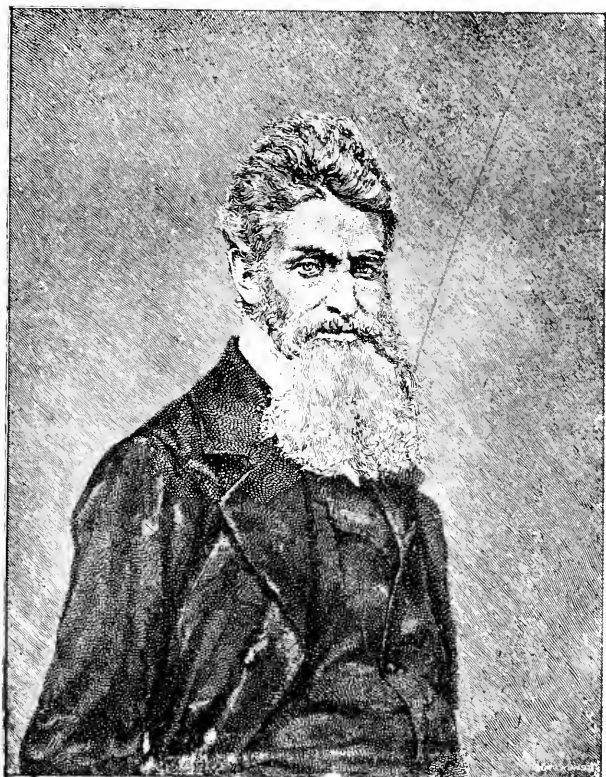
The last sad moments of John Brown, the stern old Puritan, have been ably depicted on canvas and in verse.\*

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\*App. Note 4.



AFRICAN SLAVERY. 'Old print'



JOHN BROWN. 'pp 10, 149'



## CHAPTER II.

### The Genesis of the War.

SOUTHERN STATES SECEDE. PATRIOTIC MEETINGS IN YORK. FORT SUMTER SURRENDERS. INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN THE NORTH. ENLISTMENTS. OFF FOR THE FRONT. AT ARLINGTON, VA. THE MARCH THROUGH MARYLAND. THE BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

DURING the greater part of the Buchanan administration, the South secretly and sedulously began making preparations for war. Buchanan's Secretary of War treacherously transferred from Northern to Southern arsenals large stores of arms and ammunition. The small arms so distributed and sold to the Southern States up to 1861 amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand of the most improved pattern. Thus the North, to a large extent, was unarmed, whilst the South was thoroughly equipped for the coming conflict.

After the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Southern States, one after another, passed ordinances of Secession—the border slave States remaining irresolute until later,—and on the 4th of February, 1860, the delegates of the seceded States met in general congress at Montgomery, Alabama. In these States the ordinance of

Secession was received with great rejoicing: bon-fires were lit, the towns illuminated, and the militia paraded the streets; and in many cases the Federal Arsenals were seized and the Federal forts occupied by the State troops.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated. The Southern orators, notwithstanding the President's pacific assurances, renewed with still greater insolence, taunt and sarcasm, their diatribes against the freemen of the North, who were designated dough-faces and cowards, and who would not dare to use force to compel the seceding States to remain in the Union.

The political atmosphere of the whole country had for a long time been in an electrical condition which presaged a storm. Indignation and resentment were accentuated in the North to a pitch that required only an overt act to give the "Irrepressible Conflict" a belligerent expression. Patriotic meetings were held all over the North. York was not a laggard.

A large and enthusiastic War Meeting was held in the Court House on January 8th, 1861, for the purpose of considering the grave condition of National affairs. A Committee of thirty-three members reported resolutions which demanded a total sacrifice of all partisan feeling, denounced the right of secession, and expressed a determination to give an earnest, decided and effective support in vindicating the Constitution and enforcing the laws.\*

The storm came like a cyclone upon the capture of Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861. This intelligence set the entire North aflame with patriotism. It acted as an inspiration, consolidating public sentiment, and dissipating political differences. President Lincoln forthwith issued

\*App. Note 5.



a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months, which was responded to with an unparalleled outburst of enthusiasm. The young and middle-aged rallied to the standard of the Union with a celerity that astonished even the fire-eating Southerners, who fatuously believed that the dismemberment and destruction of the Republic, and the establishment of a slave empire in the South, would be an easy task.

The present generation can form no adequate conception of the indignation and intense excitement of that memorable April 13th, and the weeks following. In the history of National uprisings it was unequalled. All were for immediate war. On the 18th of April, the citizens of York assembled in the Court House in great numbers, for the purpose of giving a practical expression of their devotion to the Union. The Borough authorities appropriated \$1,000.00, the County Commissioners made an appropriation of \$10,000.00 the week following; Hanover and Wrightsville gave liberally, and nearly \$4,000.00 were contributed by the citizens of York.\*

On April 19th the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment in passing through Baltimore was attacked by a large mob, and a number killed and wounded. Portions of the track of the Northern Central Railroad were torn up and the bridges burned between Cockeysville and Baltimore.

On Saturday, April 20, at 11 o'clock P. M., the York Rifles and the Worth Infantry Companies left in a special train going towards Baltimore, and were stationed in squads at the several bridges of the road in Maryland as far as Cockeysville. Ten or twelve trains containing 3,000 troops passed through York on Sunday for Ash-

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\*App. Note 6.

land and Cockeysville. On Monday, these regiments returned and encamped on the Fair Grounds, and by the 7th of May, 5,500 men were in camp there.

These troops were soon after transferred to General Patterson's command operating beyond Harper's Ferry to prevent Gen. Joseph E. Johnson's division from reinforcing Gen. Beauregard at Manassas. Johnson out-generaled Patterson, and his timely support of Beauregard's exhausted and shattered forces lost us the battle of Bull Run.

The great war meeting of April 20th, 1861, was succeeded by a patriotic meeting of the ladies of York who offered their services in preparing lint and bandages and to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers, ministrations that were emphasized in a most worthy, signal and practical manner a year later when on the Commons of York a large soldiers' barracks was converted into a spacious hospital which was filled with thousands of sick and wounded men until the end of the war—total 14,256. From the beginning of the month of May regiments of troops passed daily through York for the seat of war, cheering lustly as they passed through the city. Company after company was recruited in York and sent to the front.\*

On July 21, 1861, was fought the disastrous battle of Bull Run. In response to President Lincoln's second call, patriots flocked to arms, and on December 2, 1861, the Union armies aggregated 660,971 men. July 1, 1862, ended the "seven days' battle" on the Chickahominy before Richmond, and the retreat of McClellan's Army to the James river.

On August 4th, 1862, President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers to serve for nine months. In con-

\*App. Note 7.

sequence, another war meeting was held by the citizens of York, for the purpose of taking measures to fill the county's quota—four companies which were quickly recruited.\*

In the fall of 1861, I was rejected on account of my youth and small stature as a drummer boy in the 87th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers then forming on the York Commons,—eight Companies from York County and two from Adams.

It was on these historic Commons that the York Troops in the Revolutionary War were recruited and drilled; and where two regiments of the Pennsylvania Line in 1781 on their way to the South under General Anthony Wayne, encamped. On account of the privations and want of supplies, mutiny became rampant in the camp, and after a drumhead Court martial, seven were shot.† On these Commons, also, 5,000 Pennsylvania Militia assembled in the War of 1812-14 ready, if needed, to confront the British at Baltimore or elsewhere.

About August 5th, 1862, having obtained my mother's written consent, tearfully given, to my enlistment in the army, in company with my brother Frank, two years my senior, we resigned our store clerkships. I was then a little over sixteen years of age and weighed ninety-two pounds. A company was recruited by Levi Maish with headquarters in the Hartman building which Frank and I joined. The Company was quickly filled, and with three other York County Companies immediately repaired to Harrisburg and rendezvoused at Camp Curtin, about one mile North of the Capitol.

Volunteers responded to the President's call through-

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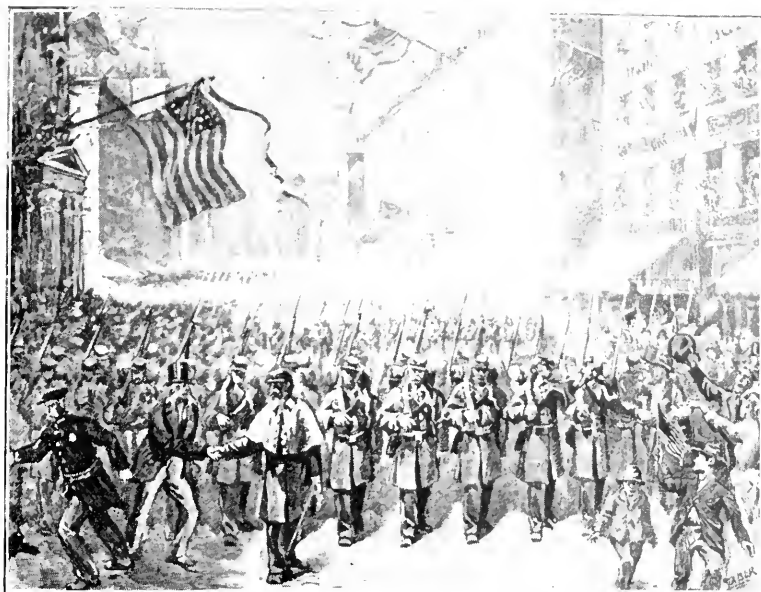
\*App. Note 8.

†Note—Spangler Annals, pp. 569-574.

out the State by hundreds and thousands; companies were formed and assigned to regiments in the Camp. Only those then living have a true conception of the patriotic ardor and wild enthusiasm that prevailed. Every train to Harrisburg carried companies in citizen clothes to march out a week later in uniforms of blue with glistening rifles and bayonets.

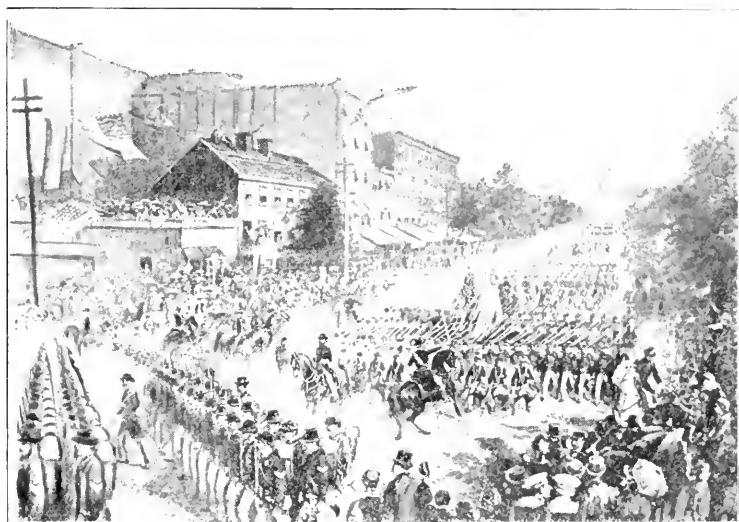
Our first night's experience consisted in sleeping in tents, on board floors, the reverse of comfort. The next day the company was assembled in a large tent, and examined nude by an army surgeon. When my turn came to be inspected, sounded and measured, he said to me, "Young man, you are only five foot two—two inches too short." I immediately stood on my toes and said, "Try it again." He did; and, winking, replied, "That's all right." I afterwards wished that I hadn't been so fertile in resource.

Meanwhile, ten companies were selected, from the scores of new companies just arrived in camp, to form the regiment—four from York County and six from Cumberland County and vicinity—and designated the 130th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. On August 9th, 1862, the regiment was aligned and mustered into the service of the United States for a period of nine months, unless sooner discharged by a termination of the war. The following morning, Governor Curtin delivered the regimental flag in a most eloquent and patriotic address. We immediately marched, amid the plaudits of the people of Harrisburg, to the railroad station, where we were placed in box cars and started for Washington. On our arrival at York, a large concourse of relatives and friends awaited us and gave us a most enthusiastic reception, and a tearful and God-Bless-You send-off.



From Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

OFF FOR THE FRONT, 1861. p 18



RETURN OF THE SURVIVORS, 1865.  
Grand Review of the Union Armies at Washington.



The regiment arrived at Baltimore about 6 P. M. The demonstrations of the populace so far as manifested were friendly, the hostile mob element of the previous year having mostly gone into the Confederate Army. In marching up Calvert Street from Calvert Station, we passed in Monument Square the famous Battle Monument with its Egyptian base surmounted with a classic shaft, griffins and eagles, and bassi relievi representing battle scenes of the fierce struggle in 1814 at North Point, below the city, between our militia forces and the British troops just fresh from their victory at Bladensburg. Gen. Ross, the British Commander-in-Chief, was killed, and his forces driven to their ships. It was in this battle that Captain Michael H. Spangler's York Rifles, the only Pennsylvania troops in the engagement, fought with great gallantry.\*

Upon our arrival at Camden Station of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, we were furnished supper by the Union Relief Association of the city. We arrived in Washington at midnight, and were quartered at the Soldiers' Retreat, a spacious wooden structure, at the railroad depot. At daylight we got our first view of the white marble Capitol. We had never before seen an edifice so large, noble, majestic and imposing in appearance. Its present lofty dome, with its tiers of columns, beautiful ornamentations, its summit surmounted by the colossal statute of Liberty, was then erected only a score of feet above the adjacent wings, with a huge crane projecting from the opening.

After breakfast, the regiment with colors flying moved under a hot sun up Pennsylvania Avenue, unpaved and full of ruts, down to Long Bridge spanning the Potomac, which we crossed, and proceeded to Camp Welles

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\*Spangler Annals, pp. 161, 475.

three miles beyond, where we bivouacked for the night. A day or two after, our company was detailed to guard and protect Arlington, an old classic Virginia mansion with an estate of a thousand acres on the right bank of the Potomac immediately opposite Washington. The buildings, surrounded by venerable trees, consisted of a large and stately brick structure with slave quarters and stables. From the ample porch with its immense Colonial columns, we had a picturesque view of the Capitol City. The old portraits of the Custis and Lee families were still hanging on the parlor walls. For years prior to the outbreak of the war it was the home of General Robert E. Lee who married a daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, a grandson of Mrs. Washington. The interior architecture in Mr. Custis' time, was a perfect reproduction of an aristocratic Virginia interior of a century ago. All about the place had the aspect of antiquity and former wealth and ease. Where is now located the beautiful Soldiers' National Cemetery was then a dense forest of stately oaks and chestnuts extending miles around.

It was rumored that our company was detached to perform guard duty at Arlington during our entire term of service. To this we emphatically demurred, as we had enlisted to fight the enemy, and not to protect from spoliation the property of the great Confederate chieftain. However, after a week's service, we were ordered to return to our regiment. The next day the regiment marched about six miles further up the Potomac passing many forts on the way, and encamped at Fort Marcy near the Chain Bridge. The day was very hot and sultry, and the marching with our heavy clothing and accoutrements very fatiguing. Many were exhausted and fell out of the ranks before half the distance was



compassed. Singularly enough, I was not one of the number and reached the new camp with the regiment.

Here we had our first company and regimental drills, which, with picket duty and swimming the rapid and turbulent current of the falls of the Potomac, constituted our daily routine. Company cooking in huge iron kettles gave us a monotonous daily supply of bean-soup, often burnt in the cooking, for our noonday meal. This constrained us to hanker for active service in which the commissary doles to each soldier his meagre and inexpensive ration to appease with his own cooking an appetite that is always keen.

While at Fort Marcy, the bloody battle of Second Bull Run on August 29th and 30th was fought. The terrific cannonading sounded to us like the continuous detonations of distant thunder. We were anxious to know the result of the battle, and had not long to wait, for, on the second day after, along came the retreating Army of the Potomac, dust-laden, ragged and weary.

On the 5th of September began the invasion of Maryland by Gen. Lee's Army, and on the 6th the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, crossed in pursuit the Chain Bridge into Maryland. It was our first day's march with the army. The heat was sultry and oppressive, and after we had gone but a short distance on the turnpike, all superfluous clothing was doffed, and both sides of the highway were strewn with overcoats, knapsacks and other impedimenta. We had no tents, and our only covering at night thenceforward were thin woolen blankets. These were rolled up in the form of a scarf, tied together at the ends and worn from the left shoulder to the right side. After compassing about fifteen miles, we arrived very tired and fatigued at Rockville, Maryland.

Company cooking having been abandoned, each soldier thereafter prepared his own meal, which fortunately did not require much skill in the culinary art. His cooking utensils consisted of a quart tin cup, and a small tin pan. The cup was used to boil coffee, and to soak in water hard-tack which was fried in a pan with pickled pork, an unpretentious meal, but eaten with gusto after a hard day's march.

Early next morning the army was again in motion. The heat was still intense, and the suffocating dust more than ankle deep. It ascended in clouds above the highest trees, so that the movements of the army could be descried miles distant. Many of the green troops were prostrated with sunstroke, and stretched along the highway.

We arrived in the evening at a large grove called Camp Defiance. Here our regiment, the 108th New York and 14th Connecticut, all new troops, were brigaded, and assigned as the second brigade under the command of Col. Morris of the 14th Connecticut, to Gen. French's Third Division of the Second Corps commanded by General Edwin V. Sumner. The 12th New Jersey joined the Brigade after the battle of Fredericksburg. The other Brigades of the Division were Max Weber's and Kimball's, and the other Divisions of the Corps were those of Sedgwick and Richardson. As we approached the enemy, the army marched in three parallel lines, the artillery on the public highway, and the infantry divisions on both sides, ready to deploy in line of battle.

On the morning of September 13th, as we crossed a commanding range of hills southeast of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad bridge spanning the Monocacy river,

we beheld the church-spired city of Frederick and the broad, fertile and opulent valley of the Monocacy, shut in by low mountains of surpassing grace and outline, with all nature abloom,—a scene in the fierce sunlight of enchanting beauty. Before we entered the city, Gen. McClellan with a brilliant staff rode up the turnpike through our corps, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers.

The march of the corps, through Frederick, with full brigades with all the pomp of war and past the Army Commander and glittering staff, the streets resounding with applause, amounted to an ovation. The stars and stripes, furled while the commands of Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill had possession of the city a few days before, were now unfurled and floated to the breeze. Ladies, dressed in their best, waved their handkerchiefs and flags. The populace cheered to the echo, tokens of a most cordial welcome, and supplied water and refreshments to the thirsty and hungry men. Their smiles and tears of gratitude and joy, attested their loyalty to the Union in no uncertain degree. That the aged and celebrated Barbara Fritchie greeted our corps by waving her historic flag, can, of course, not be doubted.

It was in Frederick, about 6:30 P. M. that McClellan was put in possession of Lee's famous "Lost Dispatch" to Gen. D. H. Hill, disclosing by the routes of march the positions of the divided wings of Lee's army, capable of being annihilated in detail. It was an order of such importance, present and prospective, in making McClellan master of the military zodiac, of which he utterly failed to take advantage, that I copy it in full, with explanations of its pregnant significance later on:

## "SPECIAL ORDERS No. 191.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

September 9, 1862.

The army will resume its march tomorrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonesboro', where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown, he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford on his left and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, &c., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

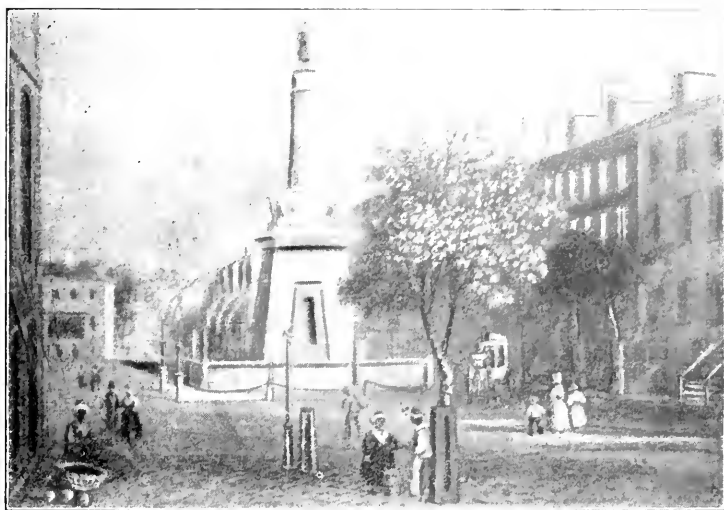
The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonesboro' or Hagerstown,

Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regi-



From Spangler Annals.

COL. MICHAEL H. SPANGLER, 1814 p 19



From Spangler Annals.

BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE, 1838. p 19



mental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. LEE.

R. H. CHILTON,  
Assistant Adjutant General.

Major-General D. H. HILL,  
Commanding Division."

After passing through Frederick, we bivouacked in its western outskirts. The rifles were stacked, and immediate preparations made for the evening repast. Rail fences, according to custom, were appropriated for a roaring fire. Quite a number of our company had their quart cups of water boiling on a blazing fire, ready for coffee, when a careless comrade stumbled against the end of a rail, upsetting all our cups. The imprecations heaped on his unhallowed head by the hungry victims were more forcible than elegant.

We were in motion at daylight the next morning, September 14th, and soon heard the dull, booming sounds of distant guns in the mountains to the west. During a considerable portion of the day we marched and counter-marched over and around the Catoctin Mountains. These oscillations so bewildered me as to points of the compass, that I was certain the sun that evening set in the east—Joshua's earlier battle miracle laid completely in the shade.

Couriers later reported that a battle was raging at Turner's Gap, a pass in the South Mountain through which runs the main highway from Frederick by Middletown to Hagerstown. South Mountain is the crest of a spinal ridge running from north to south, and a thousand feet in height, and the Gap about four hundred feet. D. H. Hill's division of five brigades held this strong defensive for the purpose of holding McClellan in check long enough to enable Lee to reunite his divid-

ed forces. The engagement opened early in the morning with Pleasonton's command of cavalry and artillery. Cox's division of Reno's Ninth Corps soon after arrived and joined in the conflict. At 2 P. M. Reno's remaining divisions and Hooker's First Corps appeared on the scene. To meet this attack were present D. H. Hill's five brigades, and at 3 P. M. two brigades and at 4 P. M. four additional brigades, from Longstreet's command. The battle raged with great violence until evening when the Confederate divisions were dislodged and driven towards Hagerstown.

During our progress we heard the constant detonations of the artillery. About 4 P. M. we came in sight of the battle field, and upon reports received of a victory we halted for the day. Rail fires were quickly supporting our cups filled with green corn. Just then Gen. Sumner observed Confederate columns hastening to the support of their hard-pressed divisions at South Mountain. The command of "fall in" was instantly given, and the simmering corn was reluctantly thrown away. Before our arrival within the zone of fire the battle was practically won, and in consequence we were halted about dusk, at a supporting distance. It fell to the unfortunate lot of our and other companies to be stationed in a meadow entirely too soggy to recline upon for much needful rest and slumber.

Fatigued, weary and almost famished, we were compelled to stand in this uninviting spot for hours. When finally about midnight we began to move, I was so exhausted that I could absolutely march but a few steps farther. As we emerged, I threw myself on a bank by the roadside, and covered with my blanket, fell into a profound sleep. At daybreak I awoke much refreshed, and forthwith went in pursuit of the regiment which I



found at the edge of the battlefield sound asleep. I did not tarry, but, anxious to see what a battlefield looked like, made a short sojourn up the National turnpike to the Gap.

The first evidence I saw of the conflict was a dead cavalryman, evidently a courier. He was shot through the head, and his blood-covered face and glassy eyes made a ghastly sight. He was the first dead soldier I saw, and it was by no means a pleasing spectacle.

As I reached the crest of the mountain near the "Mountain House," hundreds of dead Union and Confederate soldiers covered the ground, denoting the violence of the contest. The loss was 1,568 killed and wounded, and the casualties of the enemy were almost as heavy.

At sunrise we were in pursuit of the enemy. In our advance, the 8th Illinois Cavalry charged upon their rear guard, sabring some and taking prisoners. The latter, in passing to our rear, gave us the first view of live Confederates. They presented a ragged and unkempt appearance, save a handsome young lieutenant who was attired in a brand new uniform of gray. In answer to our questions as to whether any more rebels were left, he replied that we would see lots of them shortly, and we did.

Late in the afternoon, impelled by an aching void and a desire for a change of diet, I repaired to a spacious farm-house near the highway, in quest of a pie for value. The matron emphatically refused compensation, and stated that as she was Union to the core she would take no pay from a Union soldier. As I had neither time nor inclination to argue my faint protest, I thanked her for her hospitality and returned to the regiment much refreshed. We passed through Boonsboro and Keedys-

ville and halted for the day. In a churchyard near Boonsboro my maternal grandfather, Yost Herbach, (now Harbaugh) lay buried—a fact I did not know at the time. In 1831 he visited his daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Emmert, residing in that vicinity and in the same year died there. In 1755, when but 14 years old, he accompanied Braddock's expedition as a teamster, and was also at Bloody Run in the Indian wars. He was a captain in active service in the Revolutionary War.



DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK. (Old print.) (p 28.)



THE BATTLE OF BLOODY RUN. (Old print.) (p 28.)



## CHAPTER III.

### Antietam.

NOTHING LIKE IMMINENT PERIL TO STIMULATE PIETY. SENSATIONS UPON ENTERING A BATTLE. THE FEARS EXPERIENCED BY GENERALS GRANT AND SHERMAN. THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. THE BLOODIEST SINGLE DAY OF THE WAR. "BLOODY LANE." GALLANTRY OF THE 130TH REGIMENT. COMPLIMENTS BY GEN. FRENCH. DESPERATE CONDITION OF THE ENEMY. ERRORS AND MISTAKES.

ON the morning of the 15th, Lee, with Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's commands, established himself on a range of hills between the Antietam and Sharpsburg. The position was strategic and a strong defensive one. On the 16th Jackson, conquerer of Harper's Ferry, arrived with Stark's and Lawton's divisions; those of Anderson, McLaws, Walker and A. P. Hill arrived in succession on the following day.

In the forenoon of the 15th McClellan had our and four other Corps with Pleasonton's Cavalry confronting the two Confederate commands, but he permitted that day and the next to be frittered away. Early on the morning of the 16th our division was placed at the brow of a hill, with its crest toward the enemy. To-

wards noon artillery battallions became engaged. Screaming shells passed over our heads exploding with a deafening roar. These fear-producing missiles gave us the first real taste of war, and the sensations of the green soldiers were anything but pleasant. The idea harbored before, that we would "rather fight than eat" became suddenly susceptible of considerable moderation, and a square meal, even without dessert, out of range would have been more palatable. I was dreadfully scared and began to pray for a safe deliverance from the impending battle, as doubtless did thousands of others. The Colonel of the 14th Connecticut Regiment, commanding our brigade, read his prayer-book or Bible on horseback.

There is nothing like solid shot and shell to stimulate piety. Some in reading this, may be malevolently disposed to repeat to themselves the ancient couplet:

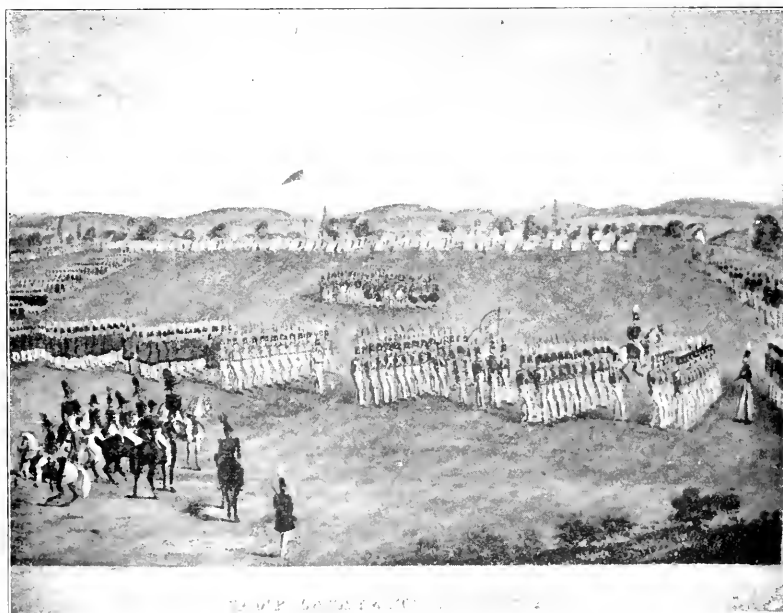
"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be;  
When the Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he."

Unorthodox as I am, I have always believed in the appropriateness of prayer, and the duty and obligation of all to invoke protection, mercy and forgiveness from an All-Merciful and All-Benignant Creator. I never entered a battle without such an invocation, and to Divine intervention I alone ascribe my miraculous escapes in three of the bloodiest battles of the war, in all of which many comrades next or near me were either killed or wounded.

Of course, my piety was not confined to battle-fields alone, but on all other occasions it was not quite so fervent, nor came to me with such sudden and headlong spontaneity. If our prayers are not always answered as we would wish, for He knoweth best, the appeal at least



WHERE GEN. GRANT WAS FRIGHTENED. (p 31)



From Spangler Annals.

THE COMMONS, YORK, PA. (p 17)





manifests a dependence, reliance, reverence, gratitude and thankfulness to the Great Creator of all; and no matter of what religion the supplicant may be, or what God he may worship, if the worship is sincere and honest, it will reach the Supreme Being.

From personal observations, I believe that the thought of the soldier, green or veteran, with rare exceptions, is, as he advances toward the firing line amid showers of unearthly shrieking projectiles, that he will not likely escape from being either wounded or killed. This antecedent fear seizes the bravest of soldiers and officers, some of whom have not hesitated to give their sensations public expression. The braggart who boasts the contrary never smelt gun powder in battle, and the truth is not in him. Gen. Sherman, in his memoirs, says:

“All men naturally shrink from pain and danger, and only incur their risk from some higher motive or from habit, so that I would define true courage to be a perfect sensibility of the measure of the danger, and a mental willingness to incur it, rather than the insensibility to danger of which I have heard far more than I have seen. The most courageous men are generally unconscious of possessing the quality. Therefore, when one professes it too openly by words or bearing, there is reason to mistrust it.”

Gen. Grant, phlegmatic and imperturbable as he was by nature, in his memoirs, remarks of his first battle in Mexico:

“What Gen. Taylor’s feelings were during the suspense I do not know; but for myself who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted. A great many men when they smell battle afar off, chafe to get into the fray. When they say to themselves, they generally fail to convince their hearers that they are as anxious as they would like to make believe. As they approach danger they become more subdued. This rule is not universal for I have known a few men who were always aching for a fight when there was no enemy near, who were as good as their word, when the battle did come. But the number of such men are small.”

As Gen. Grant's brigade at the battle of Belmont in 1861 came near the Confederates, he courageously confessed his trepidation:

"My sensations, as we approached what I supposed might be a field of battle, were anything but agreeable. As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris' Camp, and possibly find his men ready to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything to have been back in Illinois. But I had not the moral courage to halt, and I kept right on."

We bivouacked on this field, and early the next morning, September 17th, by order of Gen. French, our division commander, we divested ourselves of blankets and other extras and made ready for battle. Each man carried forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box and forty in his coat-pockets. As the order to advance was delayed, I read a chapter of my pocket Bible and then handed it to Christian Good, a small private like myself of the rear rank, and said, read it, for it may be your last opportunity. The poor fellow was killed within an hour afterwards. A carbuncle had for some days been gathering on my right knee, and when I arose that morning my leg was inflamed and painful and as stiff as a ramrod. I showed it to my captain who said that I could not go into the battle with such a leg, and directed me to stay behind. At this, a few of my comrades made invidious remarks, implying that I was showing the white feather. This put me on my mettle, and I determined to go in, crippled as I was.

Gen. Hooker crossed Antietam Creek the evening before, to engage the Confederate left under Stonewall Jackson. Next morning the struggle in his front began in earnest and a terrible slaughter ensued. Mansfield's Twelfth Corps came to Hooker's support and suffered a

heavy loss. Hooker was severely wounded and carried from the field. Sedgwick's division of our Corps then went to the relief of Mansfield, who was killed, and was met with a murderous fire. The entire right was checked in the onslaught.

When we began our march for the battle line, about 8 A. M., a battalion of artillery with guns at full gallop swept into position, opening in volleys. It was a grand and inspiring sight to witness batteries going headlong into action,—the neighing of horses, the rumbling of caissons, the halt, the furious cannonade, the officers on their chargers with swords gleaming in the sunlight, with buglers clanging out the orders, the passing of ammunition, the ramming, the sighting, the firing, and the swabbing,—the guns booming in chorus like heaven-rending thunder.

We passed through a hollow in the rear of this artillery battalion, the Confederate shells all the while passing over us. We forded Antietam Creek, several feet in depth, in three columns. Immediately beyond our division faced to the left, forming three lines of battle, and against a hot artillery fire moved toward the enemy. Our brigade was in front, with Gen. Kimball's and Max Weber's veteran brigades following, the former en echelon on our left. The advance was so rapid that I, with my stiff leg, could not keep up. After traversing an extensive meadow for about a quarter of a mile, the regiment was halted and re-aligned, enabling me to catch up. As I climbed over a post-fence a rebel bullet whizzed past my head which made me dodge. Our company passed between the barn and garden fence of the Roulette premises. Here a number of our company and regiment bolted as they did in every battle, but they are drawing their pensions all the same. The enemy was driven by

our regiment out of the garden and orchard beyond, and after passing over a deep gulley in a ploughed field, we were ordered to lie down on the eastern slope of a hill, our company being in the immediate vicinity of a large elm tree.

While prostrate, the Confederates on the crest of the hill fired volleys into our ranks. The bullets flew thicker than bees, and the shells exploded with a deafening roar. I was seized with fear far greater than that of the day before. I hugged the ploughed ground so closely that I must have buried my nose in it. I thought of home and friends, and felt that I surely would be killed, and how I didn't want to be! Fortunately, the Confederate rifles were aimed just a little too high, and only a few of our company were then wounded.

The First Delaware regiment of Max Weber's brigade of our division forming the second line, now passed to the front, but only succeeded in reaching the brow of the hill, when a galling fire of the enemy hurled them headlong through our ranks. We were immediately ordered to take the hill which we did in gallant style, forcing, with a withering fire, one of Gen. D. H. Hill's brigades pell-mell into a sunken road, famous in history as the "Bloody Lane." The rails of the fence on the near side of the road had been previously piled before it, placing the enemy, as it were, in a fort, which gave them, except as to their heads, immunity from our rifle fire.

The moment I discharged my rifle, all my previous scare was gone. The excitement of the battle made me fearless and oblivious of danger; the screeching and exploding shells, whistling bullets and the awful carnage all around me were hardly noticed. Nothing but posi-

tive orders would have induced me to cease firing. I never experienced such excitement and rapture. Our many wounded were carried off the field by comrades, but I was so busily engaged in firing at the enemy, that it never occurred to me to participate in this commendable and humane service. The hill from which we delivered our fire descended abruptly to the fortified road filled with Confederates, and not more than three hundred feet distant. A score or more venturesome ones came out of this road and advanced toward us along the rail fence of a lane on our immediate left running from the sunken road to the Roulette buildings. All these brave men were killed. Adjoining our regiment on the left and across this lane, was the 7th Virginia (Union) Regiment, of Kimball's Brigade, entirely exposed to the enemy's fire. I could not help admiring the admirable discipline of these veterans, standing up as if on inspection, and firing from a perfectly straight line. Further on the left, I saw during the engagement the Irish brigade of Richardson's division of our corps charge the enemy in gallant style. Meanwhile, the battle was raging with the greatest fury, and the field thickly dotted with the dead. The infantry fire was at close range and the cannonade terrific, causing the earth to shake and tremble.

After I had discharged the forty cartridges in my cartridge-box, I replaced them with the forty in my coat pocket. During the time in which we were engaged, I fired as fast as I could load, causing the barrel of my rifle to become so hot that it burnt me when I touched it. After my eighty rounds were exhausted, I turned over a soldier of the First Delaware, the top of whose skull was shot off, and took from his cartridge-box, ten

Enfield rifle cartridges, which fortunately fitted the barrel of my Springfield rifle.

During the engagement, D. H. Anderson's division arrived from Harper's Ferry as a greatly needed reinforcement, and plunged down the hill opposite, toward us with their regimental flags waving, the stars and bars being clearly discernible in the noonday sun. Before they entered the sunken road, where they found nearly all their comrades of the first line wounded or killed, one of their regiments wavered. A large Confederate officer, evidently of high rank, waved his sword in the air in rallying his men, and was especially conspicuous. I was so anxious to get a shot at him that in the hurry I neglected to extract my ramrod, and fired it with the charge. I replaced the ramrod with an Enfield one. Others as anxious as myself, doubtless, aimed at him, and he soon fell wounded or killed. In the midst of the battle a Confederate tried to climb over the fence at the further side of Bloody Lane, but was shot in the rear as he reached the top, his body hanging on the upper rail. When our regiment buried him, it was found that he had been riddled with seventeen bullets. A correct sketch of this lane filled with dead Confederates, as well as of the one hanging on the rail, was made by Captain James Hope on the spot, immediately after the retreat of the enemy, and is reproduced here. This Lane was literally packed with their dead. At one point, according to Captain Hope, thirteen dead bodies lay on a heap, at other places they lay two, three, even five deep. No battle of the late war, of so short duration, presented such a scene of carnage.

Our regiment about two o'clock was relieved, the ammunition having been exhausted. I had then two En-



BLOODY LANE, ANTIETAM. p 36



BATTERY IN FULL CHARGE. (pp 37, 198)





field cartridges left, having fired eighty-eight rounds in all. Immediately after the regiment was relieved I noticed that the stock of my rifle was pierced by a rebel bullet, presumably while loading, otherwise I would have been hit. It must also have occurred about the time I stopped firing, or I would have seen it sooner. Only eight of our company, myself included, remained on the field when we were relieved. Of these, I can now remember only James McComas, George Young and brother Frank. Not only was the loss very heavy, but each severely wounded man required from two to four men to carry him off the field.

A wide gap occurred on the immediate right of our brigade, on account of French's division having diverged too far to the left. A daring body of Confederate infantry in perfect alignment marched into this interval, shortly before we returned from the field. A battery of artillery with grape and canister alone prevented them from taking us in reverse. A right wheel brought them at right angles to our brigade, where they were confronted by a brigade of Franklin's fresh division which opportunely came up the Roulette lane and confronted them. Upon the arrival of Franklin's other brigades they were instantly driven back, and the line of battle re-established. No one, unless he has seen it, can realize the tremendous impact of a bullet striking a soldier squarely when discharged at short range. It knocks him down like a catapult. Lieutenant Tones, of Company B., a man of large stature, was struck in the groin by a bullet, and hurled fully two feet in the air.

In our march to the rear to replenish our ammunition, became separated from my company on account of the jamming of the retiring regiments into the Rou-

lette lane and the arrival of reinforcements. While endeavoring to find the locality of our wounded, Confederate shells from their large guns came hurtling in every direction. A number ricocheted quite near me with most hellish sounds. I did not delay my footsteps, nor try a few Parthian shots in return. I found several barns filled with wounded, but none of our company. In my further search, I reached the hill where Gen. McClellan had his headquarters. From this elevation I had a survey of the whole battle-field on which the contending armies were still fiercely engaged. I particularly noticed a battery near the Clipp house engaged in a deadly duel with a Confederate battalion of artillery located on the commanding plateau south of the Dunkard Church. The enfilading fire wrought havoc among men and horses, compelling the battery to limber up and change to a more sheltered position. The battle field was mostly covered with an immense sheet of smoke miles in extent, through which could be seen the flashes of the infantry and artillery fire. The rattle of musketry and the thunder of the furious cannonade were simply terrific.

I soon afterwards found the house and barn in and around which the wounded of our brigade were collected and where I first ascertained our casualties. My haversack was empty and I was very hungry. I captured a chicken, and with my bayonet dismembered it. While I was engaged in this menial occupation, Jacob Brillinger, who had just arrived from York to witness the battle, came along, followed later by Alderman Augustus Loucks. I greeted him with "How are you, Mr. Brillinger?" He replied, "Who in the devil are you?" After giving my name, he said, "Why, I thought you were a little darkey." The smoke of bat-

tle had colored my face and hands into an almost Sene-gambian darkness. It is needless to say that after a daily diet of pork and hard-tack, the stewed pullet was relished as a feast fit for the gods.

The house, barn and adjacent lawns were covered with wounded. One of my company, Adam Brown, I found shot through the abdomen. As mortification supervened, his body turned green, and he implored me to put an end to his agony. He died shortly after. The sight of hundreds of prostrate men with serious wounds of every description was a appalling. Many to relieve their suffering, were impatient for their turn upon the amputation tables, around which were pyramids of severed legs and arms. Others screamed with excruciating pains. A few, under the influence of anæsthetics, ripped out a succession of oaths that must have required years of sedulous preparation. Many prayed aloud, while others shrieked in the agony and throes of death. No one can adequately depict this horrible spectacle and pandemonium of distressing and heart-rending sounds. With the close of day ended the bloodiest single day of the war. Night afforded to the unharmed much needful slumber.

Daylight next morning disclosed the enemy in the second line to which they were driven the afternoon before. The wounded of both armies were drawn into their respective lines and the dead who lay within reach were buried. Save desultory shots fired by skirmishers, both armies remained inactive during the day, greatly to the relief of the Confederates. Lee had his last man in action, with no hope of reinforcements. His condition was desperate. His losses were terrible, and the survivors so used up and demoralized that, according to Gen. Longstreet, a division of 10,000 men could by a

resolute charge on the preceding afternoon, have routed and captured Lee's entire army.

During the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th, Couch and Humphrey's divisions of 14,000 men arrived on the field. These with Porter's reserve division of 12,000 men, backed by the remainder of the army, should have been ordered to renew the struggle. With such odds the decimated ranks of the enemy must have been crushed by the onset. But McClellan lost courage. He, as usual, greatly overestimated the strength of the opposing forces, and declined to embrace the golden opportunity. By nature he lacked prompt discernment, indomitable energy and the imperturbability, inflexible courage and staying powers of the great chieftains in history. These lamentable defects were later equally apparent in Gen. Hooker, at Chancellorsville.

On the morning of the 19th orders for a general attack were at last given, and the army advanced, only to find Lee's entire forces across the Potomac. The martial quarry escaped, to refit and recuperate, and ready to pour, from the impregnable hill of Marye's Heights, a murderous and irresistible fire, and inflict a signal defeat upon the brave army of the Potomac—a defeat due solely to a still more incapable, if not imbecile, Commander. On the evening of the 19th, five Confederate guns were captured in a brigade attack across the Potomac, followed by a counter assault in which our forces were driven back across the river with an appalling loss of life. McClellan gave the army a few day's rest, and then moved it to Bolivar Heights at Harper's Ferry, to be restored to its normal condition.

The finding of the "Lost Dispatch" was a piece of rare good fortune, and of priceless value to McClellan



HAVOC WROUGHT TO A BATTERY GOING INTO ACTION. pp 33, 198.



FIRE TOO HOT. LIMBERING UP. (p 38)



in placing the army of Lee at his mercy. This special order disclosed the all-important fact that Lee had divided his army by sending Jackson's command and McLaws, R. H. Anderson's and Walker's divisions to capture the garrison at Harper's Ferry of 11,500 troops with 73 cannon and 200 wagons, which was accomplished on the 15th by a most disgraceful capitulation. The remaining divisions of Confederates were ordered via Boonsboro, to Hagerstown. These separated wings were not within supporting distance of each other if either should be attacked before the 17th. It required only strenuous efforts to enable McClellan to attack Longstreet before Jackson could come to his support. Such an attack would have annihilated Longstreet's command, with the inevitable defeat and capture of Jackson's divisions to follow. Even with the progress the army was making Longstreet could have been forced to battle on September 16th. Having delayed until the 17th, all the divisions engaged at Harper's Ferry were able to participate in the battle, and save the day. Despite their timely arrival, Lee's army was so reduced by losses, that McClellan could yet have crowned the day with a signal victory, had he hurled early in the afternoon Gen. Porter's reserve corps of 12,000 men against Lee's centre.

Another signal blunder of McClellan's was the unrelated and isolated methods of attack. Hooker on the right was beaten before the arrival of Mansfield; Sumner, in the centre, did not reach the field until Mansfield was discomfited; and on the left, Burnside, by irresolute and indecisive assaults, failed to take the Bridge before the combat in Sumner's front practically ended. There was even an absence of co-operation by the different Corps divisions. The bloody endeavors to cross the

bluff-protected Bridge could have readily been avoided by an effort to discover a ford\* existing a short distance below, which could have been crossed without material opposition. Toomb's Brigade alone defending the Bridge, could have been brushed aside, Lee's centre taken in reverse, and by a simultaneous assault in front, the Army of Northern Virginia would have been driven into the Potomac.

Burnside's delay in taking the bridge enabled Lee, when the battle was most violent in his centre and left, to transfer on an interior line of a crescent-shaped field, nearly all the forces on his right to the other sections of the field so seriously menaced. In fact, as Longstreet says, Lee massed his forces to such an extent on his centre and left that when the conflict was at its fiercest he had but a few hundred men on the steep bluff overlooking and defending the Burnside Bridge. Subsequently at Gettysburg, the line of battle of the contending forces was reversed, and by reason of Lee's extended exterior line of battle and absence of simultaneous attacks by his centre and wings, each was beaten in succession.

In the organization of our armies, we also erred in forming brigades from regiments of different States, thus losing the stimulus of State pride. The Southern generals knew better; their brigades being formed by regiments of the same State. Pickett's gallant division, as an instance, was composed entirely of Virginians.

Another significant error was made in sending to the front undrilled regiments whose officers and men were entirely green,—a mistake avoided by the Confederacy.

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\*A fact related to me by Col. H. Kyd Douglass, of Hagerstown, a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, who had actual knowledge of the ford.



While fighting gallantly, they could have done still better if merged into the thinned regiments of tried veterans. Their courage was often misdirected by the lack of officers of experience to lead, and instil by example an imperturbable bravery. Gen. Sherman, in his memoirs, states the immense advantage of this system of replenishing the army.

"The great mistake made in our Civil War was in the method of recruiting and promotion. When a regiment was reduced by the necessary wear and tear of service, instead of being filled up at the bottom, and the vacancies among the officers filled from the best non-commissioned officers and men, the habit was to raise new regiments with new colonels, captains, and men, leaving the old and experienced battalions dwindle away to mere skeleton organizations."

"I believe with the volunteers this matter was left to the States exclusively, and I remember that Wisconsin kept her regiments filled with recruits, whereas other States generally filled their quotas by new regiments, and the result was that we estimated a Wisconsin regiment equal to an ordinary brigade. I believe that five hundred new men added to an old experienced regiment were more valuable than a thousand men in the form of a new regiment, for the former by association with good experienced captains, lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, soon became veterans, whereas the latter were generally unavailable for a year."

The Confederates had another advantage in fighting their battles—Antietam and Gettysburg excepted—on their own soil and among their own people who gave invaluable information of the movements of the Northern armies. They also invariably took advantage of every strong defensive position and behind every available cover. The dense forests of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and the wooded and mountainous country from Chattanooga to Atlanta were specially taken advantage of by them. Jackson's position in a railroad cut at the second battle of Bull Run, and Lee's centre

in the sunken road ("Bloody Lane") at Antietam, saved the day to the Confederates in both battles.

Gen. Sherman states these advantages more cogently;

"The Confederates took advantage of the shape of the ground and of every cover. We were generally the assailants and in wooded or broken countries had a positive advantage over us, for they were always ready, had cover and knew the ground in the immediate front; whereas, we, their assailants, had to grope our way over unknown ground, and generally found a cleared field or prepared entanglements that held us for a time under a close and withering fire."

These extended observations are given to show, independent of the lamentable incapacity of many of our generals, why the preponderant Union forces were not always successful where they otherwise should have been.

Our company loss in this battle of about sixty-five men engaged, was six killed and thirteen wounded. Our regimental loss, of about six hundred and fifty effectives, was according to Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, forty killed and two hundred and fifty-six wounded. Col. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," places the loss thirty-two killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. Among the extraordinary losses of regiments in this battle he mentions the 130th alone of the "Nine Months" Pennsylvania Regiments. The author further says, "The percentage of killed in soldiers of the Keystone State, as based upon the white troops, was greater than in the quota of any other Northern State."

General French, commanding our division, said in his official report:

"The conduct of the new regiments must take a prominent place in the history of this great battle. Undrilled, but admirably armed and equipped, every regiment, either in advance or reserve, distinguished itself, but according to the energy and ability of their respective commanders."

The report of Col. Morris, commanding our brigade, exhibits the service of his command:

"There never was such material in any army, and in one month these splendid men will not be excelled by any!"

Gen. Walker, in his history of the Second Corps, describes the charge of our brigade of new troops:

"All these regiments came under a savage fire, which they bore with remarkable composure, considering it was their first action."

A writer, Charles Carleton Coffin, in Volume 2, of "Battles and Leaders in the Civil War," which contains a correct steel-plate illustration of the charge of French's division, gives a thrilling description of the advance of French's and Richardson's divisions. He was an eye witness and says:

"How beautifully the lines deployed. The clouds which hung low all the morning had lifted, and the sun was shining through the rifts, its bright beams falling on the flags and glinting from the gun-barrel and bayonet. Memory recalls the advance of the line of men in blue across the meadow at Roulette's. They reach the spacious barn which divides the line of men as a rock parts the current of a river, flowing round it, but uniting beyond. The orchard around the house screens the movements in part. I see the blue uniforms beneath the apple-trees. The line halts for alignment. The skirmishers are in advance. There are isolated puffs of smoke, and the Confederate skirmishers scamper up the hill and disappear. Up the slope moves the line to the top of the knoll. Ah! what a crash! A white cloud, gleams of lightning, a yell, a hurrah, and then up in the corn-field a great commotion, men firing into each other's faces, the ground strewn with prostrate forms. The Confederate line in 'Bloody Lane' has been annihilated, the centre pierced."

## CHAPTER IV.

### Losses in Battle.

IMMENSE LOSSES OF THE SECOND CORPS. THE BEST FIGHTING CORPS IN THE ARMY. ITS EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENTS. CONFEDERATE DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM. COMPARISON OF BATTLE LOSSES WITH THOSE OF EUROPE. IMMENSE SUPERIORITY OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER. MY SHATTERED RIFLE. TAKEN TO HAGERSTOWN ON A HAY WAGON. THE YORK SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL.

THE loss in killed and wounded of the Second Corps in this battle amounted to more than double that of any other corps engaged. Of 15,000 effectives it lost 883 killed, 3,859 wounded and 336 missing; total 5,138. The entire loss of the army was 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded and 1,043 missing, a total of 12,469. The Second Corps was known as the "Fighting Corps" of the Army, and for that reason was selected for the advance in most of the engagements of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who had a command in the corps, in his "Personal Recollections," says of it:

"It inscribed a greater number of engagements upon its banners than

did any other corps of the army, and I think, more than any other army-corps in the history of the world. The graves of its fallen are to be found on every battle-field of the Army of the Potomac from the date of its organization to Appomattox. As the war for the Union was unprecedented in the history of the world, so the history of the Second Army Corps was unprecedented in that war. Its aggregate wounded and killed in battle exceeded in number that of any other corps. The greatest aggregate of killed and wounded in any division of the army was in the First Division of that corps, and the highest aggregate of killed and wounded in any one regiment of the whole army was in a regiment belonging to the Second Army Corps. The largest percentage of killed and wounded in a single engagement in any one regiment was a regiment belonging to the Second Corps. The second highest percentage of regimental loss by deaths and wounds was also in a regiment of that corps. As to the successes and achievements of that famous corps, they are indicated by the fact that it captured in a single day as many battle-flags, cannon and prisoners of the enemy as it lost in the entire four years of war."

Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, who commanded the corps after the battle of Chancellorsville, says in a letter dated August, 1864, before Petersburg, Virginia, and addressed to Lieutenant-General Grant:

"It is perhaps known to you that this corps never lost a color or a gun previous to this campaign, though oftener and more desperately engaged than any other corps in this army, or perhaps in any other in the country. I have not the means of knowing exactly the number of guns and colors captured, but I saw myself nine in the hands of one division at Antietam, and the official reports show that thirty-four fell into the hands of that corps at Gettysburg. Before the opening of this Campaign it had at least captured over half a hundred colors, though at cost of over twenty-five thousand (25,000) casualties. During this campaign you can judge how the corps has performed its part. It has captured more guns and colors than all the rest of the army combined. Its reverses have not been many, and they began only when the Corps had dwindled to a remnant of its former strength; after it had lost twenty-five brigade commanders and over one hundred and twenty-five regimental commanders, and over twenty thousand men."

Gen. Miles further observes as to the extraordinary fighting qualities and tenacity of the famous Army :

“The Army of the Potomac was probably engaged in as many desperate battles as any army ever was in the history of the world. The map of the country between Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Appomattox, Virginia, is red with the crimson spots that indicate its history. That army was charged with the grave double responsibility of protecting the national capitol, and of capturing the capitol of the Confederacy. It was further charged with the destruction or capture of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by one of the ablest of generals, Robert E. Lee, seconded by that thunderbolt of war, “Stonewall Jackson.” All these tasks the Army of the Potomac accomplished. The number and desperate character of its encounters may be illustrated by the history of the single corps of that army already mentioned. Its personnel were largely volunteers who had been quick to offer up their lives for the preservation of the Union. Knowing the value of military discipline they accepted without complaint its extremest requirements. This explains the matchless fortitude displayed by that army through the long and trying years of the war, much of the time suffering under reverses and disasters that would have destroyed the morale of any army composed of less choice material. And of the same choice material were the entire national forces composed. While heroic sacrifices were made by the Army of the Potomac, other armies and fleets were with similar devotion engaged in the same noble cause.”

It is interesting to note the heroism and inflexible determination of the American soldier compared with that of the European. It shows the immense superiority of the former. A comparison of regimental and battle losses incontestably demonstrates it.\*

The bravery and unconquerable tenacity exhibited on both sides in this battle is shown by Gen. Longstreet. That McClellan, by throwing in Porter's fresh corps at the decisive moment on the afternoon of the 17th, or by renewing the attack on the 18th with

\*App. Note 9.

the reinforced army, could have annihilated Lee's Army, is confirmed by the same General in his graphic description of the battle in our immediate and adjacent front. His humorous description of Gen. D. H. Hill's dilemma is one of the few amusing episodes in "grim-visaged war:"

"D. H. Hill was on the left extending toward the Hagerstown—Sharpsburg pike, and Jackson extended out from Hill's left toward the Potomac. The battle opened heavily with the attacks of the corps of Hooker, Mansfield and Sumner against our left centre, which consisted of Jackson's right and D. H. Hill's left. So severe and persistent were these attacks that I was obliged to send Hood to support our centre. The Federals forced us back a little, however, and held this part of our position to the end of the day's work. With new troops and renewed efforts McClellan continued his attacks upon this point from time to time, while he brought his forces to bear against other points. The line swayed forward and back like a rope exposed to rushing currents. A force too heavy to be withstood would strike and drive in a weak point till we could collect a few fragments, and in turn force back the advancee till our lost ground was recovered. A heroic effort was made by D. H. Hill, who collected some fragments and led a charge to drive back and recover our lost ground at the centre. He soon found that his little band was too much exposed on its left flank and was obliged to abandon the attempt. Thus the battle ebbed and flowed with terrific slaughter on both sides."

"The Federals fought with wonderful bravery and the Confederates clung to their ground with heroic courage as hour after hour they were mown like grass. The fresh troops of McClellan literally tore into shreds the already ragged army of Lee, but the Confederates never gave back."

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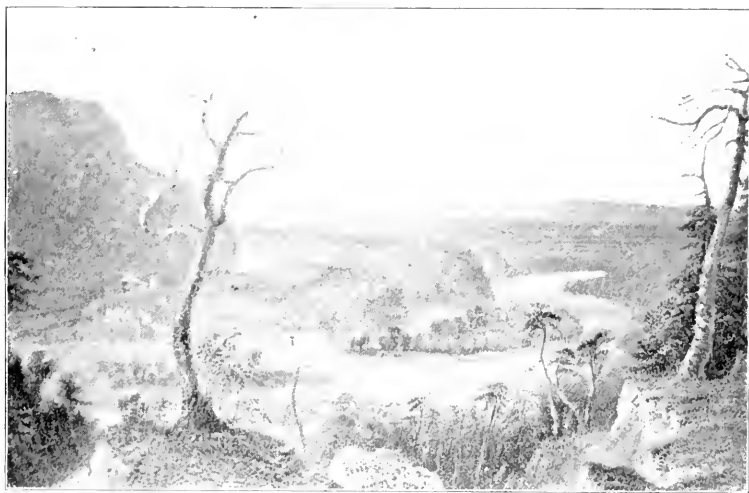
"Nearly one-fourth of the troops who went into the battle were killed or wounded. We were so badly crushed that at the close of the day ten thousand fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had. But McClellan did not know it, and (apparently) feared, when Burnside was pressed back, that Sharpsburg was a Confederate victory, and that he would have to retire. As it was, when night settled down both armies were content to stay where they were."

"During the progress of the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee and I were riding along my line and D. H. Hill's, when we received a report of movements of the enemy and started up the ridge to make a reconnoissance. General Lee and I dismounted, but Hill declined to do so. I said to Hill, "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us a little interval, so that we may not be in the line of the fire when they open up on you."

"General Lee and I stood upon the top of the crest with our glasses, looking at the movement of the Federals on the rear left. After a moment I turned my glass to the right—the Federal left. As I did so, I noticed a puff of white smoke from the mouth of a cannon. "There is a shot for you," I said to General Hill. The gunner was a mile away, and the cannon shot came whisking through the air for three or four seconds and took off the front legs of the horse that Hill sat on and let the animal down on his stumps. The horse's head was so low and his croup so high that Hill was in a most ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Finally we prevailed upon him to try the other end of the horse, and he got down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. That shot at Hill was the second best shot I ever saw. The best was at Yorktown. There a Federal officer came out in front of our line, and sitting down to his platting table began to make a map. One of our officers carefully sighted a gun, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the hands of the man at the little table."

I brought my shattered rifle with Enfield ramrod from the battle-field to our barn hospital, and prevailed upon Peter Loucks, now deceased, and Albert Smyser, to take it home to my mother. It escaped detection by rolling it in the wagon curtains of their team. After the rifle reached York there was a good deal of publicity about it and of my narrow escape. This came to the ears of an officious and unscrupulous assistant provost marshall of York County, who immediately demanded it from my mother, claiming it was government property and seized it. As the rifle, shattered as it was, was of no further use to the United States, the seizure was en-





From Spangler Annals.

HARPER'S FERRY AND SHENANDOAH VALLEY. 1830. pp 40, 54, 171



From Spangler Annals.

SPENGLER HALL, STRASBURG, VA. p 55



tirely unwarranted, and the person responsible for the dastardly act, I only forgave when he died, so that Saint Peter would be relieved from putting embarrassing questions. Upon my return from the army I made strenuous efforts to recover it, but without success. If I now had it money could not buy it.

In the battle I fired a portion of the time on my knees, and in the excitement and turmoil forgot all about the carbuncle on my knee. On the day succeeding the battle, my right leg became more inflamed and swollen. I experienced the greatest difficulty in walking to Boonsboro, a mile or more distant, where the swelling further increased. The day following, I was conveyed in great pain, with the other sick and wounded on a jarring hay wagon, to Hagerstown, where I was carried to a public hall converted into hospital purposes. A surgeon's knife was plunged into the inflamed carbuncle, followed by a copious flow of pus. In a few days I was transported by rail to York and lodged in the army hospital on the Commons.

This spacious hospital, covering the major portion of the Commons, was first opened for the reception of patients on the 18th day of June, 1862. Extensive frame buildings were first erected as a barracks for the 6th New York (Ira Harris) Cavalry in December, 1861, who were quartered there during the winter. After their departure for the front, at the instance of Rev. George M. Slaysman and upon the recommendation of Captain Putnam, U. S. A., the barracks greatly enlarged and improved, was prepared for the accommodation of the thousands of sick and wounded soldiers who were ministered to during the remainder of the war. The most liberal contributions in money and provisions were made by the citizens of York. The corps of surgeons

was assisted by scores of ladies of the city who volunteered their services in furnishing delicacies of every description and were untiring in alleviating the hapless condition of the sufferers. Mrs. Robert J. Fisher, in describing the harrowing daily scenes, says:

"Constant accessions to the hospital were received from the various bloody fields. None but an eye-witness can conceive the horrors that hung over the death-freighted cars. The worst cases were immediately after the battle of Antietam. The wounded brought directly from the battlefield were laid upon the floors of the cars which ran with blood from many an uncomplaining hero. One by one the sufferers were tenderly taken and placed upon stretchers to be carried to the hospital, followed by a compassionate procession eager to do something for their relief."

Funeral processions headed by muffled drums, from the hospital to the self-consecrated spot in Prospect Hill Cemetery, where of almost daily occurrence. This abnormal rate of mortality appeared alarming, and yet in number insignificant compared with the 359,378 soldiers who died in this war in the service of their country.

"The muffled drums sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few."

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouack of the dead."

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood he gave!  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps.  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

With a happy, free, opulent and prosperous Union—prosperity and happiness unprecedented—we can only now fully appreciate the patriotism and self-denial of these heroes and what they died for.

Think of it! Had the Southern Confederacy triumphed there would have been a divided people—a slave Empire of the South and a Free Republic in the North, with only an imaginary and intangible line of demarcation from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a divided Mississippi to arrest the prosperity and development of the great West; Free Trade in the one, and a Protective Tariff in the other—the continuous clashing of hostile interests and policies; idle factories, destroyed commerce, distress everywhere; turmoil and eruptions among contiguous sections, and incessant wars along the entire border—and finally exhausted, the pity of our friends, the derision of our foes, and a prey to the rapacious Monarchies of Europe. We should therefore never fail to revere the memories of the great deeds of those who shed their blood for their country, nor forget the value of the great heritage which comes to us and succeeding generations through so much of sacrifice and death.

## CHAPTER V.

### Fredericksburg.

RETURN TO THE ARMY. PICTURESQUE HARPER'S FERRY. COUSINS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES. GEN. MCCLELLAN REMOVED. AT BELLE PLAINS. OUR EXTREME HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS. TERRIBLE FIGHTING IN THE CITY OF FREDERICKSBURG. THE RIGID DEAD CONFEDERATE. OUR DIVISION MAKES THE FIRST CHARGE ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS. THE AWFUL SLAUGHTER. THE FIELD LITERALLY COVERED WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED. THE ENTRY OF THE SHELL FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

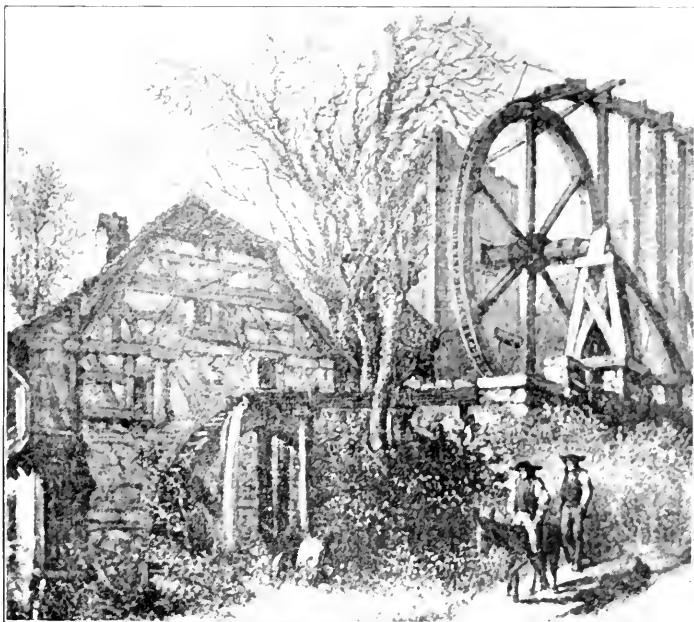
ON my recovery from illness the latter part of October, 1862, several hundred soldiers left the York hospital with me to rejoin their respective regiments. We went by rail to Harper's Ferry, where, on Boliver Heights the Army of the Potomac encamped, recuperated and drilled after the battle of Antietam. Upon our arrival we found the army had about a week before gone up the Loudon valley east of the Blue Ridge.

The village of Harper's Ferry is nestled in a gorge at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers which, united, forced here in ages past a passage through



From Spangler Annals.

SETTLER'S CABIN AND THE PRIMEVAL FOREST. p 55



From Spangler Annals.

AN OLD VIRGINIA MILL. p 56





the Blue Ridge Mountains. The scenery is perhaps the most singularly picturesque in the country east of the Rocky Mountains. Immediately above the village is Bolivar Heights. Here is found Jefferson Rock, a remarkable stratified formation that rises abruptly from the street. Maryland Heights on the north and east presents jagged and precipitous sides. Its cliffs in the centre maintain splendid palisades or escarpments. On the right can also be descried overhanging masses of projecting stone known as "Profile Rock." On the south looms up the lofty Loudon Heights with its declivitous surface and gigantic rocks and sides seamed with innumerable fissures and dry ravines. To obtain an extended view of the fertile Virginia Valley to the south and west with its undulating wooded slopes and cultivated fields, I climbed by a perilous path to the summit of the Heights. A slip would have precipitated me down many hundred feet to sure destruction. The grand and extended view from this lofty summit amply repays the fatigue and hazard incurred in the ascent.

The great Thomas Jefferson, before we were familiar with all the natural wonders of our western land, has left a powerful description of the scenery of this romantic spot.\*

About 1790, six sons of Philip Caspar Spengler (original spelling), my great-grandfather's brother, settled in this section, then to a large extent an untamed wilderness. Two of them, Charles and Philip, had been brave Revolutionary soldiers. Charles Spengler died in 1832 and was buried by the Virginia Militia with the honors of war. Philip was Lieutenant-colonel of the 6th Regiment of Virginia Militia in the war of 1812. Anthony Spengler, a prominent and wealthy citizen, built "Speng-

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\*App. Note 10.

ler Hall" at Strasburg, Va. The remaining three were men of esteem in the community. Their male descendants nearly all enlisted in the Confederate Army, Colonel Abraham Spengler being the last commander of the famous "Stonewall Brigade." In every battle in the east the Spengler soldiers of the South were arrayed against their cousins of the North.\*

Company B of our regiment remained at Harper's Ferry guarding government property. With this company we left the town the day following our arrival. On the evening of the second day's march, we bivouacked in an orchard where we found a half dozen or more swine which were quickly dispatched, and filled our haversacks with juicy pork. The following noon we reached the eastern outlet of Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains where a squadron of Union cavalry was watching a detachment of Mosby's famous guerrillas, ensconced in the mountains, and to which in a bloody conflict they were driven headlong a few days before. Expecting a Confederate reinforcement, we were cautioned not to relax our march. As we were in danger of capture, with Andersonville Prison Pen in prospective, we continued to move until we reached the village of New Baltimore after midnight.

The second day after, our haversacks were empty, and in the evening we were quartered in an ancient log grist-mill, with large overshot wheel on the outside, typical of all Virginia mills. The little log house adjoining was tenanted by a poor white family, who supplied our famished stomachs with flap-jacks made of corn-meal and water, without salt, and about eight inches in diameter, for each of which we paid twenty-five cents. The next morning we reached our regiment

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\*Spangler Annals, pp. 84-88, 94-108.

encamped near Warrenton where the commissary supplied our wants. We rested there nearly a week when news came that President Lincoln had relieved General McClellan as Commander of the Army of the Potomac. On November 10th, the Second and Fifth Corps were drawn up in columns of regiments with intervals sufficient to give place for batteries, on both sides of the Centreville Pike. McClellan and his brilliant staff then passed between these gallant corps in taking a sad and last farewell of the army, amid the roar of cannon and cheers of the soldiery. The army certainly had a sincere affection for him, although it knew that as its commander he had not proven a success. His successor, Gen. Burnside, was also a great favorite with the army, and that, probably, was the reason for his selection as successor.

To carry out the purpose of McClellan, the army was now divided into "three grand divisions." The Right Grand Division, under Sumner, was composed of the Second and Ninth Corps, the Centre Grand Division of the Third and Fifth Corps, and the Left Grand Division of the First and Sixth Corps. A numerous artillery, accompanied each division in these three grand divisions. The cavalry remained under the command of Gen. Pleasanton. The total present for duty of the army on March 10th, is said to have been 127,574 officers and men.

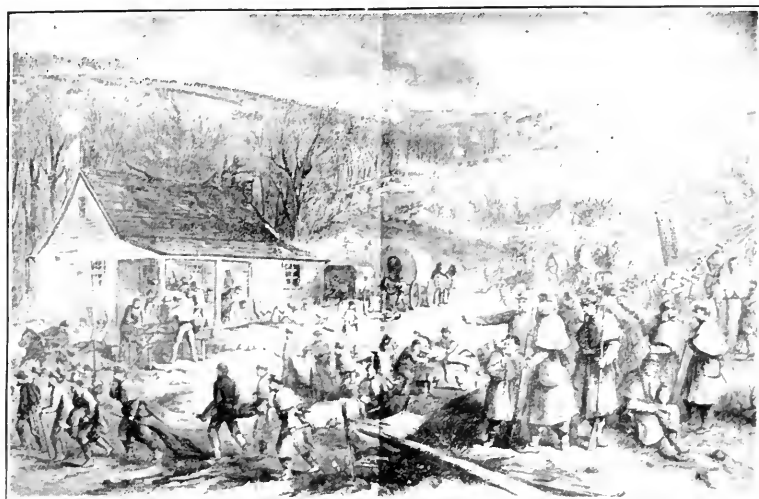
Our Right Grand Division immediately began the march for the Rappahannock. The Second Corps, under Gen. Couch, reached the river opposite Fredericksburg, November 17, when a short artillery duel ensued. There was on the south bank but a small force of Confederates, un-entrenched, on the heights behind the city. Our infantry could have crossed the river at a

ford at Falmouth, a short distance above. Gen. Sumner proposed to cross, but Gen. Burnside deemed it inadvisable and impracticable—a fatal mistake, as subsequent developments proved.

The condition of the army was, perhaps, especially in morale, better than it had ever been in its history. By tactical manœuvring the army had gotten between the two wings of Lee's army, and Burnside's unpardonable delay alone enabled Lee to bring Longstreet and Jackson together at Fredericksburg.

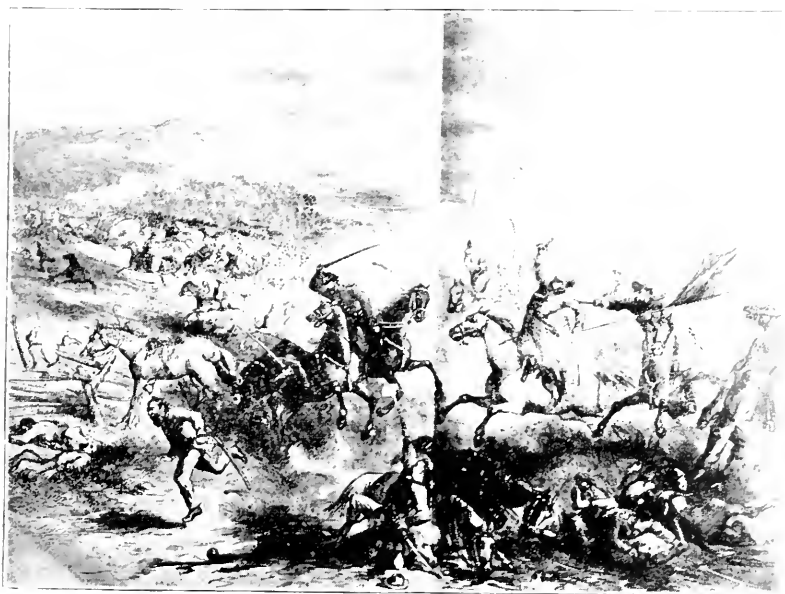
In the latter part of November, our brigade, Gen. Palmer commanding, was moved to Belle Plains, the nearest landing on the Potomac, about eight miles distant from Fredericksburg. We were sent there to unload commissary and quartermaster stores from a fleet of transports and canal boats. In unloading one of the steamers, I saw roasting in a pan a succulent pig which made me ravenous. The continued presence of the cook, alone prevented its disappearance. The weather was cold and it rained a great deal, often mingled with snow. As we had no tents or shelter of any kind, and the plain being low, flat and impervious, causing water to stand inches deep, we suffered intensely. On several occasions we had to stand up all night.

The complaints were loud and deep, but without redress. In this dilemma, I conceived a justifiable remedy for at least a few of us. With an air of authority, I went upon one of a score or more canal boats filled with tents, and asked the soldier on guard whether this was one of Quarter-master Captain Pitkin's boats, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, I stated that I was commanded to secure one of his tents. Believing me, he allowed me to take a large one which I had the greatest difficulty in carrying to our company. To pre-



From Harper's.

HOSPITAL SCENE, AS SEEN BY THE RESERVES. p 39



From Harper's.

A BATTLE WITH MOSBY'S GUERRILLAS. p 56



vent discovery, I cut off about two feet of the lower part of the tent, and it was even then large enough to afford needed shelter to a half-dozen of our company. Many inquiries were made as to where and how I got the tent, but I deemed it inadvisable to give the "snap" away for fear that others might adopt the remedy and fail, with martial penalties imposed upon all. In view of the extreme suffering, the taking was in equity adjudged a justifiable appropriation, without criminal intent.

After about two weeks in the performance of this service, during which our provisions were always plentiful, and considerable regimental drill, we marched back through mud and snow in a violent storm to within two miles northeast of Fredericksburg, and rejoined our division. On the way we passed a quarter-master's tent, surrounded by barrels of pickled pork and beef. In one of the open barrels I espied a large beef tongue, which my agitated hand momentarily bereft of all moral sensibility, involuntarily appropriated. To my army cultured palate, it was, when fried later, the best-tasting morsel I ever ate. We camped on the north side of a hill covered with pine timber and snow. With no covering save thin woolen blankets, and the temperature near zero and with no axes to fell timber to build fires, we nearly perished from exposure.

Not wishing to die just yet, I determined next morning to forage, and nearby I discovered another quarter-master's depot in which there were no pork barrels, but piles of axes absolutely useless when unemployed. I returned to camp with a number, amid the plaudits of my shivering comrades, and given absolution. Even if apprehended I must have been acquitted under the triple pleas of *Non animus furandi*; *Necessitas not habet legem*; *Inter arma silent leges*.

The pine timber was soon felled and the fires started, but as the nights were intensely cold, they gave us but a modicum of comfort, and we still suffered intensely. In consequence, two of our company, Samuel C. Campbell, the tallest man of the regiment, and Daniel P. Raffensberger, were taken ill, and died from exposure. The smoke emitted from the burning green pine logs so blinded me that when paid there eleven dollars a month by the brigade paymaster, I could not distinguish a one-dollar greenback from a ten.

On our departure from this icy camp, my Belle Plains tent, now used as a miniature company hospital, remained to shelter our Captain Seipe, Lieut. John J. Frick and two others who were compelled to remain in camp on account of sickness and frozen feet. It was not until after Christmas that shelter tents were supplied to the regiment, the only one in the division without them. The blame was put upon the Colonel, an accusation to which he emphatically and rightly demurred.

A shelter, or dog tent, is made of two or three pieces. Each man is provided with an oblong piece of stout muslin about six feet by four and a half, bordered all around by buttons and button-holes. These were buttoned and stretched over a cross-piece resting on two crotched stakes, or other available support. Two of these pieces thus placed will make a weged-shaped tent about three and a half feet high at its apex and open at both ends. In rainy weather, a third partner is permitted to enter the firm with a piece of muslin of triangular shape and buttoned at the end confronting the storm. In this diminutive enclosure, haversacks and canteens can be stored for head-rests, leaving enough space to accommodate three men lying side by side. It



will keep out rain, snow and wind, and is cosy enough within abbreviate limitations.

No troops were ever more delighted when, on December 11th, we received orders to break camp on this snow-covered and inhospitable spot, and proceeded to Fredericksburg. On our way through the forest, wild turkeys flew over our heads, and all for the time being wished for shot guns. As we reached the large plain opposite Fredericksburg, we beheld a hundred or more guns on the north bank of the river bombarding the city for the purpose of dislodging a brigade of sharpshooters concealed in the houses, enfilading our pontoniers with a deadly fire. It was not till later in the day that the pontoon bridge to the city was finished. The inhabitants had received previous notice to quit the city, but many were disinclined or unable to leave and sought shelter in the cellars. That night we bivouacked at a stately mansion, the Lacey House, opposite the city. It was very cold, and the ground being snow-covered, I was singularly fortunate in being able to sleep on a wet plank.

As soon as the bridge was completed, with heavy loss, a brigade of infantry was thrown into the city and forced the enemy from house to house. Palfrey gave an account of this fierce struggle :

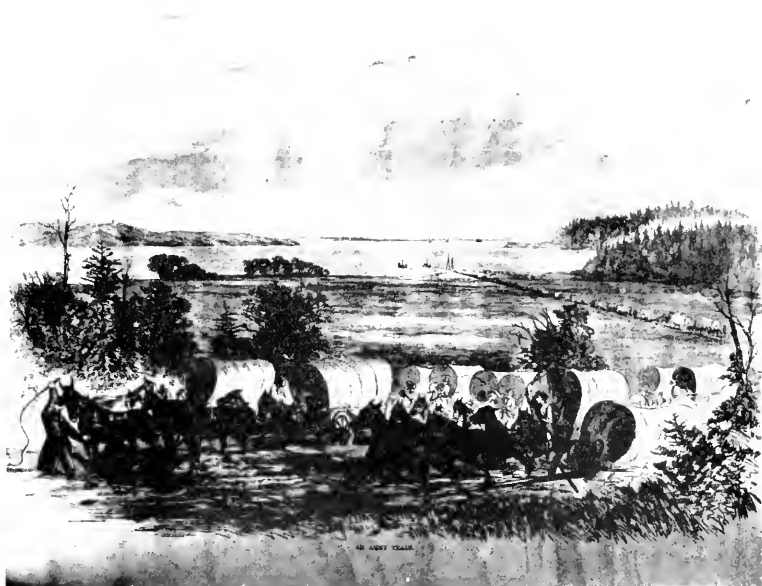
“ A very sharp experience befel a part of Hall's (Third) brigade of the Second Division, immediately after the Lacey House Bridge was completed. The Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, which had crossed in boats, belonged to his command. As soon as the Lacey House Bridge was completed, the three remaining regiments of his brigade crossed by it. It was growing dark, Howard's division, to which Hall's brigade belonged, was coming across, and the troops were crowding into an unmanageable mass near the bridge head. Hall sent back urgent requests to have the column halted the other side of the river, to

give time, (as he said) to fight the enemy in his own way, but was ordered to push ahead. He ordered Captain Macey, commanding the Twentieth Massachusetts, to clear the street leading from the bridge at all hazards. What follows is taken from his official report: 'I cannot presume to express all that is due the officers and men of this regiment for the unflinching bravery and splendid discipline shown in the execution of the order. Platoon after platoon was swept away, but the head of the column did not falter. Ninety-seven officers and men were killed or wounded in the space of about fifty yards.'"

This infantry fire was terrific and continued until late in the night. A large number of houses were burning, shedding a lurid glare over the city and both banks of the river. The crash of the incessant house to house fighting in the darkness, the cheering and curses of the infuriated soldiers and the cries and shrieks of the affrighted women and children, many of whom remained in the town, conspired to make a scene of indescribable horror.

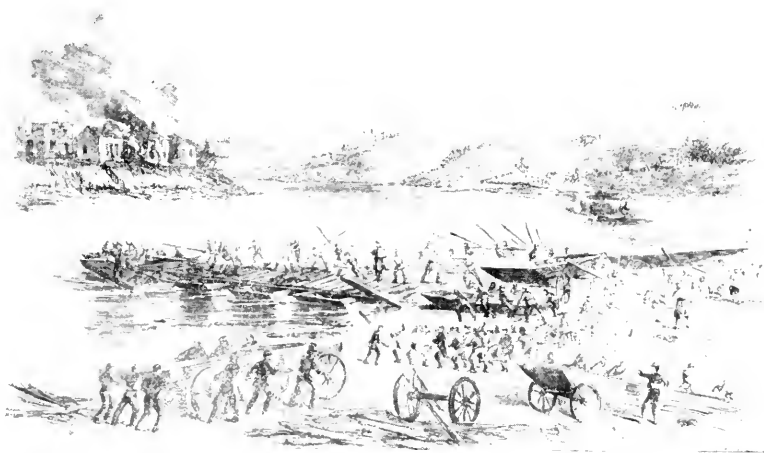
At daybreak members of our company crossed the bridge into the city, and finding soldiers breaking open barrels of whiskey, secured a tub which they partly filled with the tonic, and brought it to our company. On account of the intense cold, I was prevailed upon to take a drink—the first in my life—and it produced a warmth that was congenial, to say the least.

Our division was the first to cross the pontoons the following morning. Upon reaching the opposite banks, we saw smoking ruins here and there and many dead Confederates along the houses skirting the river. One dead Confederate especially attracted my attention. He was in a standing position leaning against the corner of a block-house with his gun in his hands, and all of the head above his mouth was taken off by a shell. I have read in a magazine an article describing the attitude of



From Harper's.

SUPPLY TRAINS FROM BELLE PLAINS STUCK IN THE MUD. (p 58)



From Frank Leslie's.

LAYING PONTOONS AT FREDERICKSBURG. (p 61)



soldiers who maintained a lifelike attitude after death by reason of rigor mortis; but none of these equalled in peculiarity the remarkable standing position of this beheaded soldier.

The first street running parallel with the river was covered with Union and Confederate dead. One of the latter was lying in the middle of the street pierced with a shell, taking off both arms. The glassy eyes and the agonies of death pictured on the countenances of the dead made a ghastly sight. We tarried in the city during the day, awaiting the rapid transfer of the remainder of our Grand Division. Many of the inhabitants having fled, the soldiers took possession of the houses, in nearly all of which provisions were stored for the winter. Many of our men stuffed their bosoms with chewing tobacco. In one of the cellars I found a box full of eggs, and emptying a jar of pickles, I filled it with the contents of several dozen. I also secured several pounds of brown sugar, and with a cleaned chicken which I bought from a comrade for fifteen cents, my haversack was filled to repletion. That night I slept on a mattress and under a featherbed in the Methodist Church. As the town had, when demanded, refused to surrender, and had to be carried by assault, with great loss, there was in this plundering nothing contrary to the laws of war. According to martial regulations governing such cases, the conquerors had the rights of belligerents to sack and pillage.

Early next morning, we prepared for battle. Gen. Lee had fully four weeks to fortify the range of hills back of the city, which were now occupied by the entire Confederate army. Three hundred Confederate guns were advantageously posted on every eminence

ready to rake every foot of ground on which they could be approached. Nearly all our artillery was massed on the north bank of the Rappahannock too distant to materially assist our troops in their attack, or to silence the numerous and protected batteries of the enemy. In fact they created some havoc among our own men until Burnside silenced them. At eleven o'clock the movement of our division, selected for the initial assault, began. As we marched along a street parallel to the river, we saw on our right the concentrated fire of the Confederate artillery tearing through and silencing the five batteries brought across the river and stationed at the edge of the city. Screaming shells shattered the roofs of many of the houses scattering the debris over our heads.

When we came to the street in which the railroad station then stood, leading directly to the range of hills covered with Confederate infantry and artillery, howling projectiles made great gaps in the ranks of our division. The fire was too hot and destructive for some of the soldiers who, convinced that "absence of body is better than presence of mind" sought shelter behind a brick ware-house. I would have given all my possessions, which were nil, as well as those of my relations, present and prospective, could I have honorably followed suit. An Ohio colonel in our front swore "like a trooper" to keep up courage, as was the habit of many officers and men, especially the officers of the regular army, West Pointers.

Emerging into the open we were about to deploy in line of battle under a deadly fire, when we encountered a mill-race or canal, from four to six feet deep and fifteen feet wide, which ran clear around the city in the rear. The existence of this canal was com-

municated by Gen. Couch to Burnside the day before. But the latter alleging personal acquaintance with the topography of Fredericksburg, indignantly denied its existence. It was impassable, except at the few street bridges, some of which had nothing left but stringers over which we had to pass in single file.

It was first discovered in our division by the head of column, and was a most serious and embarrassing obstacle, and very disconcerting under a raking storm of projectiles. After crossing, we were compelled for a considerable distance to march by columns of four. While in this formation a shower of missiles created havoc in our ranks, one of which took off the head of Captain McLaughlin of Company E, scattering the brains over our company. In re-aligning, we had to climb over a rail fence, and as my brother reached the top rail, a cannon ball cut the third rail below, only three feet to my right. A second either way would have been a fatal shot to him, or three feet to the left would have obviated the infliction upon the reader of this commonplace and unvarnished narrative.

As we came to the slope of the first elevation, we were met with a still more frightful fire of shell, grape and musketry. The Confederate artillery converged its fire on our hapless division, and our men were stricken down by hundreds.

When we approached the crest of the hill in the immediate front of Marye's Heights we were ordered to lie down. As my haversack was filled to the top, as I have stated, my brother requested me to doff it as it would retard me in charging up the Heights, and I reluctantly complied. Lying on my left was Eli Myers, formerly a clerk in P. A. & S. Small's store, and on my right was William Clemens, and next to him, Frank.

A bullet knocked off Clements' cap, and a moment later a shell exploded over us, a piece of which violently struck Myers in the back. I got up to assist in carrying him off the field, but being small, was pushed aside by others equally anxious to get beyond the range of fire, for we all felt that success was a forlorn hope. The wound proved fatal. We then moved forward and as we approached the stone wall, rifle pits and redoubts on the Heights, we poured in a heavy volley and charged, but were swept back a short distance by blazing musketry, grape and canister, rising tier after tier, which no troops could withstand. As we were about to renew the charge the Confederates sprang from their breast works and charged, but were hurled back in confusion. Confederate reinforcements arrived, all veteran marksmen, until they were four ranks deep and completely sheltered. These poured forth such an unrelenting blast of deadly fire that our regiment again began to waver. It was then that Colonel Zinn, our heroic commander, seized the regimental flag staff in his left hand, and waving his sword with his right, cried out, "Stick to your standard, boys! The One Hundred and Thirtieth never abandons its colors; give them another volley!" The words had scarcely left his lips, when his brain was pierced by a Confederate bullet. He was an intrepid and accomplished officer, a strict disciplinarian, and an adept in tactics, and would, had he lived, have attained high rank.

Shattered and broken, we fell back, meeting as our support General Hancock's First Division of our corps, moving towards the Heights. The General and his staff were mounted, and that he was unharmed in that enfilading fire was simply miraculous. As we retired past him, not knowing that we had encountered a wall



and terraces of fire, he made the air sulphurous with imprecations. Until then I did not know the English language was so rich in eruptive possibilities. A half an hour later, he and his division were also hurled into the city. If he was at all reminiscent, he must have felt sorry for upbraiding us. In the immediate front of these impregnable heights our losses were tenfold the enemy's—our casualties in the entire army being in the proportion of nearly three to one of the Confederates. A few yards from Gen. Hancock's position on the field, a severely wounded comrade exposed to the withering fire, begged to be carried to a spot less exposed. Frank and I tore a board from an adjoining fence and put him on it, but in lifting him, he shrieked with agony, and we had to abandon him. Just then a very tall German came hobbling along, having been shot in the ankle, and imploring our assistance, we got under his arms and helped him to shelter behind a garden wall in the hollow near the canal. Conceiving that we had done our full duty we, with thousands of others, then made a bee-line for the city, but a short distance off.

In turning the first corner of the depot street a projectile struck a soldier not more than six feet behind me. Many houses were already filled with wounded, and the pavements were littered with amputated arms and legs. The streets were filled with the returning remnants of repelled divisions, meeting other commands on their way to the field of carnage to be exposed in their turn to like pitiless, useless, hopeless slaughter. Nor did nightfall mercifully arrest this fruitless massacre; for it was not till 8 p. m. that the last of the brigades of Sumner and Hooker were hurled from the bloody field.

The survivors of our company with its wounded, repaired to a two-story brick house on the street running parallel and next to the Rappahannock. At nightfall, the boys began to bake "slapjacks" in the yard. The brisk fire was so vivid in the Egyptian darkness that it attracted the fire of the enemy, several shells passing over the house. The men were requested to desist, but were too hungry to refrain. About 7 o'clock, when asleep from sheer exhaustion on the first floor of the house, a spherical shell penetrated the brick wall, crashed through the washboard and fell on the floor scattering the bricks and mortar debris all over the room, and affrighting everybody in it. Frank was sleeping in a rocking-chair near the wall, and my head was reposing on my canteen at his feet. His canteen between the chair and the wall was dinged, and the impact knocked his feet from under him. Fortunately, the fuse of the shell was spent, otherwise there would have been great loss of life in the crowded room. Fearing that other shells might lodge in the same place, the greater portion of the occupants went into the basement, soon to return and remain without further mishap until morning.

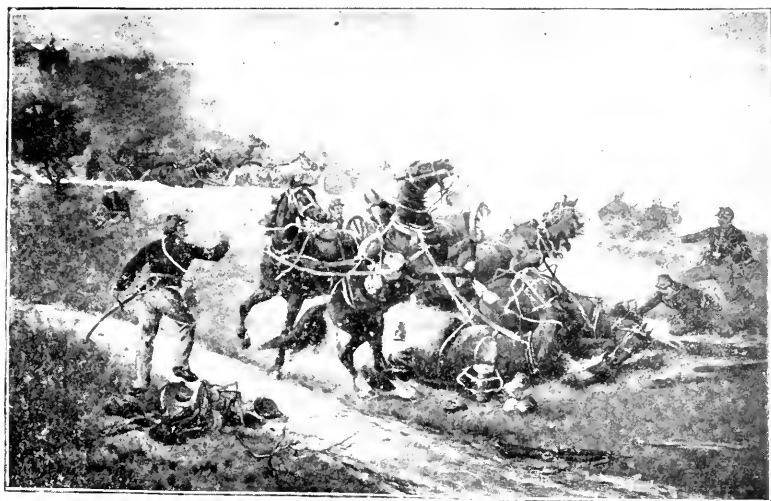
In the house, at the time, was the owner, Mrs. Mills, a lady of intelligence and good breeding aged about thirty years, and her two prepossessing daughters, aged respectively about ten and twelve years. Of course they were in great consternation, when the shell penetrated the wall. In conversation they proved to be Confederates to the core.

In January, 1890, on my way to Florida, I stopped at Fredericksburg to survey the battle-field and cemetery. While in the city, I searched for this house, and discovered it by the new bricks which replaced those demolished by the shell. Upon ringing the door-bell, a



From Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG. p 61



From a Painting.

A RECOLLECTION OF FREDERICKSBURG. (p 64)



lady of noble proportions and unusually handsome in face and figure appeared. After disclosing the object of my visit and on inquiry as to the whereabouts of the mother and daughters who occupied the premises during the battle, I was surprised when told that she was Mrs. Retta Mills Merchant, and one of the daughters in the house on that fearful night. The remarkable incident created a friendship at once, and sending for her husband, Mr. Merchant, proprietor of the leading Fredericksburg newspaper, I was cordially invited to stay to tea. As time would not permit, I was compelled to decline. Mr. Merchant, however, was so pleased with the peculiar event, that he accompanied me on the train to Richmond.

From the Fredericksburg Star, January 4, 1890:

“VISITED OLD SCENES.

Mr. E. W. Spangler, of York, Pa., paid the old Burg a visit last Thursday. During the late war he was a gallant soldier in the Federal Army and the night after the battle took refuge with the wounded and remnants of his company in the home now occupied by the editor of the “Star,,’ which he visited and was kindly shown through. His memory was very vivid, recollecting all positions of the furniture and the place where a spent shell passed through the wall of the house that night and fell on the floor within two feet of his head. The wife of the editor was also in the house that terrible night, and both remembered the fright that ponderous shell occasioned to all the inmates.”

The picture of the Mills House is from a photograph taken in March, 1901, with Mrs. Merchant on the porch. The cross represents the place where the shell entered.

The two armies stood facing each other on the two succeeding days. Having left my haversack on the field, and with no commissary stores in the city, I became so hungry, that on the 15th I determined to recover it if possible, but the pickets refused to let me pass.

Despite the terrible carnage of the disastrous 13th, Burnside, *horribile dictu*, determined to renew the contest next day with his former Ninth Corps, and on the very point where the Confederate lines had been proved to be impregnable at a cost of 10,000 men. Butchery as fruitless and still more demoralizing would doubtless have been incurred but for the timely and forcible remonstrance of stern old Sumner.

During the night of the 15th, in a heavy storm, the army, without mishap, recrossed the Rappahannock, and tramped through mud in a cold and driving rain that was most disheartening and depressing. There is no denying it that the army was dispirited, not due so much to exposure and hardships, as to the fact that there was inflicted upon it a most incompetent, obstinate and reckless commander, who was responsible alone for the fruitless results of misdirected valor.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Description of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

BY THE COUNT OF PARIS, AND GENERALS FRENCH AND COUCH. GEN. FRANKLIN'S ASSERTION THAT GEN. BURNSIDE'S GOING TO SLEEP LOST US THE BATTLE. HIS ERRONEOUS LETTER AND CONCLUSION. GEN. BURNSIDE'S UTTER INCOMPETENCY.

GEN. SUMNER, in his report of the battle of Fredericksburg, says :

"I was ordered to select the corps to make the attack. I selected the divisions of French and Hancock, two of the most gallant officers of the army—and two divisions, neither of them had ever turned their backs to the enemy—they did all that men could do."

The Count of Paris, in his admirable history of the Civil War, gives the following graphic description of the battle in front of Marye's Heights :

"To French's division of Couch's corps was assigned the perilous task of leading the attack, that of Hancock was to follow and support it. The Confederates awaited, without moving, the attack of their adversaries, but as soon as they saw the town of Fredericksburg filled with Federal troops, who had been massed there after crossing the river, their artillery opened its fire upon this doomed city. The heights of Marye's Hill were immediately circled with a double crown of white smoke, the bluish tinge of which could not be mistaken for the lingering wreaths of the morning fog, and which revealed the strength of the means of defence accumulated

by Lee at this point. This prelude should have made Burnside feel the rashness of his undertaking, but his purpose was irrevocably fixed. He gave the signal of attack to his right, and French's column, emerging into the plain, soon diverted the attention of the enemy's cannoniers from the town.

"These columns emerging by way of the cemetery, were obliged to defile over the two or three bridges that still remained in order to cross the large draining ditch, and to deploy afterward on the other side under the murderous fire of all of McLaw's batteries. The cannon-balls committed a fearful ravage among those deep and almost immovable masses. They were not, however, staggered, and as soon as the line was formed, Kimball's brigade, followed at a short distance by two other brigades, advanced against the stone wall adjoining the road behind which were posed the Confederate brigades of Cook and Cobb. For the space of six hundred metres, over which these troops had to pass, every step in the advance was marked by dead bodies; they closed their ranks without stopping. When within two hundred metres of the enemy, they were received by discharges of musketry, every shot of which, aimed at leisure, made sure of a victim.

"Hunt's artillery had vainly endeavored to silence the batteries posed on Marye's Hill; the distance was too great. They disdained to reply to him, devoting all their attention to the assailants, and Hunt himself was obliged to intermit his fire for fear of killing more friends than foes. The field-pieces of Couch's corps could not accompany their infantry;\* they would have been dismounted in an instant. French's soldiers, however, were still pushing forward, but at fifty paces from the wall, the first line, which was reduced to a handful of men, halted and began to skirmish. The two brigades, that were following could not pass beyond this fatal point, and after a single discharge they retired, leaving one-third of their comrades on the ground.

"Hancock immediately took their place. This brilliant officer, who had always inspired the soldiers with the ardor by which he was himself animated, was in command of well-tried troops. The sight of the massacre of their companions and the formidable positions that rose before them,

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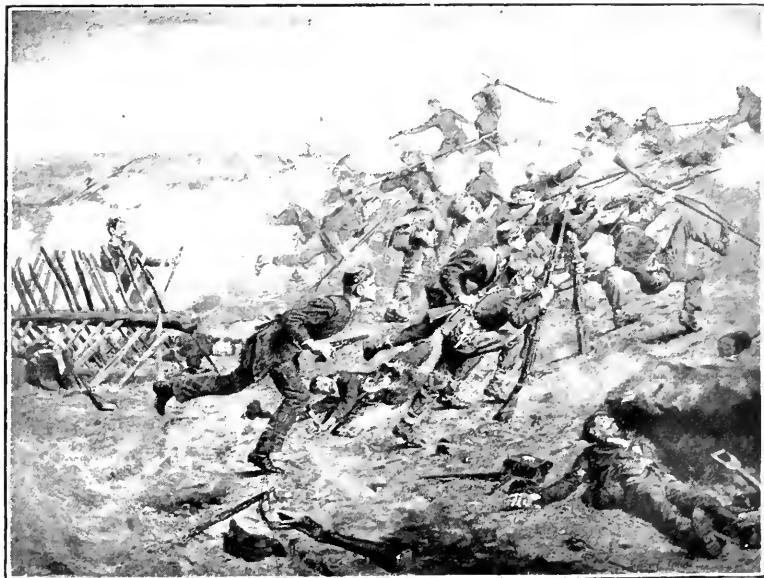
\*Note: This is error; five batteries were in action at the street outlets, as already stated.





From Frank Leslie.

CHARGE OF THE SECOND CORPS ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS. p 65



From a Painting.

CHARGE ON THE RAMPARTS, FREDERICKSBURG. p 66



did not cause them to hesitate for a single instant. Three flags, planted by French's soldiers within eighty or one hundred metres of the enemy's line, floated amid the cannon-shot and musket-balls alone above the dead bodies that surrounded them."

"They seemed to call for new combatants, or rather new victims. Meagher's Irish brigade was the first to rush forward. A portion of French's troops, who had felt reluctant to leave the vicinity of this field of carnage, joined, and the rest of Hancock's division followed close. Howard's division came out of the town for the purpose of following in the tracks of Hancock should the latter meet with any success. On the left, Wilcox had deployed the Ninth Corps in front of Pickett's Confederate Division; the divisions of Sturgis and Getty extended from Hazel Run to Deep Run, while that of Burns was on the other side of the latter stream, near Smith's Corps. The embankment of an unfinished railroad covered Hancock's left to within a certain distance of the stone wall; his centre, as well as his right, was utterly unprotected. Nevertheless, his whole line reached and passed beyond the flags planted by French; but when within twenty or twenty-five metres of the wall, it also halted, and all those who had gone beyond were instantly struck down. The Federal line wavered, without, however, falling far back, while, enveloped in smoke, it opened a sharp fire upon the defenders of the stone wall. From time to time a group of soldiers was seen advancing to reach the obstacle; but this movement, always unsuccessful, was soon followed by a speedy retreat, which brought back the small number of those who had escaped death. The Federals, however, maintained themselves; and if they could not gain ground, they suffered themselves to be decimated without abandoning the place. Their losses were enormous, but their adversaries were also beginning to suffer; in vain did they shelter themselves behind the wall, in vain did the artillery which fired over their heads, throw its shrapnel into the midst of the assailants; their ranks were fast thinning off."

"The two brigades which, up to this time, had alone defended the stone wall, lost their two commanders at the same moment—General Cobb killed and General Cook seriously wounded. But numerous re-inforcements were at hand. Ransom's brigade had come to the relief of Cook's; Kershaw had been sent by McLaws to succor Cobb's soldiers. These new troops were placed in rear of those they came to support; and owing to a slight

inclination of the ground they occupied on the road, they were enabled to open a well-sustained fire of four ranks upon the assailants. The Federals had no hope left. The bravest among them acknowledged that it would be folly to remain any longer before a position which it was impossible to carry."

Gen. Couch describes the slaughter as follows:

"A few minutes after noon French's division charged in the order of Kimball's, Andrew's and Palmer's brigades, a part of Kimball's men getting into the cluster of houses in the fork of the road. Hancock followed them in the order of Zook's, Meagher's and Caldwell's brigades, the two former getting nearer to the stone wall than any brigade which followed them.

"Without a clear idea of the state of affairs at the front, since the smoke and light fog veiled everything, I sent word to French and Hancock to carry the enemy's works by storm. Then I climbed the steeple of the Court House, and from above the haze and smoke got a clear view of the field. Howard, who was with me, says I exclaimed, "Oh, great God! see how our men, our poor fellows are falling!" I remember that the whole plain was covered with men, prostrate and dropping, the live men running here and there and in front closing upon each other, and the wounded coming back. The commands seemed to be mixed up. I had never before seen fighting like that, nothing approaching it in terrible uproar and destruction. There was no cheering on the part of the men, but a stubborn determination to obey orders and do their duty. I don't think there was much feeling of success. As they charged the artillery fire would break their formation and they would get mixed; then they would close up, go forward, receive the withering infantry fire, and those who were able would run to the houses and fight as best they could; and then the next brigade coming up in succession would do its duty and melt like snow coming down on warm ground."

In Gen. Lee's memoirs is found the following:

"During the attack on the right, preparations were in progress to assail the Confederate centre. Dense masses of troops which had been previously concentrated in and about Fredericksburg were now formed in columns of attack to be led against Marye's Heights. About noon the attack

commenced. Column and column advanced to the assault, to be hurled back with terrible slaughter. Attack after attack was hopelessly renewed until the stoutest heart quaked at the dreadful carnage that ensued."

Greely, in his "American Conflict," says:

"Braver men never smiled at death than those that climbed Marye's Heights that fatal day; their ranks ploughed through and torn to pieces by Rebel batteries even in the process of formation; and when, at heavy cost, they had reached the foot of the hill from behind which Confederate brigades of infantry mowed them down like grass, exposing but their heads to our bullets, and these only while themselves firing."

"Thus Hancock's and French's corps were successively sent up against those slippery heights; girdled with batteries, rising, tier after tier, to its crest, all carefully trained upon the approaches from Fredericksburg; while that fatal stone wall—so strong that even artillery could make no impression upon it—completely sheltered Barksdale's brigade, which so soon as our charging columns came within rifle shot, poured into their faces the deadliest storm of musketry."

In Picket's famous and historic charge at Gettysburg, his men were not subjected to such a terribly destructive and deadly fire. This hopeless slaughter is well expressed in a boast of an artillery officer of Lee that "the guns were so placed that 'a chicken could not live' within the concentric arc of their fire on the plains below." Col. E. P. Alexander, Lee's Chief of Artillery, says: "While I was looking at Burnside's dense columns so swarming through the fire of our guns towards Marye's Hill, Gen. Lee said: 'It is well that war is so terrible, or we would grow too fond of it.'"

Gen. Wm. F. Smith, commanding the Sixth Corps of Gen. Franklin's left wing, in a late (1902) interview, says:

"A few days after that, about December 1st, 1862, I was at General Burnside's headquarter's and he said to me: 'I want you to come and take a ride with me.' We rode out along the river bank and he pointed out to me every projecting bluff on our side. 'Do you see what splendid artillery

positions these are?' he asked. I answered 'Yes,' not having the least idea of what was to come.

" 'Well,' he said, 'I have never given my reserve artillery a chance, and I am going to do it now.'

" He hadn't, as a matter of fact, had the reserve artillery very long to give it a chance. His remark impressed me so much that I could not forget it; it was exactly what McClellan had said to me at the Seven Days' fight before Richmond.

" 'I am going to cross here at the town of Fredericksburg,' General Burnside continued; 'you will cross down below. I don't want you to say anything about this to anybody, but I have made up my mind, and intend to begin the battle here.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'there's no trouble, General, about crossing this river at almost any point. But you see those hills over there?' pointing to Marye's Heights, back of Fredericksburg. They ran down for about a mile and a half, I think, below our crossing.

" Oh, yes, he replied, 'but I know where Lee's troops are, and I can get across and surprise him.'

" 'If you can, do that,' I answered, 'there is nothing more to be said,' and I returned to my headquarters."

Prior to December 1st, Gen. Burnside had determined to cross the main army at Shrenker's Neck, fourteen miles below Fredericksburg, and make the attack on Lee's right where the country was comparatively level and the defensive troops easily assailable. As four weeks elapsed since Sumner's arrival opposite the city, and two days, December 11th and 12th, wasted in laying the pontoons and getting the army across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, Lee, of course, could not then have been taken by surprise, and Burnside again reverted to the original plan. Gen. Smith says further:

" There were now (December 12th) really two days gone. I think it was somewhere about 3 o'clock that Burnside came down to our end of the line. We all knew him very well and had been on such terms with him that we could say to him anything that we thought in regard to the plan.

On that day Franklin, Reynolds and I had determined that the only possible course for our side then was to have the left wing attack the rebels in strong force. We suggested to Burnside to put 40,000 men, which was about the strength of the left grand division, into an assault upon the rebel right. The Third Corps, which was on the left bank of the stream, should come over early and relieve my corps in guarding the pontoon bridges, so that we could be in position in line of battle for the coming action. The men could sleep on their arms and at daylight of the 13th be up and off.

"So Burnside went along the lines and was cheered, as all great soldiers are, and when he turned back Franklin called him into our tent and told him that we had gone over the whole situation, and what we desired to suggest as the best way to reach the enemy. Burnside listened to it all, said 'yes, yes, yes,' as if in full acquiescence, and we thought—though I cannot recollect that he said positively that he would do it—that he had accepted our plan of battle. As he went away Franklin said to him:

'Now, Burnside, you understand that we have a good deal of work to do to-night to get ready for this movement, and you will have to send us the orders very soon.'

"'Oh, yes; you shall have them directly,' he replied.

"Those are possibly not his exact words, but that is the sense of them. Franklin said to him again that the Third Corps would have to come over early to relieve the Sixth Corps, to allow me to go into my proper place in line and so that the men might have their full night's rest before the intended assault.

"We waited and waited. Franklin sent, I think, two or three messengers that night to headquarters to ask Burnside to hurry the order, saying that it was imperative that we have it soon.

"The three of us were together until about 2 o'clock of the morning of the 13th. when Reynold's said: "Well, I have a hard day's work ahead of me, and I am going to get some sleep.' Franklin and I, however, sat up there until perhaps half-past 7 o'clock in the morning, when the orders came.

"What those orders were and the rest of the story are settled matters of history. The attack that was ordered was not that which Franklin had suggested. He was permitted to use, for the essential part of the movement, only a small part of his force, while the great bulk of it was tied up

by waiting orders. The slaughter and sacrifice that ensued are well known.

I have not the slightest doubt that, if the order had come in time to use the 40,000 in the left grand division, as Franklin wished to use them, our success would have been complete."

Gen. Burnside did not issue the orders he promised General Franklin, nor in the time promised. Burnside's order to Franklin was to make a mere reconnoissance in his front as the main attack would be at Fredericksburg. Gen. Burnside testified before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War that he started this order at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 13th. The order was dated by Gen. Parker (his chief of staff) 5:55 A. M. Gen. Burnside was therefore in error.

General Smith further says in this interview:

"There is a good deal to be said as to the battle of Fredericksburg about things that took place behind the curtain. There was a staff officer who stated that some time after daylight on the morning of the 13th he went up into the cupola of the Phillips house, which was Burnside's headquarters, to watch the movements on the other side of the river, and shortly afterwards he heard some one coming up the stairs, and on look-around he saw that it was Burnside, and that Burnside said to him:

" 'I am so sleepy that I must lie down and take a nap.'

"Of course, personally, I know nothing about this story. General Franklin, however, has told me it several times. We have frequently discussed the matter together. Whatever Franklin told me was as good as though I had heard it myself, because we had always the greatest confidence in each other.

It was doubtless this episode that led Gen. Franklin more than eighteen years after the battle to write the subjoined letter to Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland:

"OFFICE OF COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING CO.

Hartford, Conn., April 29th, 1881.

"My Dear General:—

I only received your article on the Battle of Fredericksburg, and have read it with much pleasure. I think that you began it at the right date,





From a Painting.

AN EVENING IN CAMP AT THE FRONT. p 199



From a Photograph.

THE MILLS' HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG. p 68



that of the removal of McClellan, and I think that you have told the ghastly story as well as it can be told. Of course I can only speak definitely of my own command, the left wing. Burnside's going to sleep, instead of issuing his promised orders, is at the bottom of all the trouble. For this he should never be forgiven.

What a delightful monograph would a "History of Burnside's Career as the Commander of the Army of the Potomac," beginning where you began and ending with the order relieving him from the command, telling the story of order No. 8, &c., &c.

Will you say to Gen. McCandless that I have not forgotten his request for a copy or copies of my pamphlet. I have none by me just now, but will send them when I get some which I hope soon to get.

Truly your friend,

W. B. FRANKLIN.

GEN. ST. C. A. MULHOLLAND,  
Phila., Pa."

The facts already related do not justify Gen. Franklin in his conclusion that "Burnside's going to sleep, instead of issuing his promised orders, is at the bottom of all the trouble." "The bottom of all the trouble" was that he did not intend to issue the order to make the main attack on the left as Gens. Franklin, supported by Reynolds and Smith, earnestly requested. Sleep had nothing to do with the order issued. Besides, the order started at 5:55 A. M., on the morning of the 13th, whereas, it was only shortly after daylight on the morning of that day that Burnside, in the cupola, said, "I am so sleepy that I must lie down and take a nap." The sun rose on that day at 7:16, and "to watch the movements on the other side of the river," in darkness, at 5:55 would have been impossible.

As a matter of history, Gen. Burnside had no plan of attack whatever when he crossed the river, and up to the morning of the 13th was vacillating in purpose. Undoubtedly, the wisest and only practical course to be

pursued was to make his attack with the whole army on Franklin's front on the left. In fact, Lee was quite astonished when he ascertained to a certainty that Burnside's main attack would be made on fortified and impregnable Marye's Heights. It is a familiar military maxim that a general should never do what his adversary wishes him to do. Utterly incapable of commanding so large an army, Burnside lost his head the moment he confronted so able and formidable an adversary as Lee. He did not class with the chieftain of whom the poet Horace said : "*Impavidum ferient ruinae.*"

## CHAPTER VII.

### After the Battle of Fredericksburg.

TAKEN TO THE HOSPITALS AT WASHINGTON AND PHILADELPHIA. MINISTER TO A WOUNDED CONFEDERATE AS HE DIES. THADDEUS STEVENS IN CONGRESS. HIS INTELLECTUAL SUPREMACY, AND INVALUABLE SERVICES IN THE CAUSE OF THE UNION. NOBLE TRIBUTE BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WAR LECTURES. HIS GREAT SPEECHES FOR THE UNION IN GREAT BRITAIN. HE CONFRONTS ANGRY AND VIOLENT MOBS. CONVERTS A HOSTILE PUBLIC SENTIMENT AT A CRITICAL PERIOD. FIERCE AND LUDICROUS SCENES.

OWING to exposure from rain and cold I became ill, and after an examination by two army surgeons was placed on a train and taken to Acquia Creek on the Potomac, thence by boat to Washington. During the battle, my left worn-out pantaloons leg was torn off, and when I left the boat at Washington for the hospital, my only covering for the limb was underwear. I was taken in an ambulance to a branch of the Trinity Episcopal Church Hospital and placed in ward H. The building was, I think, at the corner of Third Street and a street about three blocks North of Pennsylvania Ave-

nue, and used before the war as a ware-house. After I was able to sit up and walk around the ward, a kind Washington lady supplied me with a cinnamon-colored pair of trousers.

A week or two after my arrival a very large and severely wounded Confederate soldier was brought into the ward. Believing that he would soon die, he requested the attending surgeon to get some one to read the Bible to him. I was selected, and while reading as the extemporized Chaplain of the room, he expired.

Being convalescent, towards the latter part of January, 1862, I was permitted, when the weather was fine, to take brief outings and in one of these I had a tin-type picture taken on Pennsylvania Avenue, which is reproduced as a frontispiece. The black great-coat and blue trousers, most ample in proportion on my slender frame, were issued from the hospital.

I also visited Congress then in session. By means of diagrams of the Senate and House, I soon knew by sight the leading members of both branches. The political hatred between the Republican and Democratic members was rancorously bitter, and I heard some of the most brilliant and acrimonious discussions of the war period. It was easy to discern that Thaddeus Stevens, the founder and champion of common schools of his adopted State, the unchallenged head of the Pennsylvania Bar, the Great Commonor, and the Metternich of Republicanism, stood in point of eloquence, wit, satire, intellect, and courage, head and shoulders above every member in either House of Congress. He was not only an authority on political questions, but on finance, political economy, constitutional law and the laws of nations and war, having been a profound student of Adam Smith, Turgot, Neckar, Peel, Grotius, Bynkershoek and

Vattel. He was a born leader, had absolute dominion of the House, and commanded universal party obedience. It is but necessary to read his admirable biography, written by Congressman McCall, to appreciate the intellectual supremacy of the greatest of all Pennsylvanians, Benjamin Franklin, perhaps, alone excepted. It seems strange that the five greatest Pennsylvanians, were exotics,—Benjamin Franklin, of Boston; Robert Morris of England; Albert Gallatin, of Geneva; Gen. Meade, born in Spain, and Thaddeus Stevens, of Vermont.

Mr. Stevens had Pluto's iron countenance, and yet was bending, kind and philanthropic. The House had great Parliamentary ability. It had its Washburn, its Wilson, Bingham and its Blaine. It had but one Thaddeus Stevens. I beheld Sumner, Trumbull, Wilson, Howe, Wade and other Senatorial magnates in constant consultation with him in his seat, thus evincing a merited regard for a colossal and overpowering genius.\*

Not having fully recovered my strength, and unfit to return to the army, I, with many other convalescents, was sent to Philadelphia to make room in Washington hospitals for the more severely wounded from the battle-field hospitals. At Philadelphia I was taken to an improvised hospital at the northwest corner of Broad and Cherry Streets. The only person I knew in Philadelphia was William R. Stouch, then salesman in the wholesale dry-goods house of Ludwig, Kneidler & Co., which sold large invoices of goods to my former employer, Peter Wiest. He called on me frequently at the hospital and later entertained me at dinner at his hotel. To me, after a diet largely of codfish hash, it was a Lucullus feast. He introduced me to his friends as his

\*App. Note 11.

hero York soldier boy, and I have always been deeply grateful for the consideration and hospitality shown me.

The passenger coaches of the Pennsylvania Railroad were then drawn by horses to the station at Market and Eleventh Streets. The freight depot embraced the Market Street section of Wanamaker's present Emporium. One of the pleasantest features of the city were the four squares of shade and greenery, full of stately and venerable trees, at the intersection of Market and Broad Streets, known collectively as Penn Square. Little did William Penn think when he laid out these handsome little parks for the health and recreation of the populace for all time, that in the Nineteenth Century impious hands would build upon them a huge and very costly City Hall of doubtful architectural beauty, which arrested not only the business extension of Market Street westward, but bisected and forever ruined Broad Street, the noblest boulevard of the country.

A week before my departure for my regiment, I, with others, was taken to the top gallery or "Family Circle" of the Academy of Music to hear Clara Louise Kellogg in grand Italian Opera. She was then in the apogee of her lyrical triumphs, and sang with exquisite force the dramatic role of Gilda, in Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

There, also, for the first time, I heard Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished and eloquent preacher and lecturer, deliver one of his famous patriotic war lectures.

The oratory and courage of Mr. Beecher, whom Spurgeon, the great English divine, called the "Shakespeare of the Anglo-Saxon pulpit," were shown at their best when, in 1863, he repaired at his own expense to Great Britain to deliver a number of addresses for the purpose of converting the hostile governing caste and





From a Painting.

**THE STANDARD BEARER FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.** (pp 66, 199)



From a Painting.

**AFTER THE BATTLE.** (pp 72, 74, 200)



the aristocratic and business classes to the cause of the North. He offered his services at a very critical period of the war when the entire country was black with thunder clouds and ablaze with lightnings of war. Public opinion was wavering between support of the North and support of the South. He delivered speeches in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburg, Glasgow and London, which were masterpieces of oratory. In facing the turbulent and hostile audiences he exhibited grit and courage of the first order. When Mr. Beecher was asked to raise the flag on Fort Sumter, Abraham Lincoln, in 1865, remarked, "but for his speeches in England, there might have been no flag to raise." These voluntary and patriotic services entitled him to at least a single notch in the annals of his country, and yet not a history of the war even deigns to mention them.

Mr. Beecher's philippics were especially hurled against the institution of slavery. Before his arrival in England, a lecturing firm put up the idea of raising lecturers to go through England and turn the common people away from the North and toward the South. By the time he got through with his forcible and unanswerable speeches, this scheme was abandoned, and the enthusiasm of the whole country, outside of a portion of the aristocratic classes, went strongly in the other direction. It constituted one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by an orator. Everywhere the weavers and the laborers, who, by the cotton famine were thrown out of employment and in the greatest distress, continued hostile to slavery, and in consequence, staunch and true to the right instincts of the laboring man. They never flinched and the cause of the North was successful in England by reason of the fidelity of the great working common people of England.

Mr. Beecher's own humorous and graphic descriptions of his encounters with these howling mobs will be found very entertaining and interesting reading.\*

\*App. Note 12.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Chancellorsville.

RETURN TO THE ARMY IN FRONT OF FREDERICKSBURG. WINTER DUG-OUTS. PICKET DUTY. BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE. THE ROUT OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS. THAT DREADFUL SATURDAY NIGHT; BOTH ARMIES MIXED UP IN TOTAL DARKNESS. HORRORS OF THE SHRIEKING WOUNDED, MINGLED CURSES. HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE ARTILLERY.

IN the beginning of March, 1863, I returned to the regiment then in winter quarters about two miles northeast of Fredericksburg. The winter bunks consisted of oblong holes dug in the ground about two and a half feet and lined with logs projecting about three feet above the ground, over which upon uprights and a cross-piece were stretched our shelter tents. At the exterior of one end was a chimney-place about three feet square, topped with empty commissary barrels about eight feet high, which constituted the chimney. The bunk which gave me shelter was, prior to my arrival, occupied by three other comrades, who kindly invited me to become the fourth joint tenant. It required tight squeezing to enable all four to lie on our backs at

night. In the chimney-corner was a nest of half a dozen or more mice, which, although frequently running over our faces at night, were never disturbed.

Our regiment was assigned to picket duty on the banks of the Rappahannock immediately opposite Fredericksburg. Picket duty forms a very responsible part of army service when an alert enemy is in front. The advance pickets are under the command of a captain or lieutenant for a given space on the front line, the pickets pacing to and fro on their beats. The line is divided into three parts, each of which is called a "relief," the three being known as the first, second and third relief respectively, and under the command of a sergeant or corporal. Each relief must stand guard two hours on and four hours off for twenty-four hours. Each picket is furnished with the countersign which is changed daily. About midnight, a body of officers, known as "The Grand Rounds" goes all along the line, examining every picket to see that "all is well." To sleep on the picket line is death. The Rappahannock separating the armies, picketing did not require the usual degree of caution and vigilance, especially as the pickets of both armies were on the most friendly terms. Occasionally, tiny boats with sails were sent over to them with coffee, and returned freighted with tobacco. The Confederates had several drag seines with which they caught unmolested considerable quantities of shad.

Towards the last of April a public meeting was held at Fredericksburg, at which some fiery orators from Richmond exhorted the troops amid rapturous cheering. I was on the picket line that night directly opposite the city and parts of the impassioned speeches were audible.

Gen. Burnside's usefulness as Commander of the Army of the Potomac ended January 26, 1863. In his delirium, Major Generals Franklin, Wm. F. Smith and other officers of high rank were relieved from duty with the army. Major General Hooker with Brigadier-Generals Brooks, and Newton, were designated in an order for ignominious dismissal. This general order was submitted to President Lincoln, who, instead of approving the order, decided to relieve Burnside from command, and appointed Hooker in his stead.

A feature introduced during Hooker's administration was the adoption of corps badges. The device for the Second Corps was the trefoil, or clover-leaf, the first division having in red, the second in white and the third in blue. General Couch was now the Second Corps commander, and the division commanders were Gen. Hancock of the first, Gen. Gibbon of the second, and Gen. French of the third division.

When Gen. Hooker assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, its morale was at a low ebb and the desertions numerous. He devoted the two ensuing months in reorganizing it and exalting the spirits of its men. He had now ready for action about 100,000 infantry, 10,000 artillery, and 13,000 cavalrymen. He opened the Chancellorsville campaign towards the last of April by dispatching Gen. Stoneman with nearly all the cavalry towards Richmond to destroy the intervening telegraphs, railroads and bridges in order to cut off Lee's source of supplies and to intercept the Confederate Army in the contemplated compulsory retreat. Hooker, with his left wing, made a feint to cross the Rappahannock some distance below Fredericksburg where Lee's right, under Jackson, was located.

On April 30th, Hooker, with the main portion of his

army, made a successful crossing of the Rappahannock over pontoon bridges at the various fords from five to ten miles above Fredericksburg. General Sedgwick, with 28,000 men, remained near Fredericksburg, to cross later at that city and carry the Heights beyond, now weakly defended by a division of Lee's army. Upon carrying the Heights he was directed to march on the Plank Road to Chancellorsville and take Lee's right in reverse. Hooker's original plan of campaign was admirably conceived, but subsequently reversed and the changed plan disastrously executed, as the sequel shows.

At three o'clock, A. M., on the 30th of April, our company squad was relieved from the picket line opposite Fredericksburg and ordered to return to the regiment. On our arrival at camp, our winter quarters were already demolished and our entire corps ready for an advance. About noon, we reached the United States Ford about six miles northwest of Fredericksburg. Here an order of General Hooker's was read to the troops to the effect that General Lee was outgeneraled and his army compelled to either ingloriously fly or give him battle on his own ground, where certain destruction awaited it. Of course, this welcome intelligence and hopeful forecast were implicitly believed and cheered to the echo. We crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge, and about five miles beyond struck the Confederate rear guard behind earth-works at the the White House on the road to Chancellorsville. These were summarily carried and the division bivouacked on the spot.

Next day, May 1st, the division passed Chancellorsville, a "village" consisting of a large brick mansion in a clearing of perhaps fifty acres, and then marched to a ridge about two miles beyond. Here the country was



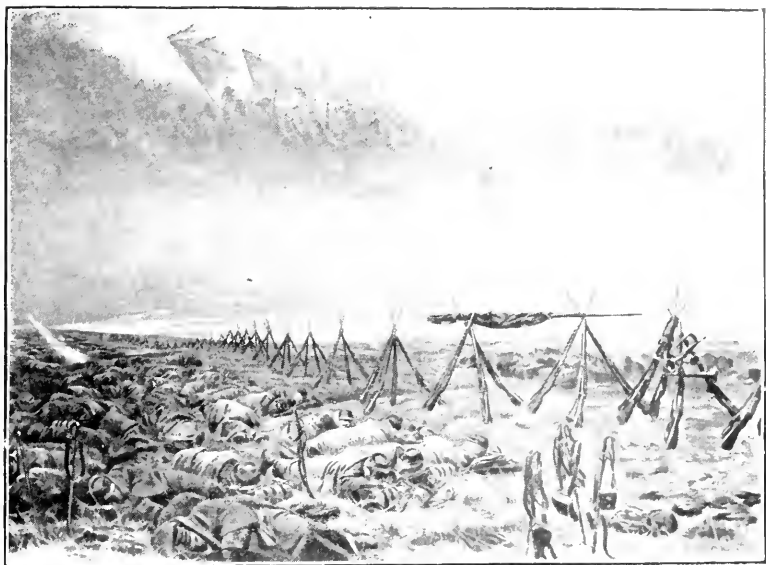
largely open and admirably suited for the development of our superior infantry and artillery. It was in an open country that Hooker originally contemplated to fight the impending battle, in which the Army of the Potomac could see the enemy they were called to fight—a battle to be fought on equal terms. Yet he now determined to abandon this advanced position and reverse his purpose of aggression to fight in the open—an act little short of suicide. Instead, he directed the army to return to Chancellorsville and vicinity where the country was densely wooded with tangled undergrowth, with neither perspective nor eminence, in which it was impossible to manoeuvre an army to advantage, and in the absence of unremitting vigilance liable to surprises. Gen. Couch and other officers vainly endeavored to have this fatal order rescinded but Hooker was obstinate and seemed to have lost both his head and his courage.

The day following, instead of correcting the error by selecting a suitable battle ground, the army remained stationary and inert awaiting developments of the enemy. They came from an unexpected quarter about 6 P. M., when General Stonewall Jackson's Corps of 26,000 men, after a night and all-day march from below Fredericksburg, impetuously assaulted General Howard's 11th Corps forming Hooker's right. Howard not having his front properly picketed was completely surprised and his command put to a disgraceful flight.

When the disaster began our division was a short distance east of Chancellorsville and about half a mile in the rear of Howard. Shortly after, we encountered stampeded wagons, ambulances, packmules, cannon and caissons, with men and horses running for their lives.

Our brigade commanded by General Hays and Gen-

eral Sickles' Third Division under General Berry were immediately ordered to meet the enemy, stay the impetuous advance and arrest the rout. It was already dusk when we moved to the front. The Confederate shells came in showers, the fuses making streaks of fire like blazing meteors or huge rockets and burst over our heads with a deafening roar. We soon met the victorious Confederates and the onslaught was at once checked. Our company, the left of the regiment, was located on the famous Plank Road. The sky was overcast and in the dense forest night was of Cimmerian darkness, and in consequence, the flashing fire more vivid. It was the most frightful and terrible night I ever experienced and the horror of the scene defies even an approximate description. General Sherman's declaration that "War is Hell" was here most grimly exemplified. The musketry rattle and artillery detonations began along the line for perhaps half an hour and momentarily ceased. The opposing lines in many places in the total darkness and thickets of the woods ran against each other at haphazard, disorder reigned supreme among the intermingled contestants and the din was appalling. In the fitful intervals of fire arose the cries and groans of the wounded and the shouting and swearing of the more profane. The yells and cheers on both sides were such as one can alone hear in the furor of battle. After a temporary pause, pandemonium again became rampant, the battle renewed—"at first like pattering drops upon a roof; then a roll, crash, roar and rush"—with deep and heavy explosions like the crashing of thunderbolts. Our artillery battalions were massed on the Chancellorsville plateau, Fairfax, an extended elevation about one hundred and fifty yards to our rear, where guns double shot-



THE DREAM OF THE SOLDIER.



SEVERING COMMUNICATIONS p 89



ted with grape and canister, in continuous roar, thundered volleys over our heads, causing the ground to convulsively quake and tremble. Finally about 2 A. M., from sheer exhaustion, the combat languished and finally died away—the forest strewn with dead and wounded.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Chancellorsville.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S MORTAL WOUND AND DEATH. THROWN FROM HIS LITTER. GRAPHIC AND THRILLING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE HORRIBLE NIGHT-BATTLE AND JACKSON'S TRAGIC DEATH, BY THE COUNT OF PARIS, AND JACKSON'S WIDOW IN HIS MEMOIRS. HIS RANK AS A CHIEFTAIN. A RELIGIOUS FANATIC. DEMANDS THE KILLING OF ALL PRISONERS OF WAR. HIS DEATH, AND NOT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, THE TURNING POINT OF THE WAR.

**D**URING a lull in the storm of battle, Stonewall Jackson, with a portion of his staff, in reconnoitring, rode up the Plank Road, to the intermingled lines of troops, and perceiving his mistake, galloped back when his infantry, mistaking him and the staff for a squadron of our cavalry, fired a volley, killing a portion of the staff and mortally wounding Jackson himself. The terrific enfilading fire from our double-shotted guns created such chaos, havoc and disorder where Jackson lay wounded that his removal had several times to be abandoned. The consequent shock and hemorrhages so enfeebled him that when eight days later pleuro-pneumonia supervened he succumbed to

the insidious disease, and yielded his soul to the All-Beneficent Creator who gave it.

A very interesting and thrilling description of that horrible night-battle and the mortal wounding of Stonewall Jackson is given by the Count of Paris in his admirable history of the Civil War.

The stirring and interesting narrative begins at the conclusion of the surprise, rout and flight of Howard's Corps, by Jackson's Corps. After the first rush in the dense forest and thickets and checked by the raking fire from our new line of infantry and artillery, the Confederate ranks were intermingled and in disorder. After his lines were restored, Jackson, during a lull in the conflict, paused to reconnoitre before striking the final and decisive blow:

"Being desirous of reconnoitring in person this position, which gives him the key to the whole system of Hooker's interior defences, Jackson presses forward, followed only by a few mounted men, whilst Hill, without waiting for the remainder of his division, takes Lane's brigade, which, having escorted the artillery along the road, is the first at hand, and posts it in front of Rode's division. This and Colston's division being in the greatest confusion, it has been found impossible to detach a line of skirmishers from it in order to clear the wood in front of them. Hill has ordered Lane to employ one regiment in forming this line, but Jackson passes on before the order has been executed, and ignorant of this fact, he advances without mistrust in the direction of the enemy. Hill, seeing him before him, follows him close with his staff."

"It is ten o'clock in the evening. The night is dark; a profound silence has succeeded the din of battle. The exhausted conquerors are waiting for the third line to take their place, and confine themselves to keeping up a brisk fire along their line of skirmishers, which has finally taken position on the outskirts of the woods. On the side of the Federals, Sickles, always ready for an attack has asked Hooker for permission to take the offensive with his three divisions as soon as he shall have been able to organize his line of battle. In the meanwhile, Berry's and Bir-

ney's battalions, the latter south, the former north of the position defended by Pleasanton, cause their skirmishers to advance, who drive back those of the enemy and cautiously penetrate into the forest. Birney's skirmishers soon perceive the group of mounted men on the road formed by Jackson's staff, and open fire upon them."

"The Confederate general, perceiving his error, rushes hurriedly into the wood, northward, in order to avoid the bullets and to join, across the thicket, his line formed on that side by the Eighteenth North Carolina, which is stationed about one hundred yards in the rear; Hill joins him. The Southern soldiers, under the two-fold effects of fatigue and fighting, had lost their coolness and self-possession which characterizes well-trying troops; at the least alarm during that bloody night shots were fired at random, and more than once the Confederate skirmishers meeting unawares, fired upon each other. Lane's brigade had been warned to be on its guard against the Federal cavalry. The soldiers of the Eighteenth, seeing Jackson and his followers coming at full gallop toward them, naturally believe they are about to be attacked. The first rank kneels to the ground, and when the staff is only within twenty paces of their line they receive it with a terrific discharge of musketry. This volley caused by the merest accident, and which another accident, equally trifling might have prevented, proved more fatal to the Confederate cause than a lost battle. Jackson is seriously wounded by three balls. Around him lie men and horses. The animals that are not mortally wounded carry off their riders, exposing them either to be dashed against a tree or to fall into the enemy's lines.

"Jackson has received one ball in the right and two in the left arm; he has been no doubt struck at the moment when he was parting the branches of the trees before him; nevertheless, he succeeds in stopping his horse. Being turned towards his soldiers, whose officers have caused their fire to cease, he looks at them with astonishment, unable as yet to believe in so fatal a mistake, and asking himself whether he has not fallen into an ambush of the enemy. He faints away, and falls into the arms of his aid-de-camp, Captain Wilbourne, the only one who has not been wounded among those around him. The left arm is shattered close to the shoulder; the artery is severed and the blood flows in streams; Wilbourne has nothing but a pen-knife with which to dress the wound, through which life is fast ebbing away. Fortunately, Hill, who has remained a little in



the rear, arrives at this critical moment, and his skillful appliances succeed in stopping the hemorrhage."

"The Federals, who have no suspicion of what is passing within a few rods of them, advance very slowly, groping their way cautiously, but their skirmishers are already approaching the spot where Jackson has fallen; two of them are captured by Hill by the side of his chief, while a Unionist general, in advance of his men, appears for a moment near the group which surrounds him, to disappear immediately after in the dark. It is important to hide from the enemy, at all risks, the precious prey which lies so close to them, and while Hill is returning to his post to prepare for the attack with which he is menaced, Jackson, making a desperate effort, proceeds on foot in the direction of the Confederate lines, where he finds a litter upon which he is placed."

"While this incident, so serious for the future of the war, is passing in the dark recesses of the forest unknown to almost all the combatants—to those who followed Jackson with enthusiasm, as well as to those who had learned to dread him—the Federals are preparing to check the victorious march of the enemy by assuming a vigorous offensive attitude themselves. On the left Sickles has massed the whole of Birney's division on the borders of the wood along the road which connects with the turnpike from Hazel Grove and it is the skirmishers of his first brigade, under Ward, who have encountered Jackson; Whipple is placed so as to support him; on the right, along the turnpike, it is again the Third Corps that is about to take the offensive."

"As we have stated, Hooker, at the sound of battle, had started with Hays' Brigade of the Second Corps and with Berry's whole division. This was the same division he had himself organized eighteen months before on the borders of the Lower Potomac, and that he had led through many battles since the day when it was decimated at Williamsburg; it was at the head of this division that he had acquired all his military reputation, and among these soldiers, many of whom he could call by name, that he had exhibited all the dash to which he was indebted for his reputation. He had thrown himself among the fugitives of the Eleventh Corps with drawn sword. Under his lead, Berry's troops had passed through the frightened crowd without being shaken by the demoralizing spectacle, and had come, with Hays' brigade, to range themselves north

of Fairview, in the positions selected by an engineer officer, General Warren."

"Slocum, on his part, although obliged to face south of Chancellorsville, where Lee is menacing his line of battle, has brought on Williams' division with most of his guns—a reinforcement far more useful, under those circumstances, than infantry. He posts the artillery upon the Heights of Fairview, so as to oppose a large barrier against the enemy in case the latter resumes the offensive, and causes Williams to advance along the road in order to support Sickles. These troops arrive just in time, toward nine o'clock in the evening, to take position to the right of the road between Birney and Berry, so as to complete the line of battle of the Third Corps. At the same hour, Hooker, who has accompanied this last division, seeing that the offensive movement of the enemy has been checked, returns to his quarters, where his presence is required. But he has scarcely arrived when he receives the message from Sickles, and he renews the order he had already sought to convey to him through Berry, directing him to attack the enemy and to recapture as much of the ground as possible. At eleven o'clock that night, Sickles gives Birney the signal of attack. Ward's brigade is the first to penetrate into the thicket; his four regiments on being deployed form but a single line without intervals; the superior officers are all on foot behind the rear ranks; the words of command are spoken in a low tone."

"Scarcely has this brigade disappeared in the woods than the other two, breaking into companies, follow in their turn. Sickles' order is to go forward, driving back whatever may be encountered, until the causeway is reached along which aid may be given to Berry. The first line proceeds for some distance without encountering anybody, listening for the least noise and looking for the enemy behind each tree. But suddenly the few isolated shots, which, like funeral knells, had resounded in the distance, are followed by a furious discharge of musketry which bursts at once in every corner of the wood. Unionists and Southerners, who are looking for each other in the dark, are suddenly brought face to face. One soon hears the cheers of the battalions that are charging upon one another; in one place the assailants are victorious; at another point they are repulsed. Although Birney's troops, who have attacked Rodes, are still separated from the road by a ravine and a dense thicket, the Federal

Artillery, at the sound of musketry, advances along that road and penetrates into the woods, supported on the right by a portion of Berry's infantry. But the remainder of this division, finding the left of the Confederate line strongly posted on the wooded slopes which rise northwest of Fairview, does not venture to go after it."

"In the meanwhile, the Federalist artillerists, having boldly planted their pieces within less than one hundred yards of the Confederate battalions, open a terrific fire upon them. The grape shot which sweeps the right line of the causeway carries death and confusion not only to Lane's brigade, but to the remainder of Hill's division, which has not yet been completely formed into line, the largest portion of which is massed in column upon that causeway. General Hill is wounded, and one of the men who is carrying Jackson is struck at the same time; the aides-de-camp of the latter place him in the ditch by the roadside, and lay themselves alongside of him in order to avoid the shower of projectiles which has caused the Confederate column to disperse in an instant. The soldiers have scattered right and left into the wood, and the road, which but a while ago was so full of life, would have been deserted if the Federals had not been seen approaching within a short distance.

"In order to get away from them, Jackson makes another effort to walk across the woods, but he is exhausted by the loss of blood, and has to be laid once more upon a litter; and again the bearers, stumbling in the dark, fall to the ground with him. The unfortunate wounded general, rolling over upon his shattered arm received then, it is said, some internal injuries which proved to be the ultimate cause of his death. His sufferings did not prevent him from giving his attention to the battle which was raging around him, and on General Pender coming to inform him that his soldiers, all in confusion, can no longer maintain themselves in their position, he replies with his wonted firmness of voice, "They must remain in it." Notwithstanding all the precautions taken to conceal from the troops the loss of their chief, Jackson has been recognized, and before he has reached the ambulance near Wilderness Tavern, where he finds at last some rest, the news of his wounds has already spread from mouth to mouth."

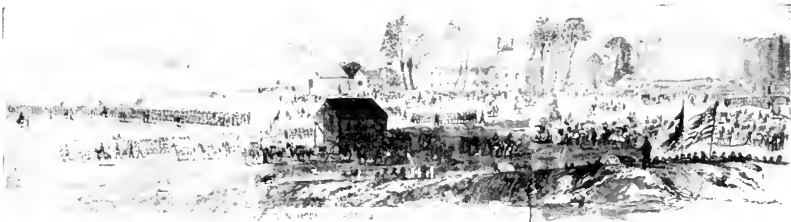
In the "Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson" by his widow, is presented a graphic and pathetic narrative of

the terrible nocturnal conflict at Chancellorsville, particularly the Confederate side of it, and the details of Jackson's fateful tragedy which proved to be an irreparable loss to the Southern Confederacy. This description is given in extenso, in addition to that of the Count of Paris, because it reveals dramatically the dire Confederate dilemma, and is intensely interesting. Both narratives are specially momentous and important, when we consider that the death of Jackson, and not the battle of Gettysburg, was the real turning point of the war; for if Jackson, instead of Ewell, had commanded Lee's left wing at Gettysburg, Cemetery Hill, the key of the position, would have been taken on the evening of July 1st, and a Union victory turned into a Union defeat. The Confederate victory at Chancellorsville was entirely due to Jackson's famous flank movement and attack. It was Lee's last victory.

The subjoined description begins just before Jackson's initial attack in which he crushed Hooker's right under Howard :

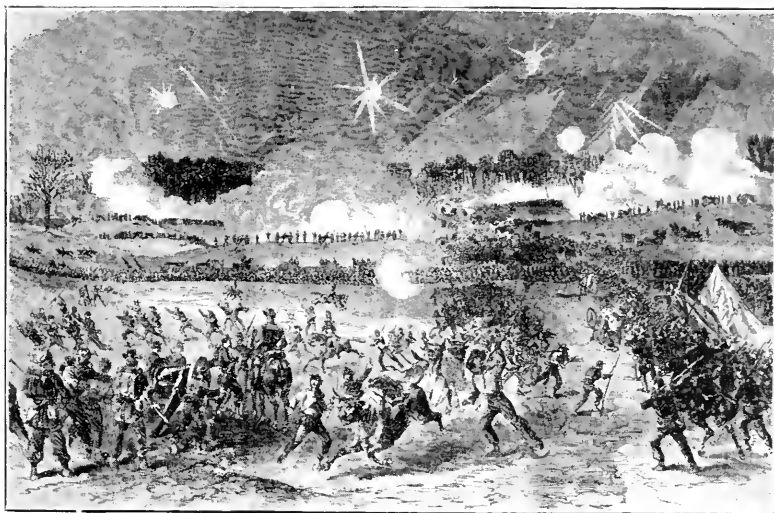
"Stuart was covering this flank movement with his vigilant cavalry, and from his outposts Jackson was able to gain a glimpse of the enemy's position, which satisfied him that he had obtained the desired vantage-ground from which to attack.

"The country around Chancellorsville is densely wooded with scrub oak and pine, which, with tangled undergrowth, form almost impenetrable depths from which it is appropriately called "The Wilderness." But in the open fields near the old Wilderness Tavern, General Jackson found space in which to draw up his troops. He formed them in three parallel lines, and selected two picked batteries to move down the turnpike, which marked the centre of his lines—the thick forests into which he was about to plunge affording no possible position for the rest of his artillery. By six o'clock all was in readiness for the advance, and at the word of command the three lines charged forward, rushing with all the speed it was possible to make through the forests and dense brushwood, which almost



From Leslie.

GEN. HOOKER'S HEADQUARTERS, CHANCELLORSVILLE. p 90



From Harper's.

STAMPEDE OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS. CHANCELLORSVILLE. (p 91)



tore the clothing of the soldiers from their bodies, and compelled them to creep through many places; but still they pressed on, as best they could. The following description of what followed is taken from "The Battle-Fields of Virginia :

'The forest was full of game, which, startled from their hiding-places by the unusual presence of man, ran in numbers to and over the Federal lines. Deer leaped over the works at Talley's, and dashed into the wood behind. The Federal troops had in most cases their arms stacked, and were eating supper. All danger was thought to be over for the night. The startled game gave the first intimation of Jackson's approach. But so little was it suspected or believed that the suggestion was treated as a jest. Presently the bugles were heard through which orders were passed along the Confederate lines. This excited still more remark. Ere it had been long discussed, however, there came the sound of a few straggling shots from the skirmishers, then a mighty cheer, and in a moment more Jackson was upon them. A terrible volley from his line of battle poured among the Union troops ere they could recover from their surprise. Those in line returned a scattered fire; others seized their arms and attempted to form; officers tried to steady their men and lead them to meet the attack. All was in vain . . . . Like a tornado the Confederate lines passed over the ground, breaking, crushing, crumbling Howard's corps. Artillery, wagons, ambulances, are driven in frantic panic to the rear, and double the confusion. The rout is utter and hopeless. The mass of pursuers and pursued roll on until the position of Melzi Chancellor's is reached. Here a strong line of works had been constructed across the road, which, having a shallow ditch, could be made to face in either direction. . . . . Some of Schurz's men rally on Buschbeck, and for a short time the Confederate advance is arrested. But Jackson cannot long be held back. Colston's division has eagerly pressed on, and is already commingled with Rodas. Together they charge with a yell; and in a few moments the works are taken. Pell-mell now rush the Eleventh Corps, the last semblance of organization gone, through the forest towards Chancellorsville. Onward sweep the Confederates in hot pursuit. The arms, knapsacks, and accoutrements of the fugitives fill the woods. Artillery carriages are to be seen overturned in the narrow roads, or hopelessly jammed in the impenetrable jungle. The wounded and dying, with their groans, fill the forest on every side. The day is

rapidly drawing to a close; night comes to add confusion to the scene. It had been impossible in the broad daylight, owing to the intricacy of the forest, to prevent a commingling of regiments and brigades along the Confederate lines. The confusion thus produced is greatly increased by the darkness. In a brushwood so dense that it is impossible, under favorable circumstances, to see thirty yards in any direction, companies, regiments, brigades, become inextricably intermixed. Colston's division, forming the second line, has already become merged with Rodes'. Both move on in one confused mass. The right of the Confederate line soon reaches an abatis which has been felled to protect the approach to some woods on the opposite heights. The troops, already disordered, became still more so among the felled timber. Behind this abatis some troops and artillery have been gathered to make a stand. Rodes finds it impossible to push farther until the lines can be reformed. This right is first halted, and then the whole Confederate line. Rodes sends word to Jackson, requesting that the third line (A. P. Hill's division) be set forward to take the advance until the first and second can be reformed.

"While this was being done, there was a lull in the storm of battle Jackson had paused for a time in his pursuit; Hooker was attempting to stop and reform his flying legions."

"During this splendid charge, Jackson was the impersonation of military enthusiasm, dashing on at the head of his men, with the words of command, 'Forward!' 'Press on!' continually ringing from his lips. He leaned forward upon his horse, and waved his hand, as though by its single strength he were trying to impel his men onward. As cheer after cheer rose from the Confederate line, announcing new successes, his flashing eyes and glowing cheeks showed how deeply he was moved, and he was observed frequently to look upwards and lift his right hand to heaven in prayer and thanksgiving.

Thus far his most sanguine hopes had been realized. His flank movement was a brilliant success—the enemy had been surprised, and their right flank had been driven back in confusion. But he knew that much had yet to be done before the victory could be complete. The first blow must be followed by others. He therefore deeply regretted the disorder in which his own lines had fallen. After marching twenty miles, and fighting over three miles on difficult ground, it was no wonder the men, feeling assured of victory, halted from weariness and broken ranks, as



though the day's work was done. But though the enemy had been driven from an important defence, which might be reoccupied at any moment if the Confederates failed to seize it, Jackson saw that everything depended on immediately reforming his lines. He dispatched his staff in every direction to order the officers to get the men back into ranks and press forward. Dashing along the lines himself, almost unattended, he kept saying: 'Men, get into line! Get into line! Whose regiment is this? Colonel, get your men instantly into line.' Turning to an officer who came up to report, he said: 'Find General Rodes, and tell him to occupy that barricade at once with his troops.' He then added: 'I need your help for a time, this disorder must be corrected. As you go along the right, tell the troops, from me, to get into line, and preserve their order.'

After this strenuous effort to restore order to his lines, he rode forward to make a reconnoissance himself, and found that Hooker was advancing a powerful body of fresh troops in his direction. Being pressed in front by General Lee, the Federal commander turned upon the foe in the rear, and endeavored to recapture the all-important barricade. General Jackson, accompanied by a part of his staff, and several couriers, advanced on the turnpike in the direction of the enemy about one hundred yards, when he was fired upon by a volley of musketry from his right front. The bullets whistled among the party, and struck several horses. This fire was evidently from the enemy, and one of his men caught his bridle-rein and said to him: 'General Jackson, you should not expose yourself so much.' 'There is no danger,' he replied, 'the enemy is routed. Go back and tell General Hill to press on.' But in order to screen himself from the flying bullets, he rode from the road to the left and rear. The small trees and brushwood being very dense, it was difficult to effect a passage on horseback. While riding as rapidly as possible to the rear, he came in front of his own line of battle, who, having no idea that he, or any one but the enemy, was in their front, and mistaking the party for a body of Federal cavalry, opened a sharp fire upon them. From this volley General Jackson received his mortal wounds. His right hand was pierced by a bullet, his left arm shattered by two balls, one above and one below the elbow, breaking the bones and severing the main artery. His horse, 'Little Sorrel,' terrified by the nearness and suddenness of the fire, dashed off in the direction of the enemy, and it was with great difficulty that he could control him—his bridle hand being helpless, and the tangled brushwood, through

which he was borne, almost dragging him from his seat. But he seized the reins in his right hand, and arresting the flight of his horse, brought him back into his own lines, where, almost fainting, he was assisted to the ground by Captain Wilbourne, his signal officer. By this fire several of his escort were killed and wounded, among the former was the gallant Captain Bosswell, and every horse which was not shot down wheeled back in terror, bearing his rider towards the advancing enemy. The firing was arrested by Lieutenant Morrison, who, after his horse was killed under him, ran to the front of the firing line, and with much difficulty in making himself heard, told them they were firing into their own men. As soon as this was effected, he returned to find his general lying prostrate upon the ground, with Captain Wilbourne and Mr. Winn by his side. He was wearing at the time an india-rubber overcoat over his uniform, as a protection from the dampness of the night. This Wilbourne was ripping up with a pen-knife to get at the wounded arm and stanch the bleeding. General A. P. Hill, who was near by, was speedily informed of the disaster and came at once. Dismounting from his horse, he bent down and asked, 'General, are you much hurt?' He replied, 'Yes, general, I think I am; and all my wounds are from my own men. I believe my arm is broken; it gives me severe pain.' 'Are you hurt anywhere else, general?' he was asked. 'Yes, in my right hand.' But when asked afterwards, if it should be bound up, he said: 'No, never mind; it is a trifle.' And yet two of the bones were broken, and the palm almost pierced through. Amidst all his sufferings he uttered no complaint, and answered all questions in a perfectly calm and self-possessed tone. He asked for Dr. McGuire, but when told that he was engaged in his duties far in the rear, he said to Captain Wilbourne: 'Then I wish you to get me a skillful surgeon.' General Hill stated that Dr. Barr was near at hand, and he was immediately summoned. Upon his arrival, General Jackson whispered to General Hill: 'Is he a skillful surgeon?' The answer was that he stood high in his brigade, and all that would be required of him would be to take precautionary measures until Dr. McGuire could arrive. To this General Jackson answered, 'Very good.' His field-glass and haversack were removed from his person, and the latter was found to contain only a few official papers and two religious tracts. While the sufferer was still lying prostrate, within a circle of his ministering attendants around him, two Federal soldiers, with muskets cocked, walked out of the brushwood, and

approached within a few feet of the group. General Hill, in a perfectly quiet tone and manner, turned and said: 'Take charge of those men.' In an instant two orderlies sprang forward and seized their guns, which the astonished soldiers yielded without any resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, hearing voices in the direction of the enemy, stepped to the edge of the wood to reconnoitre, and in the moonlight saw a section of artillery being unlimbered not over a hundred yards distant. Returning with all haste, he reported the fact, when General Hill gave orders that General Jackson should immediately be carried to the rear, and that no one should tell the troops that he was wounded. Remounting his horse, he returned to his own command, and was soon afterwards disabled by a wound. Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, Captain Leigh, of General Hill's staff, with a courier, now took General Jackson up in their arms, but after bearing him a short distance, he told them he was suffering so much pain from being carried that he would try to walk, and after they assisted him to his feet, he did walk as far as the turnpike.

Just as they reached the road, the battery which had been seen to unlimber swept over them a volley of canister-shot, the balls hissing through the air, and crashing through the trees, but fortunately passing over their heads. The whole party then lay down on the side of the road, shielding the general, as far as possible, by placing him on the lowest ground. While lying here, the earth around them was torn up by shot, covering them with dust, and a hurricane of lead and canister dashed against the flinty gravel and stones of the road, making it literally glow with flashes and streaks of fire. So furious and deadly was the tempest, that the escape of any of the party seemed miraculous. Once General Jackson attempted to rise, but was restrained by his attendants, who sought to protect him with their own bodies. Lieutenant Smith threw his arm over him, holding him down and saying; 'General, you must be still; it will cost you your life if you rise.' With such fidelity did these young soldiers stand over the prostrate form of their beloved chief, trying to save his life, though it should be at the sacrifice of their own.

The enemy soon changed from canister to shell and elevated their range, when the young men renewed their efforts to get General Jackson to the rear, supporting him with their strong arms, as he slowly and painfully dragged himself along. As the Confederate troops were hurrying to the front, they met the party, and the question came from the lips of

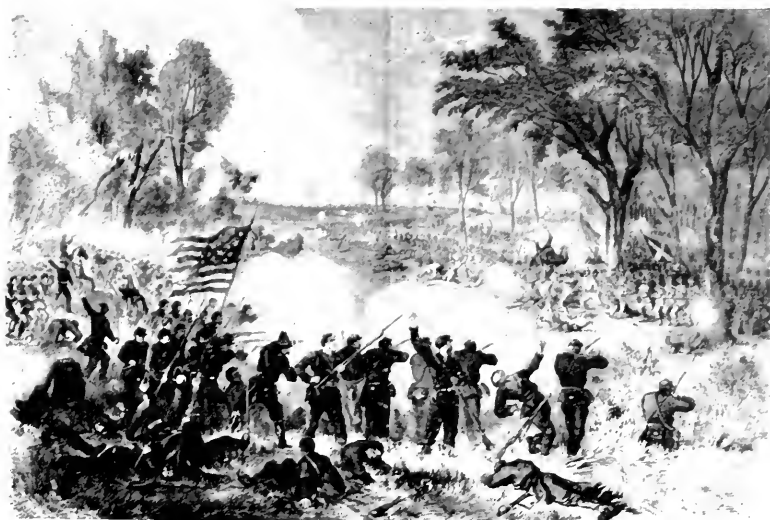
almost every passer-by, 'Who have they there?' The general, not wishing his troops to recognize him, gave orders to leave the road and diverge into the woods. He said to his attendants: 'Don't tell them who it is, but simply say it is a Confederate officer.' Despite these precautions, he did not escape recognition by some of his men, who exclaimed with grief and dismay: 'Great God! it is General Jackson!' General Pender, of North Carolina, was one of those who recognized him, and after approaching and expressing his deep regret at his wounding, said to him: 'The troops have suffered severely from the enemy's artillery, and are somewhat disorganized; I fear we cannot maintain our position.' Faint and exhausted as he was, a gleam of the old battle fire flashed from his eyes, and instantly he replied: 'You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir.' This was the last order given by the hero of so many battle-fields.

Growing more faint after this, he asked to be permitted to sit down and rest, but the dangers of the enemy's fire and from capture were too imminent, and a litter having now been procured from an ambulance corps, he was placed upon it, and the bearers hurried forward, still keeping out of the road to avoid the fire of the enemy. As they struggled through the dense thickets, his face was scratched and his clothing torn; but this was nothing in comparison with the agony caused by a fall from the litter. One of the bearers was shot in the arm, and, letting go his hold, the general fell violently to the ground, upon his wounded side, causing such pain that for the first time he was heard to utter a groan. His attendants quickly raised him up, and finding the blood again flowing, and a look of deathly pallor upon his face, feared he might be expiring. Lieutenant Smith cried out, 'Oh, General are you seriously hurt?' 'No, Mr. Smith, don't trouble yourself about me,' he replied, and presently added something about winning the battle first, and attending to the wounded afterwards. He was again placed upon the litter, and carried a few hundred yards under a continuous fire, when the party was met by Dr. McGuire with an ambulance. Some whiskey and morphine was administered to him, and placing him in an ambulance, it started for the Corps Field Infirmary, at the Wilderness Tavern. On the morning of May 5th, he was placed in the ambulance and taken to the Chancellor House, at Guiney's Station. On the 7th, pleuro-pneumonia set in, and on the 10th he died."



From Battles and Leaders of the Civil War

ARTILLERY MASSED ON CHANCELLORSVILLE PLATEAU. p 92



From Leslie's

BATTLE ON THE PLANK ROAD, CHANCELLORSVILLE. p 92



That Stonewall Jackson was one of the great Chieftains of the century is undisputed. He was fertile in resource, indomitably energetic, unconquerably tenacious, fearless in battle, quick in apprehension and swift in execution. The undetected transfer in 1862 of his command, himself disguised to avert all possible discovery of the adroit movement, from the Virginia Valley to Richmond was a masterpiece of strategy. Without his command present, which vigorously attacked in rear and forced back the right wing of the Union forces at Mechanicsville, there would have been no Confederate victories in the Peninsular Campaign. His gaining Pope's rear at Manassas, immediately preceding the battle of Second Bull Run, was the *causa causans* of that signal Confederate victory. He possessed a signal advantage in a thorough knowledge of the topography of the Virginia country, the material aid given him by a friendly population, and an efficient cavalry to veil his movements. While in command of independent forces in the Virginia Valley he was also exceptionally fortunate in having for his adversaries incapable Union commanders. His famous flank attack at Chancellorsville was capable of success alone on the assumption of rank inefficiency of some Union Commanders; and the monumental incapacity displayed by both Hooker and Howard justified his expectations. Pitted against Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas or Hancock, many of his triumphs would have been defeats.

Stonewall Jackson was a compound of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian and the erstwhile savage. He was the only officer of high rank, and for that matter, of any rank or station on either side of the war to propose and urge at the threshold of the war, the barbaric and unspeakable horror of butchering prisoners of war. "I

always thought," declared Jackson, "that we ought to meet the Federal invaders on the outer verge of just right and defence, and at once raise the black flag, viz: 'No quarters to the violators of our homes and fire-sides.' It would in the end have proved true humanity and mercy. The Bible is full of such wars, and it is the only policy that would bring the North to its senses."\*

He possessed a religious fanaticism akin to that of the old Puritan, John Brown, without the latter's philanthropy, humanity and lofty purpose. The one died to keep the slave in bondage, while the other died to make him free.

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\* Note—Life of Jackson by his widow, page 310.



## CHAPTER X.

### Chancellorsville.

THE BATTLE RENEWED ON SUNDAY. GEN. BERRY KILLED IN OUR COMPANY. THE FATAL BLUNDER OF HIS SUCCESSOR. THE TERRIBLE RETREAT STEP BY STEP TO AN INNER LINE. HAND TO HAND CONFLICT. HORSES SHOT BETWEEN THE LINES. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S UNIQUE LETTER TO GEN. HOOKER. THE LATTER'S INCOMPETENCY AS AN ARMY COMMANDER. CORPS COMMANDERS IN COUNCIL OF WAR, URGE A RENEWAL OF THE ATTACK WHICH WOULD HAVE RETRIEVED THE DISASTER. THE RETREAT TO OUR ABANDONED WINTER QUARTERS.

AT daybreak next morning (Sunday, May 3rd,) the battle was renewed along the whole line. Our company was still located at the Plank Road. In our immediate front and right was a dense forest almost impenetrable on account of the dense undergrowth. On our left front was an open clearing of about twelve acres, and extending along the Plank Road towards the Confederate line about three hundred yards. Brigade after brigade plunged into this opening only to be repulsed in detail by the Confederates who were advantageously lodged in the copsewood at the edge of the forest.

Meanwhile, Gen. Berry's division of the Third Corps moved up from our right and took the front line, placing us in the second. As we could not fire over the heads of these intervening troops, and our regiment thus temporarily inactive, Jacob G. Reeve and I became so impatient as well as excited at the gallant fight on the left of our comrades in the clearing, that we started to leave our company to join in the struggle, but were called back by our Captain, much to our regret.

The battle along the entire line raged with the greatest fury, the Confederates slowly gaining a little ground on our right. In our immediate front, a Napoleon 12-pounder had the evening before been rushed in an advanced position on the Plank Road about fifty yards beyond our Company. It was this gun, double-shotted with grape and canister, that helped to rake the enemy in its immediate front the night before. While the batteries on the plateau and infantry were hotly engaged, the horses of the caisson became wedged in the trees between the firing lines. Realizing their critical position, they trembled in the agony of terror. A few of our company cut the harness and tried to extricate them, but were unsuccessful, and all were killed.

Meanwhile, there was a hand to hand contest for the possession of the cannon, in which the enemy was driven back. A gallant dash from the plateau was then made for it by cannoniers with the caisson of a battery in our rear, and the gun recovered.

The mounts of General Berry and staff, as the battle progressed, became exposed between the lines and knowing their peril, shook with fear, and successively all fell. After dismounting, Gen. Berry came to our company, and while viewing the struggle with his field glass,

was struck by a bullet and killed. Four members of our company carried him from the field.

A dash was made by the enemy upon the 12th New Jersey, the right of our brigade, which gave way enabling the Confederates to capture Gen. Hays commanding the brigade. The regiment rallied and drove the enemy back, but the General was not rescued.

Immediately after Gen. Berry fell, Gen. Revere, who succeeded in command, without authority or justification ordered a retreat of both Gen. Berry's division and our brigade. Gen. Sickles, whose gallant troops on our left kept the Confederates in check, perceiving this, in vain tried to correct the fatal blunder, but the enemy broke into the gap made by the order of retreat, and as we had retired to the Chancellor House before the error was discovered, it was too late to re-establish our line of battle. Gen. Revere was afterwards court-martialed and mildly sentenced to a dishonorable dismissal from the army. The Confederates having taken Sickles' two other divisions in reverse, he was compelled to fall back. With his retreat came all the batteries massed on the plateau which had kept up a continuous roar that made the ground tremble with its power. The batteries retreated step by step firing grape and canister before limbering up. As our division, under orders, reluctantly fell back amid the exploding shells from the enemy's advancing artillery, we beheld Hancock's troops gallantly repel charge after charge of the Confederates on the left of the Chancellor House, then in flames, but as the Confederates threatened his right rear, his division also retired to the new line then in formation in the Bullock clearing. Mrs. Chancellor and her family during the battle sought shelter in the basement of her house, and when aflame with exploding shells were rescued with

with the greatest difficulty from their perilous situation.

The forest where the battle raged the fiercest was now on fire, and many of the severely wounded were burnt to death. One of the nerviest things I saw in our new position was a tall soldier, with his right arm shot off, walking from the field apparently unconcerned. Earth works were immediately thrown up on our new line which the Confederates did not attempt to attack. Darkness now came on and the dreadful carnage for the time being was ended.

The First and Fifth Corps under Generals Reynolds and Meade and extending from Howard's right to the Rappahannock were not engaged at all. After the retreat to the second line of battle on Sunday, both of these commanders urged Hooker to give them an order to attack with their redoubtable corps of 30,000 men the Confederate left taking it in reverse, but Hooker having lost his head refused to issue the order. If issued, they would have recovered the ground lost and annihilated Jackson's decimated corps, and a Confederate victory turned into an overwhelming defeat. It was Reynold's First Corps that on the first day's battle Gettysburg crushed two divisions of Gen. A. P. Hill's command to such an extent that they were of little service to Gen. Lee in the second and third days' struggle.

The subjoined account of Gen. Hooker's discreditable part in the Sunday disaster is by Gen. Couch, and is interesting, if humiliating:

"At about 5 a. m., May 3rd, (Sunday,) fighting was renewed at Chancellorsville, when the Third (Sickle's) Corps began to retire to the left of our proper right flank, and all of that flank soon became fiercely engaged, while the battle rang along the whole line. The enemy's guns on the heights to our left, as well at every point on the line where they could be established, were vigorously used, while a full division threw itself on

Miles at Mott's Run. On the right flank our guns were well handled, those of the Twelfth Corps being conspicuous, and the opposing lines of infantry operating in the thicket had almost hand-to-hand conflicts, capturing and recapturing prisoners. The enemy appeared to know what he was about, for pressing the Third Corps vigorously he forced it back, when he joined or rather touched the left of Lee's main body, making their line continuous from left to right. Another advantage gained by this success was the possession of an open field, from which guns covered the ground up to the Chancellor House."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Not far from 8:30 a. m., the headquarters pennants of the Third and Twelfth Corps suddenly appeared from the right in the open field of Chancellorsville; then the Third began to fall back, it was reported, for want of ammunition, followed by that portion of the Twelfth fighting on the same flank, and the division of the Second Corps on its right."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The open field seized by Jackson's old corps after the Third Corps drew off was shortly dotted with guns that made splendid practice through an opening in the woods upon the Chancellor House, and everything else, for that matter, in that neighborhood. Hooker was still at his place on the porch, with nothing between him and Lee's Army but Geary's division of the Twelfth and Hancock's division and a battery of the Second Corps. But Geary's right was now turned, and that flank was being steadily pressed back along his entrenched line to the junction of the Plank Road and the Turnpike, when a cannon shot struck the pillar against which Hooker was leaning and knocked him down."

"The enemy having 30 pieces in position on our right, now advanced some of his guns to within 500 or 600 yards of the Chancellor House, where there were only four of Pettit's Second Corps guns to oppose them, making a target of that building and taking the right of Hancock's division in reverse, a portion of which had been withdrawn from its intrenchments and thrown back to the left to meet the enemy should he succeed in forcing Mott's Run. This flank was stoutly held by Colonel Miles, (now General,) who, by the bye, had been carried off the field, shot through the body."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was now too late to save the day. Fifty pieces of artillery, or even

forty, brought up and run in front and to the right of the Chancellor House, would have driven the enemy out of the thicket, then forcing back Geary's right, and would have neutralized the thirty guns to the right which were pounding us so hard.

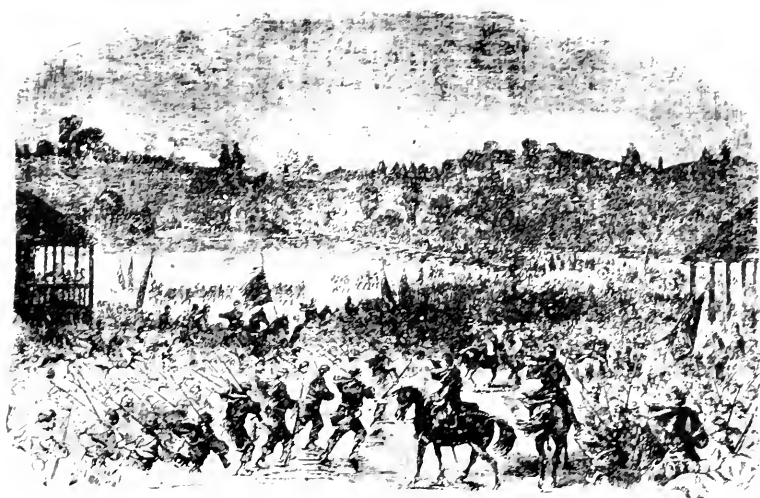
But it is a waste of words to write what might have been done. Hooker had made up his mind to abandon the field, otherwise he would not have allowed the Third and part of the Twelfth Corps to leave their ground for want of ammunition. A few minutes after my interview with Geary, a staff officer from Hooker rode up and requested my presence with that general. Turning to General Hancock nearby, I told him to take care of things and rode to the rear. The Chancellor House was then burning, having been fired in several places by the enemy's shells."

"At the farther side of an open field half a mile in the rear of Chancellorsville, I came upon a few tents (three or four) pitched, around which, mostly dismounted, were a number of staff officers. General Meade was also present, and perhaps other generals. General Hooker was lying down I think in a soldier's tent by himself. Raising himself a little as I entered, he said, 'Couch, I turn the command of the army over to you. You will withdraw it and place it in position designated on this map,' as he pointed to a line traced on a field sketch. This was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after his hurt. He seemed rather dull, but possessed his mental faculties. I do not think that one of those officers outside of the tent knew what orders I was to receive, for on stepping out, which I did immediately, on getting my instructions, I met Meade close by, looking inquiringly as if he expected that finally he would receive the order for which he had waited all that long morning, 'to go in.' Colonel N. H. Davis broke out: 'We shall have some fighting now.' These incidents are mentioned to show the temper of that knot of officers."

The day following our retreat to the second line, Gen. Lee marched his almost entire right towards Fredericksburg, and repulsed Gen. Sedgwick's Corps, which, during the fighting at Chancellorsville, was on its way to connect with Hooker, after having captured Fredericksburg Heights. Here was Hooker's opportunity to strike Lee's weakened line, in relief of Sedgwick, but he was



From Leslie      ON THE MARCH TO CHANCELLORSVILLE      p 95



From Leslie      RETREAT FROM CHANCELLORSVILLE.      p 115





unequal to the occasion, and allowed himself to be beaten in detail.

Says General Couch:

"Some of the most anomalous occurrences of the war took place in this campaign. On the night of May 2nd the commanding general, with 80,000 men in his wing of the army, directed Sedgwick, with 22,000, to march to his relief. While that officer was doing this on the 3rd, and when it would be expected that every effort would be made by the right wing to do its part, only one-half of it was fought (or rather half-fought, for its ammunition was not replenished,) and then the whole wing was withdrawn to a place where it could not be hurt, leaving Sedgwick to take care of himself."

Upon Lee's return, skirmishing and minor attacks, with occasional cannonading, were indulged in, entailing but few casualties.

On the afternoon of May 5th, while asleep from fatigue, a thunder storm came suddenly unannounced, and at a tremendous crash of lightning every man of our brigade hastily grabbed his rifle, thinking the battle had re-opened. As night came on, the order to retreat was given, and the army began its dreary march to the Rappamock by the old road as well as new roads cut through the timber and thickets of the forest. The worst planned and executed series of engagements of the war, Fredericksburg perhaps alone excepted, resulted in a disgraceful defeat. The troops engaged never fought more gallantly, the disaster being alone due to the indefensible errors and blunders of the commander of the army and one of his corps subordinates.

From the very inception, when the army was withdrawn from the open country into an almost impassable forest and the right flank not properly picketed and protected, the most costly blunders of General Hooker followed in rapid succession and lost us the battle.

The whole affair was unrelated and disjointed. There was an utter absence of simultaneous movement or co-operation between the troops employed, to say nothing of the several large corps not engaged at all.

Hooker, certain of victory, sent the cavalry of the army, under Gen. Stoneman, to destroy the railroad between Fredericksburg and Richmond so as to cut off Lee's retreat. Cavalry are the eyes of the army. Stoneman's cavalry with the army, and employed to explore the way, the battle would never have been fought in in a dense forest, at a great disadvantage, nor would Jackson's masterly flank movement been undiscovered. In the event of victory, the cavalry could have been most potently employed to harass the fleeing enemy and capture demoralized detachments. Lee used his cavalry to veil Jackson's circuitous route on our right, and it was its absence prior to the struggle at Gettysburg, that precipitated and lost him that battle.

A combined attack by the whole army after May 4th could still have redeemed the blunders, and perched victory on our banners. But, according to Gen. Couch, Hooker was completely demoralized, and determined to retreat:

"At twelve o'clock on the night of the 4th-5th, General Hooker assembled his corps commanders in council. Meade, Sickles, Howard, Reynolds, and myself were present; General Slocum, on account of the long distance from his post, did not arrive until after the meeting was broken up. Hooker stated that his instructions compelled him to cover Washington, not to jeopardize the army, etc. It was seen by the most casual observer that he had made up his mind to retreat. We were left by ourselves to consult, upon which Sickles made an elaborate argument, sustaining the views of the commanding general. Meade was in favor of fighting, stating that he doubted if we could get off our guns. Howard was in favor of fighting, qualifying his views by the remark that our present situation was due to the bad conduct of his corps, or words to that

effect. Reynolds, who was lying on the ground very much fatigued, was in favor of an advance. I had similar views to those of Meade as to getting off the guns but said "would favor an advance if I could designate the point of attack." Upon collecting the suffrages, Meade, Reynolds and Howard voted squarely for an advance, Sickles and myself, squarely no; upon which Hooker informed the council that he should take upon himself the responsibility of retiring the army to the other side of the river. As I stepped out of the tent Reynolds, just behind me, broke out, 'What was the use of calling us together at this time of night when he intended to retreat anyhow?'

"On the morning of May 5th, corps commanders were ordered to cut roads, where it was necessary, leading from their positions to the United States Ford. During the afternoon there was a very heavy rainfall. In the meantime Hooker had in person crossed the river, but, as he gave orders for the various corps to march at such and such times during the night, I am not aware that any of his corps generals knew of his departure. Near midnight I got a note from Meade informing me that General Hooker was on the other side of the river, which had risen over the bridges, and that communication was cut off from him. I immediately rode over to Hooker's headquarters and found that I was in command of the army, if it had any commander. General Hunt, of the artillery, had brought the information as to the condition of the bridges, and from the reports there seemed to be danger of losing them entirely. After a short conference with Meade I told him that the recrossing would be suspended, and that 'we would stay where we were and fight it out,' returning to my tent with the intention of the enjoying what I had not since the night of the 30th ultimo, a good sleep; but at 2 a. m., communication having been re-established, I received a sharp message from Hooker, to order the recrossing of the army as he had directed, and everything was safely transferred to the North bank of the Rappanock."

"In looking for the causes of the loss of Chancellorsville, the primary ones were that Hooker expected Lee to fall back without risking battle. Finding himself mistaken he assumed the defensive, and was out-generaled and became demoralized by the superior tactical boldness of the enemy."

In the retreat from Chancellorsville, I became so tired

and exhausted tramping through mud and thickets and stumbling over stumps that I was compelled twice to fall out of ranks and lie down and take brief rests. The thought, however, of becoming a prisoner and confined to horrible rebel prisons nerved me to renewed efforts until, finally, after daylight, with the whole of the Army of the Potomac recrossed to the North bank of the Rapahannock. After a short halt for rest, we plunged through the mire until we arrived at our late winter quarters near Falmouth.

The casualties of the three battles in which we were engaged, were on the Union side, 42,350, and on the Confederate, 30,680; total, 73,030.

That President Lincoln was somewhat distrustful of Gen. Hooker's ability to successfully command the Army of the Potomac is shown by the following inimitable letter to Hooker after giving him the command, of February 26, 1863:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this on what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe that you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the Government needed a Dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals that can gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of

its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

The easily acquired victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville so exalted the Confederates in their conception of superior prowess and invincibility, as to make them apprehensive that the Army of the Potomac would not dare stand up to a fair and square fight. This idea prevailed not only with the rank and file but with the very head of the Confederate Army.

Gen. E. P. Alexander in command of Lee's Reserve Artillery, left Greenwood eighteen miles west of Gettysburg at 1 a. m., of July 2nd, for the scene of action. He says: "There was a very natural anxiety to know *how the enemy had fought the day before at Gettysburg*. As we met the wounded and staff officers who had been in the action, I remember *many questions* asked on that subject. There was no great comfort to be derived from the answers which were generally in profane simile. Indeed, I have heard survivors of the war say since, that some of the fighting of the Union troops that day equaled or surpassed any they ever saw from first to last."\*

The disillusion came sooner than expected. Early on the morning of July 2nd, Longstreet commanding the Confederate right at Gettysburg, suggested to Lee to throw his army around Meade's left so as to interpose between the Union forces and Washington, and then in

\* Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Vol. III, page 358.

a strong defensive position compel Meade to attack. To which Lee, apprehensive of a Union retreat, replied: "*No, the enemy is there and I am going to attack him there.*"\*

But for the Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg disasters, there would have been no Gettysburg. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." He prolonged the struggle for four devastating and sanguinary years that all the fight, at first so demonstrative and vehement on both sides, might be knocked so effectually out of both belligerents, that there should never be a recurrence of fratricidal war between the North and South. The success was complete.

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\* Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Vol. III, page 393.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Our Return Home.

HOSPITABLE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF YORK. HEROISM EXTOLLED. YORK COUNTY IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. CONTINENTAL CONGRESS IN YORKTOWN. GENERALS LAFAYETTE, GATES AND WILKINSON AND THE CONWAY CABAL IN YORK. THE UNFOUGHT DUEL. DUCKING OF THE TORY RECTOR IN YORK. BANQUET ON THE COMMONS TO THE 130TH REGIMENT. WITTY TOASTS AND ELOQUENT SPEECHES. COMPLIMENTARY ORDER BY OUR DIVISION COMMANDER, GEN. FRENCH.

OUR term of enlistment having expired, May 12th, we were ordered to Harrisburg to be mustered out of service. When in sight of York, we all regretted that the regiment was not permitted to stop over and march with the veteran swing through the streets of York to enable our people to see what fully-accountred veterans, begrimed, bedraggled and in anything but a dress-parade aspect, looked like.

At Harrisburg, May 21st, 1863, the regiment was mustered out of service and our rifles and cartridge boxes turned over to the State. After ablutions in the Susquehanna and a little burnishing and beautifying,

we returned to York where we were received by the hospital Patapsco Guards and various civic societies. After a short parade through the streets, abloom with the stars and stripes and amid the cheers of the patriotic populace, we were banquetted under an open canvas within the United States Hospital enclosure on the Commons.

From the York Gazette of May 19, 1863.

“THE 130TH PENNA. REGIMENT.

“This gallant regiment of nine months men composed of four companies from this county and six from our neighbor Cumberland passed through this Borough on their way to Harrisburg to be mustered out of the service, their time having expired on Friday morning last about 6 o'clock. As soon as they shall have been paid off and mustered out, those from this county will return to our midst, and as will be seen from the proceedings of a public meeting published elsewhere be received in this borough in a manner befitting their gallantry and distinguished services. This regiment has participated in several of the hardest battles of the war and on no occasion gave us any reason to do else but feel proud of them; they were always among the ‘bravest of the brave.’ The order of General French, their division commander, discharging them from the service, shows how highly their services were appreciated by him. It is a well-merited tribute to the faithfulness and bravery of the regiment.”

York county responded patriotically to every national emergency. In proportion to population it furnished more troops in the Revolutionary war than any other portion of the Colonies. It extended most hospitable shelter to the Continental Congress from September 1777 to June 1778, during the sessions of which the Articles of Federation were passed. It was in York that the Conway Cabal was rebuked and stifled by Lafayette,\* and in consequence of which Generals Gates and Wilkinson met to fight a duel in 1778 at St. John's Episcopal “English” Church,† whose Tory rector was

\*App. Note 13. †App. Note 14.







Jacob Fisinger ab.

George MacCallister

Samuel Nelson

Edward Kehring

Charles W. Myers

Edgar J. W. W. W.

Frederick J. W.

Jacob W. W. W. W. W.

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ducked a few years before.\* The brilliant record of York County in all National events has never be surpassed.†

From the York Gazette of May 19, 1863.

“PROCEEDINGS OF THE TOWN MEETING FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE  
130TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

In pursuance of the public call a large meeting of the citizens of York Borough and vicinity was held in the Court House on Friday evening the 15th inst., for the purpose of making arrangements and for giving a proper reception for Colonel Maish's 130th Regiment. The meeting was organized by calling John Evans, Esq., to the chair and the election of the following vice presidents and secretaries:

Vice Presidents—York Borough.

First Ward—William Tash, George Welsh, Dr. C. H. Bressler.

Second Ward—Daniel Hartman, Philip A. Small, S. R. Slaymaker.

Third Ward—James Kell, J. D. Schall, Dr. E. H. Pentz.

Fourth Ward—David Small, Abraham Forry, Geo. H. Maish.

Fifth Ward—Lewis Carl, Daniel Kraber, Alex. Wantz.

Hellam Township—Frederick Sultzbach.

Dover Township—Henry Bender.

Manchester Township—W. W. Wolf, Emanuel Herman.

Hopewell Township—Hon. Adam Ebaugh.

Secretaries:

E. H. Weiser, James W. Latimer, Hiram Young and William Hay.

On motion, the following named persons were appointed a committee to report resolutions expressive of the objects and views of the meeting: E. H. Weiser, C. A. Morris, E. A. King, J. Carl, J. W. Kerr, W. A. Stahle.

On motion, the following were appointed as committee of arrangements, of which it was agreed that the chairman of the meeting, John Evans, Esq., should be the chairman.

First Ward—Dr. C. H. Bresler, Wm. Tash. Second Ward—

Third Ward—Jacob D. Schall, Dr. E. H. Pentz.

Fourth Ward—James Schall, Abraham Forry. Fifth Ward—Daniel Kraber, Lewis Carl. Hellam Township—Frederick Sultzbach. Manchester Township—W. W. Wolf.

\*App. Note 15. †App. Note 16.

On motion, the orders of Major General French, commanding the division, to which the 130th Regiment was attached, on leaving Falmouth were read to the committee and ordered to be printed with the proceedings of the meeting.

On motion, Dr. Palmer, surgeon of the United States Military Hospital at York, addressed the meeting and paid a high compliment to the 130th.

The committee here reported the following resolutions which were adopted by acclamation:

*Resolved*, That as citizens of York County, we are proud of the noble deeds of those of our borough who were sent forth to the fields of battle at the call of their country as members of the 130th Penn'a Regiment, and that we gratefully welcome them to their homes and parents.

*Resolved*, That it becomes us all without distinction of party to receive them on their return as brave soldiers, defenders of their country's flag—all war-scarred and toil-worn as they are.

*Resolved*, That we appreciate and feel proud of the language employed in the special order No. 122 of Major General French commanding the division to which the 130th was attached, relieving the regiment from duty on the 12th inst., which is as follows:

'The general commanding the division takes pleasure in promulgating in orders their gallantry soldier-like bearing and efficiency during their entire term of service.

Within the nine months for which they were enrolled they have participated most prominently in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg and the series of engagements near Chancellorsville. They have lost in that short period the Colonel who first brought them into the field, the brave Zinn who led them at Fredericksburg.

Soldiers, you return to your native State which has received lustre from the achievements and your devotion to your country's cause. This army the division to which you are attached, although they lose you, will always retain and cherish the credit of your military bearing on all occasions as reflected on them.'

*Resolved*, That whilst we rejoice at the return of the survivors of our noble regiment, we are not unmindful of those whose lives have been sacrificed to their country's sacred cause, and that we hereby tender our warmest sympathies to the families and friends of the departed and assure them

that their memories shall be cherished as long as the vital fires shall burn upon our country's altar.

*Resolved*, That we hear with pride and pleasure of the bravery and heroic conduct of Colonel Maish and his noble men who come to us bearing upon their persons evidences of their noble deeds and sacrifices.

After the adoption of the resolutions, E. H. Weiser being called for, briefly addressed the meeting at the conclusion of which the meeting adjourned with three cheers for Colonel Maish and his Regiment.

On motion, it was resolved that the proceedings of the meeting be published in all of the papers of the Borough."

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"HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE  
POTOMAC, MAY 12th, 1863.

Special Order No. —. Extract.

III. The 130th and 132nd Pennsylvania Regiments of nine months volunteers will be relieved from duty with this division, the first at retreat to-day, and the latter at retreat on the 15th inst.; transportation will be in readiness at Falmouth Station at 7 a. m. to-morrow for the 130th, and 132d on the 15th, unless otherwise directed. A staff-officer from this headquarters will proceed to Acquia Landing where by roll calls, he will ascertain that no unauthorized persons leave with the regiment. The general commanding the division takes pleasure in promulgating in orders their gallantry, soldier-like bearing and efficiency during their entire term of service. Within the nine months from which they were enrolled they have participated in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and the series of engagements near Chancellorsville; each having lost in that short period the Colonel who first brought them into the field, the brave Zinn who led the 130th in Fredericksburg, and the gallant Oakfod of the 132d who fell at Antietam.

Soldiers, you return to your native State which has received lustre from your achievements and by your devotion to your country's cause. The army and division to which you are attached, although they lose you, will always retain and cherish the credit which your military bearing on all occasions has so reflected on them.

Your division commander cherishes the belief that after a sojourn at your homes with the friends you are all anxious to behold, those of you

who have passed unscathed through the midst of so many dangers will again rally round the flag which you have so nobly defended.

(Signed)

By command of Major General French, commanding Division.

John M. Marvell, Chief of Staff and A. A. G., Headquarters Second  
Brigade, May 12th, 1863.

Official, J. Parke Postles, Captain and A. A. A. G."

From the York Gazette of May 26th, 1863.

"RECEPTION OF THE 130TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.

The portion of the 130th Regiment from the Borough and vicinity arrived here about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon and were received in a becoming manner. At about two o'clock the dispatch announcing their departure from Harrisburg was received, when the bells were rung as the signal for the closing of stores, &c. On the arrival of the regiment, the bells were again rung and the returned volunteers were received on North George Street when the procession was formed and marched over the designated route to the barracks where a handsome collation provided by the Ladies Aid Society was furnished the war-worn and sun-burned heroes.

The procession was headed by the Patapsco Guards accompanied by the Hospital Band, after which followed the returned soldiers, Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Laurel Fire Company, with their magnificent gallery engine drawn by four horses, and a large number of citizens. All the flags were thrown to the breeze, the town was filled with people, which gave it a lively and animated appearance."

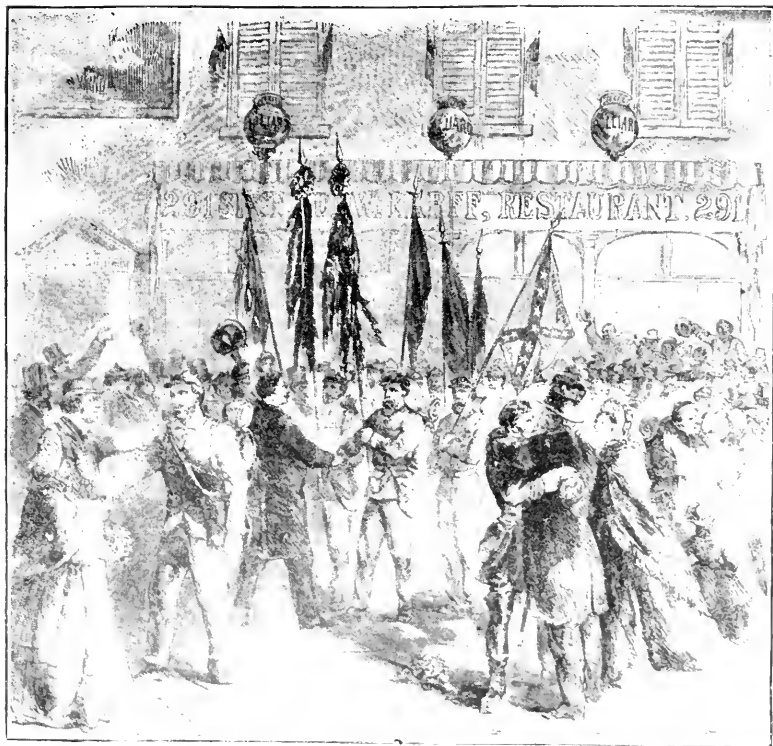
From the York Gazette of June 2nd, 1863.

"THE RECEPTION OF THE 130TH REGIMENT."

We were unable last week to get a full and satisfactory report of the proceedings at the welcome home of the true and tried heroes of this regiment at the hospital where the collation was prepared, and after the removal of the cloth, the following proceedings took place:

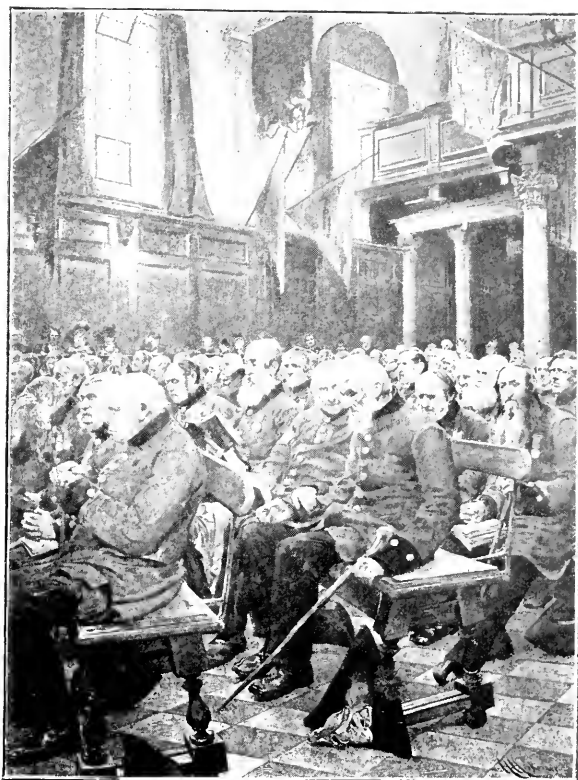
Regular Toasts. First—The 130th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers: As long as the waters of the Antietam and Rappahannock continue to murmur a requiem to the brave men who laid down their lives on the banks of these now classic streams in defence of the Union and freedom, so long shall the heroic deeds of the 130th Regiment, P. V. live in history. Responded to by Col. Maish.





From Leslie.

RETURN OF THE VETERANS. p 121



From a Painting.

THE LAST MUSTER. p 200



2. The memory of the gallant dead of the 130th. Standing and in silence.

3. The Union, the Constitution and the flag of the United States. The Union containing as it does, the hallowed memories of the past and enfolding all our hopes of the future, the Constitution as the charter of our rights, and the flag as the cherished and glorious emblem of our privileges, are worth all the blood and treasure that has been sacrificed in their establishment and defence. Responded to by three cheers.

4. The President of the United States, patriot and statesman. May the God of battles bless him, and may he be supported in all his efforts to put down treason and rebellion by the association of loyal men throughout the land. Standing and in silence.

5. The army of heroes of this, which like the heroes of '76, their bravery, devotion and patriotism entitled them to the honor and gratitude of posterity as long as the stars and stripes shall float in the free air of America. General Wm. B. Franklin was expected to respond to this toast but was called away from town the day before the reception, a letter regretting his absence was here read. Responded to by J. Carrothers, Esq.

6. The navy, its gallant achievements in the war of '61 proves that America rules the waves. Responded to by Purser Sterret Ramsay.

7. His Excellency, Gov. Curtin, his untiring zeal and energy in sustaining the national administration in its efforts to put down the accursed rebellion against the constituted authorities of the land, have placed his name high on the list of defenders of the Union and have demonstrated anew that Pennsylvania is indeed the Keystone of the Federal arch on which all other parts depend for support. Responded to by William Hay, Esq.

8. The ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society like the women of the Revolution, they have shown their patriotism and devotion in encouraging their husbands, brothers and sons to go forth to battle in their country's cause and when the heroes have fallen in the fight, or sickness in the camp, they have bound up their wounds and given them such comfort as only women can. Responded to by E. H. Weiser, Esq.

9. Volunteers of Pennsylvania, the first to respond to the call of the President to defend the Capitol. They followed the flag into the fight and will never sheath their swords until the Rebellion is crushed, treason sup-

pressed, and the authority of the government is acknowledged from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Responded to by G. W. McElroy, Esq.

The sentiment offered by Purser Ramsay, in response to toast 6th—The Ladies Soldiers' Aid Association of York, their patriotic efforts in behalf of our brave soldiers returning from the tented field where they have served our beloved country so faithfully, cannot be too highly commended. May they be rewarded with the blessings of a happy union, domestic and political, a union of hearts and a union of States, and may the rising generation follow their example.

10. Volunteer toasts. Surgeon Henry Palmer—His skill as a physician, devotion as a patriot and the zealous efforts of himself and his corps of able assistants, in the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers, have made the United States Hospital at York, Pa., a Soldiers' Home; and the prayers and gratitude of these brave men will ever follow him.

At the conclusion of the reading of the toasts, it was announced that by request of the ladies, the remnant of the feast, not one-fourth of which had been consumed, would be appropriated to the use of the soldiers of the Hospital. The Company then adjourned with three rousing cheers for the Union."

The cordial reception and hospitality extended were highly appreciated. The general welcome evinced a deep sense of gratitude for services faithfully rendered, sacrifices heroically made, hardships universally endured, and lives fearlessly imperilled. As the soldier stood by them, they stood by him.

"STAND UP FOR THE SOLDIER MAN.

Stand up; stand for up the soldier man!

Stand as he stands for you.

Stand up for the man who does and dares

For the old Red, White and Blue.

Send a hail to the soldier man

Sturdy and stanch and brave.

For the good God knows when the bugle blows

Its last song o'er his grave.

Stand up; stand up for the soldier man!  
Nor quibble and criticise;  
God knows you are glad when we need his help,  
That he marches and fights and dies.  
Send a cheer to the soldier man,  
Ready and true and grim;  
Tell him fair for his good deeds there  
His country's proud of him.

Stand up; stand up for the soldier man!  
Fighting my foe and yours.  
A hundred years has his blood run red  
And constant the strain endures.  
Send a hail to the fighting man,  
Honest of heart and soul;  
With his country love and the flag above,  
And the Great Peace for his goal."



# APPENDIX.

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## NOTE I.

(Page 6.)

### Negro Religious Meeting.

NEGRO RELIGIOUS MEETING IN NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR. GRAPHIC AND HUMOROUS DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MINISTERS AND CONGREGATION WHO EVEN SURPASSED IN THEIR EJACULATIONS, SHRIEKS AND SPASMS THE "HOWLING DERVISHES" OF THE EAST.

From "The Cotton Kingdom" by Olmstead.

"NEW ORLEANS, Sunday,—Walking this morning through a rather mean neighborhood I was attracted, by a loud chorus singing, to the open door of a chapel or small church. I found a large congregation of negroes assembled within, and the singing being just then concluded, and a negro preacher commencing a sermon. I entered an empty pew near the entrance. I had no sooner taken a seat, than a negro usher came to me, and, in the most polite manner, whispered, 'Won't you please to let me give you a seat higher up, master, 'long o' tudder white folks?'

I followed him to the uppermost seat, facing the pulpit, where there were three other white persons. One of them was a woman—old, very plain, and not as well dressed as many of the negroes; another looked like a ship's officer, and was probably a member of the police force in undress—what we call a spy, when we detect it in Europe; the third was a foreign-

looking person, very flashily dressed and sporting a yellow-headed walking-stick, and much cheap jewelry.

The remainder of the congregation consisted entirely of colored persons, many of them, however, with light hair, and hardly any perceptible indications of having African blood. On the step of the chancel were a number of children, and among these one of the loveliest young girls that I ever saw. She was a light mulatto, and had an expression of unusual intelligence and vivacity. During the service she frequently smiled, I thought derisively, at the emotions and excitement betrayed by the older people about her. She was elegantly dressed, and was accompanied by a younger sister, who was also dressed expensively and in good taste, but who was a shade darker, though much removed from the blackness of the true negro, and of very good features and pleasant expression.

The preacher was nearly black, with close woolly hair. His figure was slight, he seemed to be about thirty years of age, and the expression of his face indicated a refined and delicately sensitive nature. His eye was very bright, deep and clear; his voice and manner generally quiet and impressive.

The text was, 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory;' and the sermon was an appropriate and generally correct explanation of the customs of the Olympian games, and a proper and often eloquent application of the figure to the Christian course of life. Much of the language was highly metaphorical; the figures long, strange, and complicated, yet sometimes, however, beautiful. Words were frequently misplaced, and their meaning evidently unapprehended, while the grammar and pronunciation were sometimes such as to make the idea intended to be conveyed by the speaker incomprehensible to me. Vulgarism and slang phrases occasionally occurred, but evidently without any consciousness of impropriety on the part of the speaker or his congregation.

As soon as I had taken my seat, my attention was attracted by an old negro near me, whom I supposed for some time to be suffering under some nervous complaint; he trembled, his teeth chattered, and his face, at intervals, was convulsed. He soon began to respond aloud to the sentiments of the preacher, in such words as these: 'Oh, yes!' 'That's it, that's it!' 'Yes, yes,—glory, yes!' and similar expressions could be heard from all



parts of the house whenever the speaker's voice was unusually solemn, or his language and manner eloquent or excited.

Sometimes the outcries and responses were not confined to ejaculations of this kind, but shouts and groans, terrific shrieks, and indescribable expressions of ecstasy—of pleasure or agony—and even stamping, jumping and clapping of hands were added. The tumult often resembled that of an excited political meeting; and I was once surprised to find my own muscles all stretched, as if ready for a struggle—my face glowing, and my feet stamping—having been affected unconsciously, as men often are, with instinctive bodily sympathy with the excitement of the crowd. So wholly unintellectual was the basis of this excitement, however, that I could not, when my mind retroverted to itself, find any connection or meaning in the phrases of the speaker that remained in my memory; and I have no doubt it was his 'action' rather than his sentiments that had given rise to the excitement of the congregation.

I took notice as well as I could of a single passage of the sermon. The preacher having said that some of the games of the arena, were 'rastlin' (wrestling) and boxing, and described how a combatant, determined to win the prize, would come boldly up to his adversary and stand square before him, looking him straight in the eyes, and while he guarded himself with one hand, would give him a 'lick' with the other, continued in these words: 'Then would he stop, and turn away his face, and let his adversary hit back? No, my brethren, no, no! he'd follow up his advantage, and give him another lick; and if he fell back, he'd keep close after him, and not stop?—and not faint!—not be content with merely driving him back!—but he'd persevere! (yes, glory!) and hit him again! (that's it, hit him again, hit him again! oh glory! hi! hi! glory!) drive him into the corner! and never, never stop till he had him down! (glory, glory, glory!) and he got his foot on his neck, and the crown of wild olive leaves was placed upon his head by the lord of the games. (Ha! ha! glory to the Lord! etc.) It was the custom of the Olympian games, my brethren, for the victor to be crowned with a crown of wild olive leaves; but sometimes, after all, it wouldn't be awarded right, because the lord of the games was a poor, frail, erroneous man, and maybe he couldn't see right, or maybe he wasn't an honest man, and would have his favorites among the combatants, and if his favorite was beaten, he would not allow it, but

would declare that he was the victor, and the crown would descend on his head (glory!) But there ain't no danger of that with our fight with the world, for our Lord is throned in justice. 'Glory!—oh, yes! yes!—sweet Lord! sweet Lord!) He seeth in secret, and He knoweth all things, and there's no chance for a mistake, and if we only will just persevere and conquer, and conquer and persevere (yes, sir! Oh, Lord, yes!) and persevere not for a year, or for two year, or ten year, nor for seventy year, perhaps; but if we persevere (yes! yes!)—if we persevere—(oh, Lord help us! —if we persevere unto the end—(Oh, oh! glory! glory! glory!) until he calls us home! (Frantic shouting.) Henceforth there is laid up for us a crown of immortal glory!— Ha! ha! ha!—not a crown of wild olive leaves that begin to droop as soon as they touch our brow (oh! oh! oh! but a crown of immortal glory! That fadeth not away! Never begins to droop! but is immortal in the heavens!' (Tremendous uproar, many of the congregation on their feet, and uttering cries and shrieks impossible to be expressed in letters.) The shabby gentleman by my side, who had been fast asleep, suddenly awakened, dropped his stick and shouted with all his might, 'Glory to the Lord!'

The body of the house was filled by the audience; there were galleries, but few persons were in them; on one side, two or three boys, and on the other, on the seat nearest the pulpit, about a dozen women.

The preacher was drawing his sermon to a close, and offering some sensible and pertinent advice, soberly and calmly, and the congregation was attentive and comparatively quiet, when a small old woman, perfectly black, among those in the gallery, suddenly rose, and began dancing and clapping her hands; at first with a slow and measured movement, and then with increasing rapidity, at the same time beginning to shout 'ha! ha!' The women about her rose, also, and tried to hold her, as there appeared great danger that she might fall out of the gallery, and those below left their pews that she might not fall upon them.

The preacher continued his remarks—much the best part of his sermon—but it was plain that they were wasted; every one was looking at the dancing woman in the gallery, and many were shouting and laughing aloud (in joyful sympathy, I suppose.) His eye flashed as he glanced anxiously from the woman to the people, and then stopping in the middle of a sentence, a sad smile came over his face; he closed the book and bowed his

head upon his hands to the desk. A voice in the congregation struck into a tune and the whole congregation rose and joined in a roaring song. The woman was still shouting and dancing, her head thrown back and rolling from one side to the other. Gradually her shout became indistinct, she threw her arms wildly about instead of clapping her hands, fell back into the arms of her companions, then threw herself forward and embraced those before her, then tossed herself from side to side, gasping, and finally sunk to the floor, where she remained at the end of the song, kicking, as if acting a death struggle.

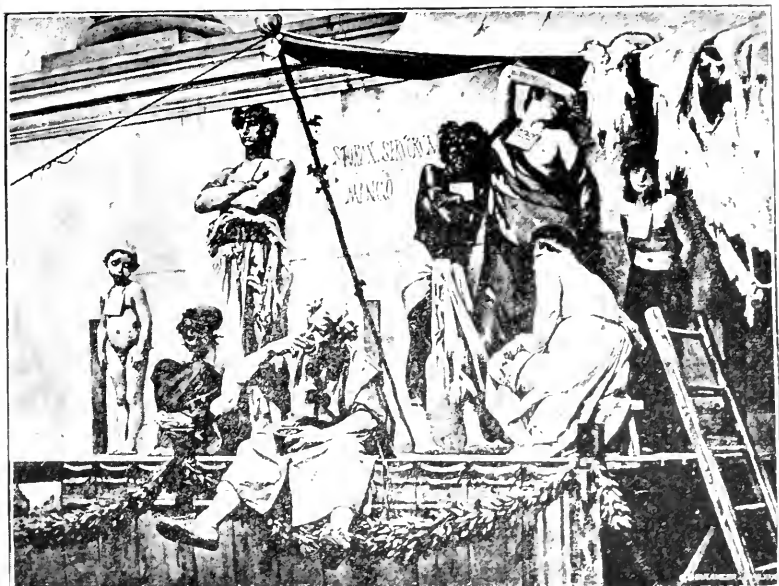
Another man now arose in the pulpit, and gave out a hymn, naming number and page, and holding a book before him, though I thought he did not read from it, and I did not see another book in the house. Having recited seven verses, and repeated the number and page of the hymn, he closed the book and commenced to address the congregation. He was a tall, full-blooded negro, very black, and with a disgusting expression of sensuality, cunning, and vanity in his countenance, and a pompous, patronizing manner—a most striking contrast, in all respects, to the prepossessing, quiet, and modest young preacher who preceded him. He was dressed in the loosest form of the fashionable sack overcoat, which he threw off presently, showing a white vest, gaudy cravat, and a tight cut-away coat, linked together at the breast with jet buttons. He commenced by proposing to further elucidate the meaning of the apostle's words; they had an important bearing, he said, which his brother had not had time to bring out adequately before the congregation. At first he leaned carelessly on the pulpit cushion, laughing cunningly, and spoke in a low, deep, hoarse, indistinct, and confidential tone; but soon he struck a higher key, drawling his sentences like a street salesman, occasionally breaking out into a yell with all his strength of extraordinarily powerful lungs, at the same time taking a striking attitude and gesturing in an extraordinary manner. This would create a frightful excitement in the people, and he responded to with the loudest and most terrific shouts. I can compare them to nothing else human I ever heard. Some times he would turn from the audience and assume a personal opponent to be standing by his side in the pulpit. Then, after battling for a few minutes in an awful and majestic manner with this man of Belial, whom he addressed constantly as 'sir!' he would turn again to the admiring congregation, and in a familiar, gestulatory,

and conversational tone explain the difficulty into which he had got him, and then again suddenly turn back upon him, and in a boxing attitude give another knock-down reply to his heretical propositions.

His language was in a great part unintelligible to me, but the congregation seemed to enjoy it highly, and encouraged and assisted him in his combat with 'Sir' Knight of his imagination most tumultuously; and I soon found that this poor gentleman, over whom he rode his high horse so fiercely, was one of those 'who take unto themselves the name of Baptist,' and that the name of his own chargee was 'Perseverence-of-the-Saints.'

The only intelligent argument that I could discover, was presented under the following circumstances. Having made his supposed adversary assert that 'if a man would only just believe, and let him bury him under de water, he would be saved,'—he caught up the big pulpit Bible, and using it as a catapult, pretended to hurl from it the reply—'Except ye persevere and fight de good fight unto de end, ye shall be damned!' 'That's it, that's it!' shouted the delighted audience. 'Yes! you shall be damned! Ah! you've got it now, have ye! Pooh!—What's de use o' his tellin' us dut ar'.'—he continued, turning to the congregation with a laugh; 'wha's de use on't, when we know dat a month arter he's buried 'em under de water—whar do we find 'em? Ha! ah, ha! Whar? In de grog-shop! (Ha! ha! ha! ha!) Yes, we do, don't we? (Yes! Yes! In de rum-hols! (Ha! ha! ha! Yes! yes! oh Lord!) and we know de spirit of rum and de spirit of God hasd't got no 'finities. 'Yah! ha! ha! yes! yes! dat's it! dats it! Oh, my Jesus! Oh! Oh! glory! glory!) Sut'nly, sah! you may launch out upon de ocean a drop of oil way up to Virginny, and we'll launch annudder one heah to Lusiana, and when dey meets—no matter now how far they deen gone—dey'll unite! Why, sah? Because dey's got de 'finities, sah! But de spirit of rum haint got nary sort o' 'fintly with de Spirit,' etc.

Three of the congregation threw themselves into hysterics during this harangue, though none were so violent as that of the woman in the gallery. The man I had noticed first from his strange convulsive notions, was shaking as if in a violent ague, and frequently snatched the sleeve of his coat in his teeth as if he would rend it. The speaker at length turned to the



From a Painting. THE SLAVE MARKET, ANCIENT ROME. p 200



From a Painting. RETURN OF MISSIONARY AND SLAVE.



hymn, repeated the number and page and the first two lines. These were sung, and he repeated the next, and so on, as in the Scotch Presbyterian service. The congregation sang; I think every one joined, even the children, and the collective sound was wonderful. The voices of one or two women rose above the rest, and one of these soon began to introduce variations, which consisted mainly of shouts of Oh! oh! at a piercing height. Many of the singers kept time with their feet, balancing themselves on each alternately, and swinging their bodies according y. The reading of the lines would be accompanied also by shouts, as during the previous discourse.

When the preacher had concluded reading the last two lines, as the singing again proceeded, he raised his own voice above all, turned around, clapped his hands, and commenced to dance, and laughed aloud—first with his back, then with his face to the audience.

The singing ceased, but he continued his movements, leaping with increasing agility, from one side of the pulpit to the other. The people below laughed and shouted, and the two other preachers who were shut in the pulpit with the dancer, tried hard to keep out of his way, and threw forward their arms and shoulders, to fend off his powerful buffets as he surged about between them. Swinging out his arms at random, with a blow of his fist he knocked the great Bible spinning off the desk, to the great danger of the children below; then threw himself back, jammed the old man, who was trying to restrain him, against the wall.

At the next heave, he pitched head-foremost into the young preacher, driving him through the door and falling with him half down the stairs, and after bouncing about a few moments, jerking his arms and legs violently, like a supple jack, in every direction, and all the time driving his breath with all the noise possible between his set teeth, and trying foam at the mouth and act an epileptic fit, there he lay as if dead, the young preacher, with the same sad smile, and something of shame on his face, sitting on the stair holding his head on his shoulder, and grasping one of his hands, while his feet were extended up into the pulpit.

The third man in the pulpit, a short, aged negro, with a smiling face, and a pleasing manner, took the Bible, which was handed to him by one of the congregation, laid it upon the desk, and, leaning over it, told the

people, in a gentle, conversational tone, that the 'love feast' would be held at four o'clock; gave some instructions about the tickets of admission, and severely reproved those, who were in the habit of coming late, and insisted upon being let in after the doors were locked. He then announced that the doxology would be sung, which accordingly followed, another woman going into hysterics at the close. The prostrate man rose, and released the young preacher, who pronounced the Apostles' blessing, and the congregation slowly passed out, chatting and saluting one another as they went, and bearing not the slightest mark of the previous excitement''



## Note 2.

(Page 8.)

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### Assault upon Senator Sumner.

THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY PRESTON BROOKS UPON SENATOR CHARLES SUMNER IN 1856. A MOST INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE ACRIMONIOUS SLAVERY DEBATE THAT LED TO IT, AND THE PREGNANT CONSEQUENCES.

THE brutal and cowardly assault in the United States Senate Chamber in 1856 by Preston Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina, upon Charles Sumner, a Senator from Massachusetts, did more to arouse indignation and solidify public opinion in the North against the slave oligarchies of the South than any other act preceding the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

The fierce debate arose in the Senate upon the discussion of "The Crime against Kansas"—the suppression by intimidation, fraud and murder of the verdict of the freemen of Kansas in favor of the admission of the territory as a free State, by out-laws, ruffians and assassins who emigrated mostly from Missouri for the purpose of coercing it into a slave State. Ballot boxes were plund-

ered and horrid and incredible atrocities committed to accomplish the nefarious purpose.

Senator Sumner was a very learned and fearless Senator, although somewhat conceited and overbearing. His philippics against slavery breathed defiance to the South and challenged the admiration of the North. His speeches against the slave-power were sometimes extravagant in statement, somewhat turgid in rhetoric and on the occasion in question unduly personal. Senator Butler, the object of the attack, and Brooks came from fine South Carolina families and their private deportment was unexceptional.

Rhodes, in his admirable History of the United States, gives the subjoined account of the murderous assault:

“If there had been no more to Sumner's speech than the invective against the slave power, he would not have been assaulted by Preston Brooks. Nor is it probable that the bitter attack which the Senator made on South Carolina would have provoked the violence had it not been coupled with personal allusions to Senator Butler, who was a kinsman of Brooks. In order that the whole extent of the provocation may be understood, it is necessary to quote Sumner's most exasperating reflections. ‘The Senator from South Carolina, (Butler,)’ he said, ‘and the Senator from Illinois, (Douglass,) who, though unlike as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, yet, like this couple, sally forth together . . . in championship of human wrongs.’

‘The Senator from South Carolina has read many books of chivalry, and believes himself a chivalrous knight, with sentiments of honor, and courage, of course, he has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, although ugly to others is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight—I mean the harlot slavery. For her his tongue is always profuse in words. Let her be impeached in character, or in any proposition made to shut her out from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner or hardihood of assertion is then too great for this Senator. The frenzy of Don Quixote,

in behalf of his wench, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, is all surpassed.' On the second day of his speech Sumner said: 'With regret I come upon the Senator from South Carolina (Butler) who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and, with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectoration of his speech upon her representative and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make . . . The Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law, whether in the details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder.'

A careful perusal of Butler's remarks, as published in the *Congressional Globe*, fails to disclose the reason of this bitter personal attack. His remarks were moderate. He made no reference to Sumner. . . . The vituperation was unworthy of him and his cause, and the allusion to Butler's condition while speaking, ungenerous and pharisaical. The attack was especially unfair, as Butler was not in Washington, and Sumner made note of his absence. It was said that Seward, who read the speech before delivery, advised Sumner to tone down its offensive remarks, and he and Wade regretted the personal attack. But Sumner was not 'fully conscious of the stinging force of his language.' To that, and because he was terribly in earnest, must be attributed the imperfections of the speech. He would annihilate the slave power, and he selected South Carolina and her Senator as vulnerable points of attack.

The whole story of Sumner's philippics, and its result, cannot be told without reference to his sharp criticism of Douglass. 'The Senator from Illinois,' he said, 'is the squire of slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do all its humiliating offices. This Senator, in his labored address, vindicating his labored report—piling one mass of elaborate error upon another mass—on this floor, the Senator issued his rescript, requiring submission to the usurped power of Kansas; and this was accompanied by a manner—all his own—such as befits the tyrannical threat. Very well. Let the Senator try. I tell him now that he cannot enforce any such submission. The Senator, with the slave power at his back is strong; but he is not strong enough for this purpose. He is bold. He shrinks from nothing.

Like Danton, he may cry: 'L'audace! l'audace! toujours l'audace!' but even his audacity cannot compass the work. The Senator copies the British officer, who, with boastful swagger, said that with the hilt of his sword, he would cram the 'stamps' down the throats of the American people, and he will meet a similar failure.'

When Sumner sat down, Cass, the Nestor of the Senate, rose and said: 'I have listened with equal regret and surprise to the speech of the honorable Senator from Massachusetts. Such a speech—the most un-American and unpatriotic that ever grated on the ears of the members of this high body—I hope never to hear again here or elsewhere.'

When Cass had finished, Douglass spoke of the 'depth of malignity that issued from every sentence' of Sumner's speech. 'Is it his object,' Douglass asked, 'to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement?' 'If the Senator,' Douglass continued, 'had said such harsh things on the spur of the moment, and then apologized for them in his cooler hours, I could respect him much more than if he had never made such a departure from the rules of the Senate . . . But it has been the subject of conversation for weeks that the Senator from Massachusetts had his speech written, printed, committed to memory . . . The libels, the gross insults, which we have heard to-day have been conned over, written with a cool, deliberate malignity, repeated from night to night in order to catch the appropriate grace; and then he came here to spit forth that malignity upon men who differ from him—for that is their offence.' Douglass furthermore charged Sumner with being a perjurer, for he had sworn to support the Constitution and yet publicly denied that he would render obedience to the fugitive law. Sumner's reply was exasperating. 'Let the Senator remember,' he said, 'that the bowie-knife and the bludgeon are not the proper emblems of senatorial debate. Let him remember that the swagger of Bob Acres and the ferocity of the Malay cannot add dignity to this body . . . that no person with the upright form of man can be allowed, without violation of all decency, to switch out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality,' taking for a model 'the noisome squat and nameless animal.' Douglass made an insulting retort, and Sumner rejoined: 'Mr. President, again the Senator has switched his tongue, and again he fills the Senate with its offensive odor.' Douglass ended the

angry colloquy by declaring that a man whom he had branded in the Senate with falsehood was not worthy of a reply.'

Two days after this exciting debate (May 22nd,) when the Senate at the close of a short session adjourned, Sumner remained in the Chamber, occupied in writing letters. Becoming deeply engaged, he drew his arm chair close to his desk, bent over his writing, and while in this position was approached by Brooks, a representative from South Carolina and a kinsman of Senator Butler. Brooks standing before and directly over him, said 'I have read your speech twice over carefully. It is a libel on South Carolina and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine.' As he pronounced the last word, he hit Sumner on the head with his cane with the force that a dragoon would give to a sabre-blow. Sumner was more than six feet in height and of powerful frame, but penned under the desk he could offer no resistance, and Brooks continued the blows on his defenceless head. The cane broke, but the South Carolinian went on beating his victim with the butt. The first blow stunned and blinded Sumner, but instinctively and with powerful effort he wrenched the desk from its fastenings, stood up, and with spasmodic and wildly directed efforts attempted unavailingly to protect himself. Brooks took hold of him, and, while he was reeling and staggering about, struck him again and again. The assailant did not desist until his arm was seized by one who rushed to the spot to stop the assault. At that moment Sumner, reeling, staggering backwards and sideways, fell to the floor bleeding profusely and covered with his blood.

The injury received by Sumner was much more severe than was at first thought by his physicians and friends."

The blows would have killed most men. Sumner's iron constitution and perfect health warded off a fatal result. His spinal column was seriously affected. He was unable to regularly resume his senatorial career until December 1859, nor did he speak again until June 1860. Brooks resigned his seat in the House but was immediately re-elected by an almost unanimous majority. Brooks died in the following January, but not before he had confessed to his friend, Orr, that he was sick as the

representative of bullies and disgusted at receiving testimonials of their esteem. Butler lived but a few days over a year from the time that the assault was made in satisfaction of what was deemed his injured honor.



### Note 3.

(Page 10.)

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## Free in Fight in Congress, 1858.

THE SWAGGER OF SOUTHERN FIRE-EATERS IS RESENTED BY BLOWS. STRUGGLING MASSES IN FISTIC CONFLICT. GROW FELS KEITT. LUDICROUS END OF THE ROW. HOW THE LOSS OF THE WIG OF GEN. BARKSDALE (AFTERWARDS KILLED AT GETTYSBURG,) STOPPED THE GENERAL MELEE.

THE decade preceding the Civil War was the most exciting ten years of Congressional legislation.

The passions of men were influenced by the struggle over the question of the extension or restriction of the limits of slavery. On the afternoon of February 5th, 1858, the racket in the National House of Representatives commenced with a struggle as to whether the President's Message on the Lecompton Constitution of Kansas should be referred to the Democratic Committee on Territories or to a select committee of fifteen. The session was protracted into the night, and after midnight but few spectators remained in the galleries. Those Representatives who could secure sofas enjoyed naps between the roll-calls, while others visited

the Committee rooms, in which were private supplies of refreshments.

Upon the question of ordering the previous question on the motion to refer the President's Message to a select Committee of fifteen, a filibuster was begun which lasted throughout the night. At 2 a. m. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, entered the arena and plunged into the controversy that raged with all the force of his nature. He was a young man, ardent and strong of conviction, ready, resolute, resourceful, of commanding presence and powerful voice, athletic and muscular.

Mr. Grow was standing near the extreme right on the Democratic side talking with Mr. Hickman, an anti-Lecompton Democrat from his State.

Nearby, on the adjacent aisle, sat Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina. Mr. Quitman, of Georgia, from his place, asked unanimous consent to make a suggestion.

This Mr. Grow refused to give, but at the request of Mr. English, of Indiana, afterwards the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Gen. Hancock, he withdrew the objection. Mr. Quitman's suggestion was that in view of the fact that the pending motion could result in no good, all motions subsequent to the motion for the previous question on Mr. Harris' motion to refer, be withdrawn.

Whether or not this would have been done it is impossible to say, for in the meantime Keitt, resenting Grow's objection, rose from his seat, and going to where Grow was standing, insolently inquired:

"What do you mean by objecting? If you want to object, go over to your own side."

Grow responded: "It's a free hall; I'll be where I please."



Keitt lost control of himself at this, which was not strange, for every one's nerves were on edge over the strain of the protracted session. He sneered:

"You're nothing but a Black Republican puppy. Go back to your own side."

Mr. Grow, still keeping himself in hand, said: "No matter what I am, no nigger driver can crack his whip over me."

Then Keitt struck at Grow and instantly, of course, the House was in the utmost disorder and excitement. While Grow and Keitt were indulging in these personalities, Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, a brother of Jefferson Davis, had come up to them, and he seized Keitt by the right arm, just as Keitt struck at Grow, making the blow of no effect, and pulling him halfway round exposed him to the full force of Grow's return blow.

It caught Keitt just under the left ear and down he went on his knees, as far as he could go in the press that surrounded him. The area in front of the desk was filled with a shrieking, struggling mass of men, in individual conflict wherever possible.

The Republicans had resolved to defend and support Grow, while the Democrats were ready in behalf of Keitt. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, and Lamar, of Mississippi, held the centre of the scene for a moment, while one of the most active participants was the usually staid and placid Mott, of Ohio, a Quaker.

John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, who afterwards accepted a challenge from Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, and selected bowie-knives for weapons, who was a dead-shot with the rifle, the vanquisher of grizzly bears with a knife, and ambidextrous, was one of the first at Grow's side, plunging through his foes whom he swept aside,

to the right and left. As Keitt went down, William Barksdale, of Mississippi, threw his arms around Grow, and was still holding him when he received a blow from Potter.

Barksdale thought it came from Elihu B. Washburne, who with his brother Cadwalader, was in the aisle, and asked:

“Did you strike me?”

Mr. Washburne replied he did not, but Barksdale did not believe him, and dropping Grow, drew back to strike Washburne. The blow was stopped however by Cadwalader Washburne who endeavored to hit back.

The blow was a glancing one on the forehead, lifting from Barksdale's scalp the wig which he wore, until then without the knowledge of his associates. The sight of his bare poll caused a general shout of laughter, the one thing needful to avert further trouble. It afforded a vent for the over-wrought feelings of the combatants, hostilities ceased, and in a few moments order was restored.

Later an adjournment followed until the next Monday, when Mr. Keitt made a handsome apology.

#### NOTE 4.

(Page 12.)

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### John Brown Invasion.

THE JOHN BROWN RAID AND BATTLE AT HARPER'S  
FERRY. HIS LAST MOMENTS AND EXECUTION.  
INTENSE EXCITEMENT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

**I**N October, 1859, the country was startled with the news that Captain John Brown, of Ossawatimie, Kansas,—the “old terrifier” helped to make that Commonwealth free—with twenty-two followers, white and black, captured the United States Arsenal at Harper’s Ferry, for the purpose of attacking slavery in Virginia. By this incursion he expected the slaves in the neighborhood, and ultimately through the South, to rise in insurrection and thus secure their freedom: After a bloody conflict, Brown, severely wounded, and his few surviving comrades surrendered. Brown and some of his followers were duly convicted, sentenced to death and executed. Brown was a pure idealist imbued with a gloomy fanaticism.

Col. Washington, of Harper’s Ferry, who was taken prisoner and a hostage to the barricaded Engine House

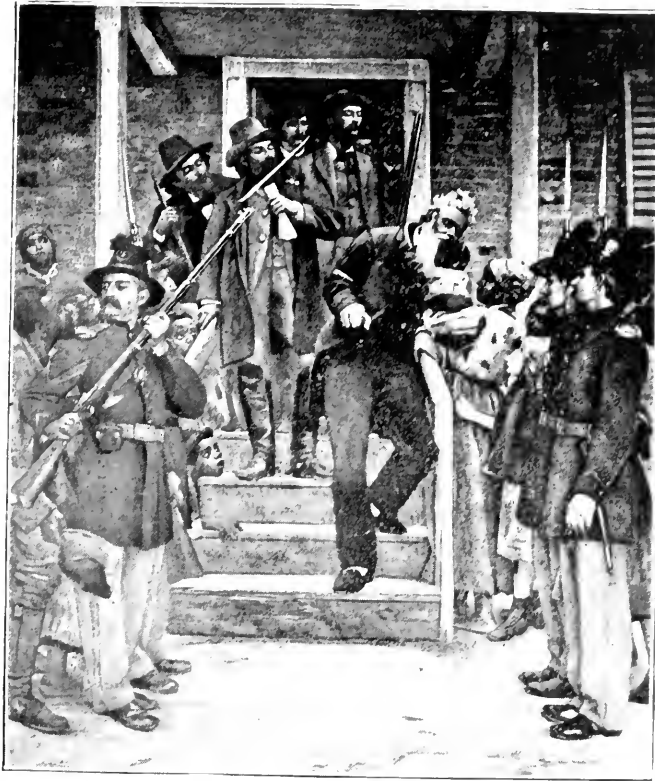
of the town, said: "Brown was the coolest and firmest man I ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and sell their lives as dearly as they could."

Gov. Wise, of Virginia, said: "They are mistaken who take Brown to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust, and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude . . . . and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm and truthful and intelligent."

To his younger children he wrote from his prison cell, adjuring them to take from them the thought that the manner of his death would be ignominious: "I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth on the scaffold as in any other way;" and on the same day he assured his older children that "a calm peace seems to fill my mind by day and by night." With prophetic soul he added: "As I trust my life has not been thrown away, so I also humbly trust that my death will not be in vain. God can make it to be a thousand times more valuable to his own cause than all the miserable service (at best) that I have rendered it during my life."

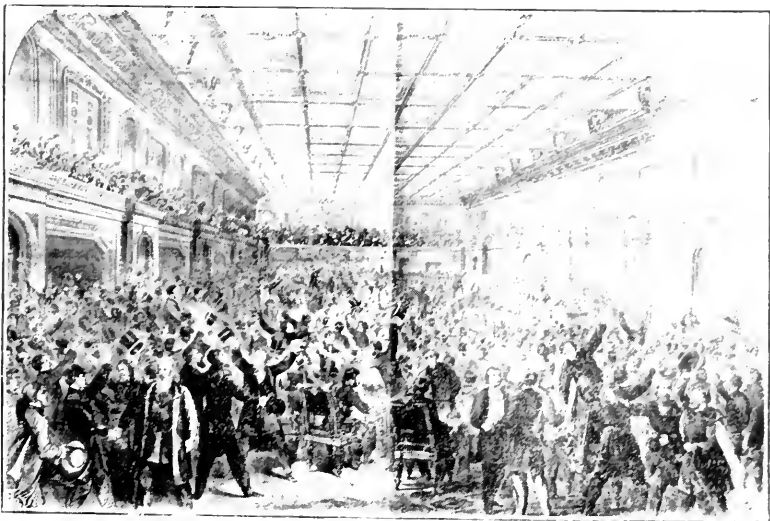
#### "THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN."

In the picture, Brown's own figure is recognized as the the old Puritan, half saint, half savage, who impressed himself so forcibly upon all who met him. The idea of Hovenden's picture, a faithful transcript of the actual



From a Painting.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN. pp 10, 12, 150



From Harper's.

WILD SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON,  
Upon the passage of the Amendment Abolishing Slavery.



scene, is taken from John G. Whittier's poem of "John Brown."

"John Brown, of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die,  
And lo! a poor slave mother, with her child pressed nigh,  
Then the bold blue eyes grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,  
As he stooped between the jeering ranks, and kissed the negro's child."

—:O:—

The subjoined sublime and beautiful poem by the present Commissioner of Pensions is a masterpiece:

#### JOHN BROWN.

BY EUGENE F. WARE.

"States are not great  
Except as men may make them;  
Men are not great unless they do and dare.  
But States, like men,  
Have their destinies that take them—  
That bear them on, not knowing why or where.

The Why repels  
The philosophical searcher  
The Why and Where all questionings defy;  
Until we find  
Far back in youthful nurture  
Prophetic facts that constitute the Why.

All merit comes  
From braving the unequal;  
All glory comes from daring to begin,  
Fame loves the state  
That, reckless of the sequel,  
Fights long and well, whether it lose or win.

Than our state  
No illustration apter  
Is seen or found of faith and hope and will.  
Take up her story:  
Every leaf and chapter  
Contains a record that conveys a thrill.

And there is one  
Whose faith, whose fight, whose failing  
Fame shall placard upon the walls of Time.  
He dared to begin,  
Despite the unavailing.  
He dared begin, when failure was a crime.

When over Africa  
Some future cycle  
Shall sweep the lake gemmed uplands with its surge;  
When as with trumpet  
Of Archangel Michael  
Culture shall bid a colored race emerge;

When busy cities  
There in constellations  
Shall gleam with spires and palaces and domes,  
With marts wherein  
Is heard the noise of nations;  
With summer groves surrounding stately homes—

There, future orators  
To cultured freemen  
Shall tell of valor and recount with praise  
Stories of Kansas  
And Lacedaemon—  
Cradles of freedom, then of ancient days.



From boulevards  
O'erlooking both Nyanzas  
The statued bronze shall glitter in the sun,  
With rugged lettering;  
John Brown of Kansas:  
He dared begin;  
He lost;  
But losing, won.



## NOTE 3.

Page 14.

### Union Meeting in York, 1861.

From the York Gazette, January 16, 1861.

“IN pursuance of a call, a large number of the citizens of this Borough and County assembled in the Court House, on last Tuesday evening, for the purpose of considering the present condition of our National affairs, and the meeting was organized by calling the Hon. Adam Ebaugh, to the chair, and appointing as Vice Presidents, Col. John Hough, Wesley Test, James Cameron, Wm. Smith, (Druggist,) John H. Hyde, Hon. Robert J. Fisher, G. Edward Hersh, Major A. N. Rutledge, James L. McCall, Capt. Geo. W. Bollinger, E. C. Parkhurst, Capt. Thomas A. Ziegler, Hon. Henry Logan, Alex. J. Frey, Hon. John Reiman, E. C. Eppley, John A. Anderson, T. Kirk White, Wm. Woods, William D. Elliott, and as secretaries, Dr. H. G. Bussey, Col. Wm. L. Picking, Geo. Fisher, Wm. H. Albright, J. A. Smyser, D. Wagner Barnitz, Jacob Small, Charles A. Stair, Charles E. Smyser, Horace Bonham and Henry Myers, Jr.

On motion, the following committee, consisting of thirty-three members, was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the meeting: Dr. H. G. Bussey, Adam H. Smith, D. B. Prince, P. S. Baum, Jno. B. Sayers, Thos. Cooney, Benj. Sargent, David E. Small, Wm. Reeser, Gen. Geo. Hay, Henry L. Fisher, Chas. Folgan, Wm. Matthews, Wm. B. Stein, R. G. Wallace, Jesse Bortner, Col. Joseph Keedy, John Strickler, Henry Stroman, John Deardorff, David Fulton, Col. Robert Graham, Levi G. Kinsley, Henry Ginter, George Wehrly, Edie Patterson, Henry Lanius, Peter Schmuck, Samuel Mann, James H. Smith, Aaron J. Blackford, and

Wm. Laumaster. The meeting was ably addressed by the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, V. K. Keesey, Esq., E. H. Weiser, Esq., H. L. Fisher, Esq., Alfred E. Lewis, Esq., of this place, and Jas. T. Buchanan, Esq., of Baltimore. The committee, through their chairman, Dr. Bussey, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

*'Resolved,* That the present crisis in our national affairs imperatively demands of the patriot a total sacrifice of all partisan feeling, and an earnest, decided, and effective support of the National administration in vindicating the Constitution, in enforcing the laws.'

*'Resolved,* That this government was established by the people of the United States, for the purpose of forming a more perfect Union, establishing justice, insuring domestic tranquility, providing for the common defense, promoting the general welfare, and securing the blessings of liberty for themselves and their posterity.'

*'Resolved,* That we deny the right of any State to secede at pleasure from this Union, and to carry with it the property of the United States within its limit.' "



## NOTE 6.

(Page 15.)

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### Fearful Excitement in York.

“LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC TOWN MEETING, APRIL 18th, 1861. PATRIOTIC SPEECHES AND RESOLUTIONS. AID FOR THE FAMILIES OF YORK CITIZEN SOLDIERS. TELEGRAPH AND RAILROAD COMMUNICATIONS WITH BALTIMORE SUSPENDED. ORDERING OFF AND DEPARTURE OF THE YORK MILITARY. PASSAGE OF TROOPS. PATRIOTISM OF YORK CITIZENS.”

From the York Gazette, April 26, 1861.

“THE week just passed has been one of fearful interest and suspense throughout the land, but particularly so in our borough, the citizens of which have, within that time, seen the inauguration of a terrible civil war, almost as it were, upon their very borders.

The news of the attack upon, and capture of Ft. Sumter, and that the President had called for 75,000 troops, caused a feeling of the most intense excitement, and the pervading topic of the community was, ‘War! War!! War!!! The telegraph office was besieged by anxious crowds, while the daily papers and extras were seized upon with avidity by all classes. All the flags of the town were flung to the breeze, while fair hands were busily engaged in the manufacture of these, so that our citizens might testify by this display their devotion to the glorious Stars and Stripes of our country. At the present writing, flags innumerable are floating beautifully

*A List of Part of the Inhabitants in York Town, Associates under  
Capt. Rudolph Spangler*

*Off. List:*  
Lieut. Peter Reel  
Lieut. George Shuck  
Sergeant Christopher Hager

*Sergeants*  
John Litchel

1. Jacob Schuck
2. John Genseman
3. Henry Melch
4. Henry Ranz - bro of Philip
5. Peter Schwark
6. Philip Gygler
7. Friedr. Dannbach
8. Henry Brobeck
9. George Bayer
10. Henry Wolf Junr.
11. Francis Thomas
12. Johannes Dillman
13. George Craft
14. P. Weisang
15. Christian Linn
16. John Hall
17. Henry Wolfson off.
18. Conrad Holzhaum
19. George Hoff
20. Friedr. Riche
21. Christian Hgenpitz
22. Jacob Genserer
23. Jan Spangler
24. Abraham Litter
25. Peter King
26. Geo. Stebbinger
27. Herman Crokes

28. Jacob Hoff
29. Jo. Rothrock
30. Jo. Litter
31. Philip Litter
32. Friedr. A. Bringsman
33. John Smith
34. Hasenau Dick
35. Valentine Brenneise
36. Simon Linder
37. Martin Crever
38. Daniel Karmel
39. Nicholas Brand
40. Friedrich Benz
41. John Lommel
42. Andrew Riefes
43. Mathias Zimmer
44. Geo. Lerman
45. Conrad Leutherman
46. Henry Brungton off.
47. James Wallace
48. Luke Rous
49. George Snyder
50. John Bellfner

*Ge. Reinischke*  
*Clk.*

From Spangler Annals.

FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF MUSTER ROLL OF CAPTAIN RUDOLF SPENGLER'S  
SIXTH YORK COMPANY, IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, FORMED 1776.



and gracefully at various points. They are so numerous that nothing of the kind was seen in York before, and none can look upon the beautiful sight without a feeling of love and admiration for the flag which has so long protected them, and which has been outrageously insulted, not by a foreign foe, but by those who like ourselves, have grown up and prospered beneath its 'bright stars and broad stripes.' The three largest are suspended from the Republican Office, the Tremont House, and the Gazette Office. On Saturday afternoon the Worth Infantry Band was kept busy attending the various flag raisings, at which their services were requested. About half-past two o'clock, they attended the raising of a flag near the lumber office of H. Small & Sons. The pole to which it is attached is nearly one hundred feet high, and as straight as an arrow. Patriotic addresses were delivered by Messrs. Henry L. Fisher, John Gibson and J. W. Bittenger. Vocal music was in attendance. Immediately afterwards, another flag was hoisted upon the car shops of Messrs. Billmeyer & Small, and the band then proceeded to the raising of the flag in George Street. Thence they proceeded to the residence of Mr. Gresley west of the bridge, where a large and beautiful flag was run up. In the evening the Continental Club flung a beautiful flag to the breeze, the band meanwhile playing national airs. A number of other flags were strung out on Saturday, with less ceremony. On Wednesday, our military received notice that their services would be required, and they were ordered to report at Harrisburg, on Monday. Great preparations for their departure were immediately commenced, and their ranks were soon filled with a sufficient number. In pursuance of a general call, the people of this place assembled in great numbers, in the Court House, on last Thursday evening for the purpose of expressing their sense of the present condition of our National affairs, and to offer aid to those called into service. The following gentlemen were chosen officers of the meeting:

President—John Evans, Esq. Vice Presidents—Adam Klinefelter, C. A. Morris, David Small, Daniel Kraber, Peter McIntyre, A. J. Glossbrenner, Philip A. Small, Henry Welsh, H. L. Fisher, Samuel Wagner, V. K. Keesey, Abraham Forry, George Welsh, Jr., Henry Caslow.

Secretaries—John N. A. Kolb, Michael Gallagher, William L. Picking.

The president in a short and appropriate speech stated the object of the meeting, when, on motion of John Gibson, Esq., a committee composed of

John Gibson, Dr. John F. Fisher, Henry L. Fisher, Alex. Underwood, Lieut. C. H. Wells, Dr. H. M. McClellan, Philip Smyser, Dr. Alex. Small, D. B. Prince, John R. Donnell, Dr. Jacob Hay, Jr., and George W. Stair <sup>was</sup> appointed to prepare resolutions embodying the spirit of the meeting."





## Note 7.

(Page 16.)

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### ‘The War Excitement in York.’

ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY. OVER FIVE THOUSAND TROOPS QUARTERED IN YORK. RETURN OF THE YORK COMPANIES. IMMENSE COUNTY MEETING. APPROPRIATION OF \$10,000 BY THE COMMISSIONERS AND \$5,000.00 SUBSCRIBED FOR THE FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS. FORMATION OF A HOME GUARD.

From the York Gazette of May 3, 1861.

April 30th, 1861.

“SINCE our last issue, many events of interest have occurred in our midst. During the entire day of Monday, provision was being made for the supply of troops at the Cockeysville camp. An immense number of bullocks were slaughtered, and the beef placed upon cars for shipment to that place; but as it was afterwards ascertained, that the troops were to return and be quartered here, it was unloaded, and taken to the Fair Grounds, where a portion of it was cooked. A large quantity was cooked in the houses of our citizens. The Hanover companies which arrived on Thursday evening, were quartered on the Fair Grounds, and assisted in the preparations for the reception of the expected troops.

Another immense meeting was held in the Court House on Monday evening, the 22d inst., for the purpose of effecting an organization, and

of providing means for the defence of our country, during these troublesome times. The occasion of the meeting being the evening of the first day of the Court week, citizens from every section of the county were present, and joined most heartily and earnestly in the wild enthusiasm, which is firing so many of the hearts of our brave countrymen throughout our land."

"The meeting was called by Robert J. Fisher, as President; Vice-Presidents, C. A. Morris, 1st Ward; P. A. Small, 2nd Ward; Peter McIntyre, 3rd Ward; George Albright, 4th Ward; Joseph Smyser, 5th Ward, John Brillinger, Manchester; Daniel Loucks, Springgarden; F. Sultzbach, Hellam; Tobias Dietz, Windsor; Adam Paules, Lower Windsor; James Cook, Wrightsville; A. C. McCurdy, Peachbottom; John Smeltzer, Chanceford; William Caslow, Lower Chanceford; Henry Runkle, Fawn; Andrew Wallace, Hopewell; Nathan Sheffer, Shrewsbury; Benj. Lease, North Codorus; John Stough, Springfield; Adam H. Smith, Heidelberg; George Snyder, Manheim; Daniel C. Myers, West Manheim; Jacob Greenfield, Fairview; Jesse Frysinger, Hanover Borough; Jacob Stickel, Washington; Jacob Bentz, (of Joseph), Warrington; John Evans, Franklin; Solomon Tate, Monaghan; H. G. Little, Carroll; John Ort, Newberry; Jacob Brenneman, Conewago; George Dosch, Jackson; J. B. Baughman, Paradise; John Hoover, Dover; William Landis, West Manchester; James Peeling, York.

Secretaries—Horace Bonham, David Small, G. C. Stair, Oliver Stuck, David A. Frey, Jacob Keech.

On motion of John Evans, Esq., the following committee was appointed by the chair: Committee on resolutions, John Evans, Henry Welsh, Borough; Adam Ebaugh, Hopewell; Samuel N. Bailey, Carroll; Thomas Cochran, John E. Moore, Fairview; H. G. Bussey, Shrewsbury; William S. Roland, Borough; Robert M. Smith, Wrightsville; V. C. T. Eckert, Hanover; Hugh Ross, Chanceford; Henry L. Fisher, Borough; James A. Murphy, Stewartstown. "The County Commissioners appropriated \$10,000.00, and \$5,000.00 additional was subscribed."

The volunteers, on Monday evening, the 23d, elected the following officers: Theodore D. Cochran, Captain; Michael Gallagher, First Lieutenant; A. Duncan Yocum, Second Lieutenant; George Smith, First Sergeant; Jacob Sheetz, Second Sergeant; Edie Patterson, Third Sergeant; Theodore Trumbo, Fourth Sergeant; Henry Buckingham,

First Corporal; Charles D. Henry, Second Corporal; Jacob Buckminster, Third Corporal; Andrew Rodes, Fourth Corporal."

#### MORE TROOPS AT CAMP SCOTT, YORK.

"On Monday night, a company arrived from Gettysburg, and were quartered on the Fair Grounds. On Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, the three regiments, which had been encamped near Cockeysville, arrived, and were likewise quartered on the Fair Grounds, where ample provisions had been made for their reception. The camp there established has been named Camp Scott. The men, on their arrival, looked much fatigued and weatherbeaten. They were mostly without uniforms, but all armed. They only carried about twenty rounds of ammunition apiece. The Worth Infantry and York Rifles arrived at the same time and were cheered enthusiastically in their progress from the depot. The only brass band with the troops, is that of the Lancaster Fencibles, which has been chosen as the regiment band of the First Regiment. They, however, furnish the music for all the drills for all the regiments. On the 26th two more Pennsylvania Regiments arrived, and over 5,000 troops are now in Camp."

#### LADIES WAR MEETING.

April 30, 1861.

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—It is no doubt generally known to our citizens that the ladies of the Borough had a meeting on Friday last, to consider measures for promoting the comfort of the sick soldiers now lying on the camp grounds. It is proposed here to give a short account of their proceedings. Late on Friday morning bills were distributed partially in the town, and it was gratifying to see, that upon such short notice so large and respectable a number was in attendance. For want of time, the distribution was not made as general as was desired, and many of the ladies who would have been glad to give countenance to the measure, remained entirely ignorant of the matter. The meeting was duly organized by appointing the different officers, among whom were Mrs. Samuel Smyser, as president, and Mrs. C. A. Morris, as treasurer. It was also proposed to appoint an executive committee, of one from each ward, with the privilege of adding to their number. The following was the result:

First Ward—Mrs. Dr. Roland.

Second Ward—Mrs. Samuel Smyser.

Third Ward—Mrs. Knause.

Fourth Ward—Mrs. G. A. Barnitz.

Fifth Ward—Miss Ellen Smyser.

“It was arranged by the ladies that each ward committee should take their turn weekly, that they should visit the sick daily, inquire into their wants, and then call upon the citizens to furnish the necessaries. It is, therefore, suggested to our people who have shown such a good spirit since the troops came among us, that anything they wish to supply should be done through this committee. In this way only a proper system may be observed, the exact articles wanted can be obtained, the supply will be regular, not at one time too much, and at another too little. It may not be out of place here to say that it was gratifying to observe the good feeling manifested at the meeting on Friday. The ladies evinced strongly that benevolent spirit so characteristic of their sex. One lady even went so far as to offer her house as an infirmary for those sick men who left their homes to fight in the battle of their country, but who were now prostrated with disease. The ladies entered at once upon their duties. No fear need be apprehended that our sick strangers will go uncared for, with such patriotic ladies to watch over them.”

#### MAY SNOW STORM.

May 6th, 1861.

“Since the advent of the present month, the weather has rather resembled that of mid-winter than of the middle of spring. Wednesday and Thursday were both cold and disagreeable, and on Friday snow commenced falling and continued during the day, and part of Saturday. It fell in such large quantities, that some of the quarters at Camp Scott were overflowed with water, and a large number of soldiers, had consequently to be quartered in various buildings in town. At the present writing, on Monday afternoon, the weather is rainy, with little prospects of a change.”

#### POLE RAISING IN CENTRE SQUARE.

“On Monday afternoon of last week a large and beautiful pine pole was raised in Centre Square between the two market houses. While the pole was being raised in its place, addresses were delivered to the large crowd present, by the Hon. Robert J. Fisher, and the Rev. J. A. Ross, of the M. E. Church. After the addresses, a beautiful



From Spangler Annals.

CENTRE SQUARE, YORK, PA.



From Spangler Annals.

EAST MARKET STREET, YORK, PA.



bunting flag was run up, the band meanwhile playing the 'Star Spangled Banner.' Since then a larger flag, 35 feet in length and of heavier material, has been attached to the pole."

#### ARRIVAL OF ARTILLERY.

"Captain Campbell's Company of artillery, of Chambersburg, rode into town on Sunday morning about ten o'clock. They brought with them four pieces of artillery, together with caissons and other equipments, and presented a handsome appearance. They are quartered at Camp Scott."



## Note 8.

(Page 17.)

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### "The President's Call for Troops in 1862."

#### WAR MEETING IN YORK. LARGE AND ENTHUSIAS- TIC GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE.

From the York Gazette, July 29, 1862.

"WASHINGTON HALL was crowded to its utmost capacity on Wednesday evening last, in response to a call of many citizens, "to take into consideration the condition of the country in relation to the war, and devise means for encouraging enlistments of volunteers." The meeting was called to order by David Small, Esq., who nominated Samuel Small, Esq., as President. Mr. Small took the chair, and in appropriate words announced the object of the meeting."

"Michael Smyser and John L. Mayer, Esqrs., were chosen Vice-Presidents, and William Tash and Edward S. Rupp, Secretaries."

"On motion of E. H. Weiser, Esq., a committee of ten gentlemen was appointed by the chair to draft resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting. The chair appointed the following: E. H. Weiser, John Evans, Horace Bonham Charles A. Morris, David Small, and John Finly, who retired, and during their absence the meeting was eloquently addressed by Thomas E. Cochran, Esq., Reverends Street, Baum, France and Brown, and John Gibson, H. L. Fisher and John Evans, Esqrs."

"The committee, through the chairman, E. H. Weiser, Esq., reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:



WHEREAS, The President of the United States has made a requisition upon the loyal people of the Union for an additional number of volunteers, to aid in suppressing the unholy rebellion, now existing in our land; and whereas, the Governor of Pennsylvania has fixed the quota to be supplied by York County, at three companies of volunteers, and urged the loyal citizens throughout our borders to take active measures for the encouraging of volunteering, and whereas, York County should not be behind any of her sister counties, in the patriotic work of sustaining the government in this its hour of perils, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we pledge our warmest efforts to aid in furnishing the number of men required, and as many more as possible.

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting there would be great necessity, as well as propriety, in the Commissioners of York County appropriating out of the County Treasury, a sum, which together with that already appropriated by the Council of the Borough of York, shall constitute a fund sufficient to pay a bounty, that will secure the State's quota of volunteers—not less than fifty dollars to each volunteer who shall enlist in York County under the recent calls for additional troops in the expectation that the amounts so appropriated, will be refunded by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its next session.

*Resolved*, That a committee of ten citizens be appointed by the President of this meeting, to wait upon the Commissioners of York County, and urge upon them the necessity of making the appropriation referred to above, and that the money so contributed by the Commissioners, and by the Borough authorities, constitute a single fund to be placed under the charge of the committee already appointed, who shall appoint a treasurer of the same, by whom the amount of bounty to each volunteer shall be paid on the production of the proper evidence, that he has enlisted in York County, and been sworn into the service of the United States.

*Resolved*, That in this exigency, we deem it expedient to procure by subscriptions amongst the people of this town and county, such sums as they may be willing to contribute, to assist in promptly raising the number of volunteers asked for by the Governor's proclamation.

*Resolved*, That to raise the necessary funds, a committee of five persons be appointed to carry out the object of the next preceding resolution, with power to enlarge their numbers.

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to receive and disburse the funds to be raised by private subscription, with discretionary powers, as to its appropriation.

"Under the above resolution the chair appointed the following gentlemen a committee, to wait upon the County Commissioners: Henry

Welsh, P. A. Small, W. Ilgenfritz, Eli Lewis, John Evans, A. J. Glossbrenner, Hon. R. J. Fisher, E. Chapin, V. K. Keeseey, Daniel Hartman. The following committee to solicit subscriptions. E. G. Smyser, Peter McIntyre, Edward Lauman, George Heckert, David E. Small. The following is the committee to receive the funds collected and disburse the same: Henry Welsh, David Small, Abraham Forry, Daniel Kraber, John Evans."

From the York Press of August 15, 1862.

#### YORK COUNTY'S QUOTA.

"The quota of three companies assigned to York County has been more than filled. In addition to the three full companies recruited by Captains Maish, Glessner and Jenkins, another has been raised by Captain Lewis Small, which left for Harrisburg on Friday morning last, and we are gratified in being able to state that all the companies were accepted.

"Such a response speaks well for the patriotism and loyalty of our people. We have, excepting in the last quota, sent the greater part of one regiment into the field, and we would pledge ourselves, if allowed the privilege of volunteering, to raise another regiment. The people of York will not allow any other County to go before them in their efforts to carry on the war to a successful issue."



## Note 9.

(Page 48.)

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### Losses in Battle.

OUR BATTLE AND REGIMENTAL LOSSES IN THE CIVIL WAR COMPARED WITH THOSE OF THE GREAT CONFLICTS OF EUROPE. AMERICANS THE BEST, MOST COURAGEOUS AND TENACIOUS FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD.

IN comparing the casualties in the Civil War with those of European wars, Col. Fox, in his article: "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," says:

"It was the greatest war of the century. On the Union side alone, 110,070 men were killed in battle, while 249,458 more died from disease, accidents, in military prisons, or from other causes. Including both sides, over half a million lives were lost. There have been wars which have lasted longer—wars with intermittent and desultory campaigns; but in this struggle, the two armies for four years never let go their clutch upon each other's throats. For four years the echo of the picket's rifle never ceased."

"It is hard to realize the meaning of the figures, 110,070 men killed; and that, on one side only. It is easy to imagine one man killed; or ten men killed; or, perhaps, a score of men killed. With some effort of the mind one can picture a hundred men stretched, lifeless and bloody upon the ground. The veteran recalls, as if in a dream, the sight of many more

lying upon some battle field; but even he is unable to comprehend the dire meaning of the one hundred thousand, whose every unit represents a soldier's bloody grave."

"The figures are too large. They will be better understood, however, and a more intelligent idea will be formed when they are compared with the losses of other wars. A better idea will also be obtained of the great struggle which occurred within our own borders, and with it will come a fuller recognition of American manhood."

"The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was one of the greatest of European wars. Larger armies were never assembled. The Germans took 797,950 men into France. Of this number, 28,277 were killed, or died of wounds—a loss of 3.1 per cent. In the Crimean War, the allied armies lost 3.2 per cent. in killed, or deaths from wounds. In the war of 1866, the Austrian army lost 2.6 per cent. from the same cause. But, in the American Civil War, the Union armies lost 4.7 per cent. and the Confederates over 9 per cent.; and this despite the greater area of country, which required a large share of the troops to protect the lines of communication. There are no figures on record to show that, even in the Napoleonic wars, there was ever a greater percentage in *killed*. In fact, all the statistics pertaining to the earlier wars of the century are loosely stated, and bear on their face a lack of accuracy. The historians of that period give all battle losses in round numbers, the killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners being lumped together in one amount. Each writer treats the casualties as an unimportant part of his story, and seems to have made no effort to arrive at anything like an accurate or classified statement. Perhaps, the facts were not obtainable and the historians were obliged to accept the wild, exaggerated stories of which there are always a plenty, and which soon crowd out of sight the truthful narratives."

#### WATERLOO AND GETTYSBURG.

"The two great battles of the age, in point of loss, are Waterloo and Gettysburg. Between them there is a remarkable similarity, both in numbers engaged and extent of casualties. At Waterloo, the French numbered 80,000 men, and 252 guns; the Allies numbered 72,000 men, and 186 guns. At Gettysburg, the Union army numbered 82,000 men and 300 guns; the Confederates, 70,000 men and 250 guns. At Water-



From a Painting

RETURN OF THE "600." (p 170)



From a Painting.

RECONNOITRING. (pp 170, 201)



leo, Wellington's army lost 23,185; at Gettysburg, Meade's army lost 23,008. The loss of the French at Waterloo has never been officially announced, but has been estimated at 26,300; the Confederate loss at Gettysburg, as officially reported by the Confederate Surgeon-General, was 20,448, to which must be added 7,077 wounded and unwounded prisoners whose names were omitted from his lists, but whose names appear on the records at Washington. In short, the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg were fought with from 70,000 to 82,000 men on each side, and the combatants lost about 23,000 men each."

"In the Franco-Prussian War, the greatest loss occurred at the battle of Gravelotte, where the Germans lost 4,449 killed (including the mortally wounded); 15,139 wounded, and 939 missing; total, 20,577 out of 146,009 troops engaged, exclusive of 65,000 reserves. At Gettysburg, Meade's army sustained a greater loss with half the number engaged.

"In the American Civil War the Union Armies lost in killed 110,070 killed or mortally wounded, and 275,175 wounded; total, 385,245, exclusive of the missing in action whose number has not as yet been officially stated. The deaths from all causes were 359,528. There were 112 battles of the war in which one side or the other lost over 500 in killed and wounded; and 1882 general engagements, battles, skirmishes, or affairs in which at least one regiment was engaged."

#### OUR IMMENSE REGIMENTAL LOSSES COMPARED WITH THE REGIMENTAL LOSSES OF EUROPEAN WARS.

The heroism of the American soldier in the Civil war was never equalled. The loss of the 81st Pennsylvania at Fredericksburg was 67.4 per cent. The First Minnesota at Gettysburg lost in killed and wounded 85 per cent., the greatest regimental loss in any battle in proportion to the number engaged. The 145th Pennsylvania in the same battle lost 75.7 per cent. Sixty-two regiments in the Union armies and forty-two in the Confederate armies lost more than 50 per cent. At Gettysburg, the 26th North Carolina went into action, with an effective strength of over 800 men. They sustained a loss of 86 killed and 502 wounded; total, 588. In addition there were about 120 missing who fell into our hands, and nearly all were killed or wounded. The First Texas lost at Antietam in killed and wounded

82.3 per cent.; the 20th Georgia at Bull Run, 76.0; 26th North Carolina, above mentioned, 71.7; and the 6th Mississippi at Shiloh, 70.5 per cent.

In narrating the above losses, Col. Fox makes the subjoined comparisons :

"It is well to pause here, and consider what these figures mean; to think of what such extraordinary percentages imply. Perhaps their significance will be better understood when compared with some extraordinary losses in foreign wars; some well-known instance which may serve as a standard of measurement. Take the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Its extraordinary loss has been made a familiar feature of heroic verse and story in every land, until the whole world has heard of the gallant Six Hundred and their ride into the Valley of Death. Now, as the Light Brigade accomplished nothing in this action,—merely executed an order which was a blunder,—it must be that it was the danger and its attendant loss which inspired the interest in that historic ride. What was the loss? The Light Brigade took 673 officers and men into that charge; they lost 113 killed and 134 wounded; total, 247, or 36.7 per cent."

"The heaviest loss in the German Army during the Franco-Prussian war occurred in the Sixteenth Infantry (Third Westphalian) at Mars La Tour. Like all German regiments of the line it numbered 3,000 men. As this battle was the first in which it was engaged—occurring within a few days of the opening of the campaign—it carried 3,000 men into action. It lost 509 killed and mortally wounded, and 365 missing; total, 1484, or 49.4 per cent. The Garde-Schutzen Battalion, 1,000 strong, lost at Metz, August 18th, 162 killed and mortally wounded, 294 wounded and 5 missing; total, 461, or 46.1 per cent.

"A comparison of these percentages with those of the Union regiments in certain battles just cited, will give some idea of the desperate character of the fighting during the American Civil War."



## Note 10.

(Page 55.)

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### Harper's Ferry, By President Thomas Jefferson.

“THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also; in the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character; it is a true contrast to the foreground; it is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous; for the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon at an

infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and, within about twenty miles, reach Frederickstown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic, yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre."



## Note 11.

(Page 83.)

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### Thaddeus Stevens, The Great Commoner.

**T**HADDEUS STEVENS, the eminent lawyer and Great Commoner, was born in Danville, Vermont, April 4, 1792. His family were desperately poor. His father was a farmer and surveyor. His mother was noted for her positive qualities, indomitable energy and strength of mind, and made a heroic struggle to give her children a good education. He was sickly in his youth, but by his own feeble exertions and those of his widowed and sainted mother enough was accumulated to send him to Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1814. He determined to study law, and to support himself taught school in his native State and afterwards secured a position as instructor at the Academy in York, Pa.

After his admission to the Bar, he practiced law at Gettysburg, Pa., and soon assumed the leadership of his profession in Southern Pennsylvania. In 1833 he represented the County of Adams in the Lower House of the State Legislature, where he at once became the promoter and champion of the Common School system of

his adopted State. His speech in 1834 against the repeal of the school law was pronounced the ablest that had ever been delivered in the Pennsylvania Legislature. His victory was complete. Meanwhile, he practiced his profession in his own and neighboring counties. In 1842 he moved to Lancaster, Pa., where he soon became the undisputed head of the Bar. He invariably volunteered his services when proceedings were had for the return of fugitive slaves. His practice throughout his adopted State was very extensive and lucrative. He was not only learned, he was profound. He well deserved the tribute paid him by another eminent lawyer and political opponent, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, that at the time of his death he had no equal as a lawyer at the American Bar.

In 1849 he took his seat for the first time in the National House of Representatives, but returned to the practice of his profession in 1853. In 1859 he reappeared in Congress and continued a member until his death in 1868. At the outbreak of the war, when the Republicans attained the ascendancy in the House and until his death, he was its acknowledged and undisputed leader. As such guiding star he had no successor, for no like genius has since appeared in the legal, political or legislative firmament. He was facile princeps in the creative legislation of the great Civil War and Reconstruction periods. The internal revenue system, the currency system, the national bank system, the form of the national debt originated in the war juncture and under his direction. No man in the country, in the field or out of it, exercised a greater influence or personally did more to place our immense armies in the field. Of the measures adopted to reconstruct the South, Mr. Stevens was the author. He has left his impress



HON. THADDEUS STEVENS. (p 173)



upon the form and body of the times. All his life he held the outposts of thought. Not his

"The Dorian mood  
of flutes and soft recorders."

His speeches were noted for their wit, satire, striking originality, profound learning, stately diction, felicitous expression and inexorable logic. Incomparable as masterpieces of learning, eloquence, argument and logic, it is surprising that they have never been compiled and published.

When he arose to address the House, there was instantly a solemn hush, and the intense solicitude of great and eager expectation at once became regnant. Members of both political parties in great numbers clustered around him, who were held breathless, as one stands speechless when he suddenly comes into the presence of a scene in nature whose sublimity is overwhelming. All the Democratic speeches were directed, not against the Republican side of the House, but against "the gentleman from Pennsylvania," as the sole responsible exponent and controlling factor of Republican doctrines and legislation. It can be truly said of him what Quintilian said of Cicero: "That in his grandest efforts he exhibited the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius."

James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress" says: "Mr. Stevens was the natural leader of the House and assumed his place by common consent. He spoke with ease and readiness, using a style somewhat resembling the crisp, clear, sententiousness of Dean Swift. Seldom, even in the most careless moment, did a sentence escape his lips that would not bear the test of grammatical and rhetorical criticism. \* \* \* \* \*

The one great object of his life was the destruction of

slavery and the elevation of the slave. From the pursuit of that object nothing could deflect him. Upon no phase of it would he listen to compromise. \* \* \* \*

\* He was easily moved by the distress of others. He was kind, charitable, and lavish of his money in the relief of poverty. He had characteristics which seemed contradictory, but which combined to make one of the memorable figures in Parliamentary history of the United States—a man who had the courage to meet any opponent, and who was never overmatched in intellectual conflict."

Mr. Blaine also observes that Mr. Stevens was "somewhat lax in his personal morals." Without defects he would not have been mortal. Himself illustrious he had the most illustrious exemplars; David, Solomon, Achilles, Caesar, Napoleon, Antony, Voltaire, Franklin, Hamilton, Webster. Men of positive, dominant and pre-eminent virtues possess imperfections as inseparable concomitants, that to diminutives appear mountain high—to the broadminded they are engulfed in their virtues. The considerate refuse to "draw his frailties from their dread abode." It is only mediocrity and less that gloat over the peccadillos of the great as a soothing balm to their own inconspicuous inferiority. To incur malignant envy is the penalty of greatness.

"He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpassed or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

But history will forget Mr. Stevens' failings, as it bends with reverence before those exalted labors by



which humanity has been advanced ; or as stated by his eulogist, Representative Maynard of Tennessee :

“ In the awful presence of death every voice is silent except the voice of sorrow and eulogy. The infirmities of mortality are forgotten, the good is alone remembered ; criticism is disarmed ; censure loses its power ; men instinctively concede, as they expect, this immunity to the grave. It is, let us hope, an unconscious prefiguration of the better life to come.”

Hon. S. S. Cox, a contemporary of Mr. Stevens, and a bitter political opponent, and yet an ardent admirer of his great abilities, says in his “ Three Decades of Federal Legislation : ”

“ Mr. Stevens was not superficial. He was profound. His humor was not like that of ‘ Ben ’ Harden or ‘ Tom ’ Corwin—iridescent and genial. It smacked of Voltaire. It had lurid lights. He had a will of audacious an intolerant quality. He never hated a fair opponent. He did hate bitterly some of his own party who would not follow his doctrine.”

He had an ineffable repugnance for all Republican dalliance or apostasy. A year before his death, in a conversation I had with him at the National House, York, he gave expression of his most sublime contempt for both Secretary of State Seward and Senator Sumner, who both became converts to the fatuous, impractical and ridiculous Reconstruction policy of President Johnson.

Col. A. K. McClure in his “ Lincoln and Men of War-times,” places Stevens during the war even on the same pedestal with Lincoln, and says : “ The country has almost forgotten the exceptionally responsible position of Stevens as the Great Commoner of our Civil War. It is the one high trust of a free government that must

be won solely by ability and merit. The Commoner of a republic is the organ of the people, and he can hold his place only when all confess his pre-eminent qualities for the discharge of his duties. \* \* \* \* \* In all my acquaintance with lawyers of Pennsylvania, I regard Stevens as having more nearly completed the circle of a great lawyer than any other member of the Pennsylvania Bar."

In "Paradise Lost," Milton, said a contemporary of Stevens, in describing the rising of a supernatural orator to address a supernatural audience, gives an accurate description of him as he arose to address the House :

" With grave  
Aspect he rose, and in rising seemed  
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noontide air."

Nothing more brilliant has ever been written of any American Statesman than the noble tribute to Mr. Stevens by Henry Watterson. The following is an extract :

" With his principles and his politics I have no sympathy whatever. Even on economic questions I differ from him in the abstract and the concrete, in whole and in part; but his grandeur of character and his force of intellect all candid men are bound to acknowledge who will calmly read his utterances in and out of Congress. \* \* \* \* \* Stevens was called the Great Commoner but he had many of the attributes of Peter Romanoff. Henry Clay was Apollo

stalking among the swine-herds of Admetus, Stevens, pleb in the baronial halls; and both are names to excite the emulation of youth so long as great deeds and eloquent tongues excite the admiration of civilized man, 'Immortal names that were not born to die' "

In a speech delivered in the House January 13, 1865 (Vol. 54 of the Globe page 266) Mr. Stevens said :

"I will be satisfied if my epitaph shall be written thus: 'Here lies one who never rose to any eminence, and who only courted the low ambition to have it said that he had striven to ameliorate the condition of the poor, the lowly, the downtrodden of every race and color.' "

His noble tribute in the House upon the announcement of the death of Mr. Noell, of Missouri, whom he knew and with whom he sympathized, concluded :

"Other men more eloquent than he may have been called to the bar of Judgment, but no man ever appeared before that dread tribunal with more numerous and ardent advocates. His advocates were the oppressed ones of every nation, the crushed of the satanic institution of slavery."

"Who would not rather have his chance in the great day of accounts, before that Judge who is the Father of all men, than the chance of ordained hypocrites, miserable wretches, who, professing to hold a commission from on high, impiously proclaim slavery a divine institution?"

Mr. Stevens died at Lancaster, August 11, 1868. Mr. McCall concludes his biography :

"The body of Mr. Stevens was buried in a humble cemetery in the city of his home. His choice of the spot grew out of his unswerving devotion to the cause which lay close to his heart during every moment of his life. Upon the monument which has been reared may be read the following inscription, prepared by himself :

‘THADDEUS STEVENS,  
BORN AT DANVILLE, CALEDONIA, CO., VERMONT,  
APRIL 4, 1792.  
DIED AT WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
AUGUST 11, 1868.

---

I REPOSE IN THIS QUIET AND SECLUDED SPOT  
NOT FROM ANY NATURAL PREFERENCE FOR SOLITUDE,  
BUT, FINDING OTHER CEMETERIES LIMITED AS TO RACE  
BY CHARTER RULES,  
I HAVE CHOSEN THIS THAT I MIGHT ILLUSTRATE  
IN MY DEATH  
THE PRINCIPLES WHICH I ADVOCATED  
THROUGH A LONG LIFE:  
EQUALITY OF MAN BEFORE HIS CREATUR.’

“His epitaph well indicates his chief distinction. A truer democrat never breathed. Equality was the animating principle of his life. He deemed no man so poor or friendless as to be beneath the equal protection of the laws, and none so powerful as to rise above their sway. Privilege never had a more powerful nor a more consistent foe.”

I have descanted rather extensively upon the salient characteristics and transcendent abilities of this Great Commoner, and the incomputable labors contributed to the cause of popular education—the handmaid of civilization,—to the cause of the Union in its darkest and gloomiest days, and in the uplifting of the down-trodden and the oppressed. I have done so because the man, his unselfish labors, his exalted patriotism and civic triumphs appear to be now so little known or appre-

ciated. No encomium, however lofty, bestowed upon this genius is flattery; and I trust that my humble tribute to his life and memory may awaken and stimulate an interest and study of the man and his imperishable services, and enlist the sympathy and assistance of others so that we may be no longer remiss in rendering tardy justice by rearing a stately and imposing shaft to him who contributed so much to the \**“completion of the edifice of which Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and their illustrious compeers laid the foundation—the temple of Universal Freedom around which the oppressed of all the nations of the earth may worship.”*

\*(His ending of a famous speech.)



## NOTE 12.

(Page 86.)

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### Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in Great Britain, 1863.

DELIVERS BRILLIANT SPEECHES TO CONVERT THE DOMINANT CLASS OF THAT COUNTRY TO THE CAUSE OF THE NORTH. IS CONFRONTED BY ARMED AND HOSTILE MOBS. IN IMMINENT PERIL. GRAPHIC AND HUMOROUS DESCRIPTIONS. HIS TRANSCENDENT AND SWAYING POWER AS AN ORATOR.

MR. BEECHER'S invaluable services to the Union during the Civil War are not generally known to this generation. His courageous and forceful speeches in England in 1863 were made on his own responsibility to convert an intensely hostile public sentiment and prevent a recognition of the Southern Confederacy by Great Britain. The entire British Cabinet was rabidly pro-Southern, and the slightest pretext would have been taken advantage of to ensure such recognition—and war as an inevitable consequence. We had our hands full as it was, and to fight Great Britain in conjunction would have been a most serious and fatal handicap. What the probable issue would have been unless Russia, our ancient friend, had come,

as she had stated she would, to our rescue, is too horrible to contemplate.

Mr. Beecher's speeches and efforts to prevent such an alliance with the South deserve our lasting gratitude. He himself describes the hostile feeling and attitude of nearly all of the British upper classes.

"Almost every man in England," says Mr. Beecher, "who rode in a first-class car, was our enemy. The great majority of professional men were our enemies. Almost all the Quakers were against us. All the Congregational ministers in England—not in Wales—were either indifferent and lukewarm, or directly opposed. The government was our enemy. It was only the common people, and mostly the people who had no vote, that were on our side. Everywhere the atmosphere was adverse. In Manchester our American merchants and men sent out to buy were afraid, and knuckled down to the public feeling. The storm in the air was so portentous that they did not dare to undertake to resist it. No man ever knows what his country is to him until he has gone abroad and heard it everywhere denounced and sneered at. I had ten men's wrath in me, and my own share is tolerably large, at the attitude assumed all around me against my country."

His first speech was made in the city of Manchester. The meetings following throughout England were almost as tumultuous and riotous as those in which he made his initial effort. He says:

"We reached the hall. The crowd was already beginning to be tumultuous, and I recollect thinking to myself as I stood there looking at them, 'I will control you! I came here for victory and I will have it, by the help of God!' Well, I was introduced, and I must confess that the things that I had done and suffered in my own country, according to what the chairman who introduced me said, amazed me. The speaker was very English on the subject, and I learned that I belonged to an heroic band, and all that sort of thing, with abolition mixed in, and so on. By the way, I think it was there that I was introduced as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Stowe. But as soon as I began to speak the great audience began to show its teeth, and I had not gone on fifteen minutes

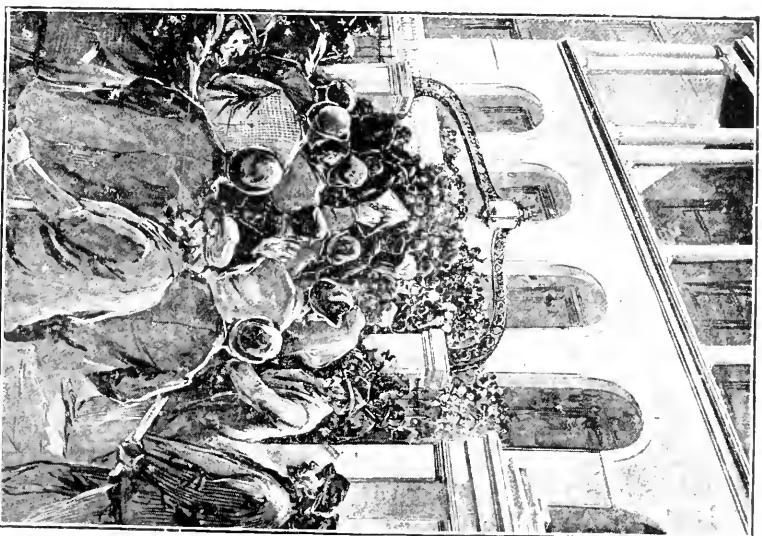
before an unparalleled scene of confusion and interruption occurred. No American that has not seen an English mob can form any conception of one. I have not seen all sorts of camp-meetings and experienced all kinds of public speaking on the stump; I have seen the most disturbed meetings in New York city, and they were all of them as twilight to midnight as compared with an English hostile audience. For in England the meeting does not belong to the parties that call it, but to whoever chooses to go, and if they can take it out of your hands, it is considered fair play. This meeting had a very large multitude of men in it who came there for the purpose of destroying the meeting and carrying it the other way when it came to the vote."

"I took the measure of the audience and said to myself, 'About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy, and my business now is not to appeal to that portion that is opposed to me nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section.' How to do this was a problem. The question was, who could hold out longest. There were five or six storm centres, boiling and whirling at the same time; here some one pounding on a group with his umbrella and shouting, "Sit down there;" over yonder a row between two or three combatants; somewhere else a group all yelling together at the top of their voice. It was like talking to a storm at sea. But there were the newspaper reporters just in front, and I said to them, "Now gentlemen, be kind enough to take down what I say. It will be in sections, but I will have it connected by-and-by." I threw my notes away, and entered on a discussion of the value of freedom as opposed to slavery in the manufacturing interest, arguing that freedom everywhere increases a man's necessities and what he needs he buys, and that it was, therefore, to the interest of the manufacturing community to stand by the side of labor through the country. I never was more self-possessed and never in more perfect good temper, and I never was more determined that hearers should feel the curb before I got through with them. The uproar would come in on this side and on that and they would put insulting questions and make all sorts of calls to me, and I would wait until the noise had subsided, and then get in about five minutes of talk. The reporters would get that down and then up would come another noise. Occasionally I would see things that amused me and would laugh outright, and the crowd would stop to see what I was





REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. (p 182)



BENT ON STORMING A BEECHER MEETING. (184)



laughing at. Then I would sail in again with a sentence or two. A good many times the crowd threw up questions which I caught at and answered back. I may as well put in one thing that amused me hugely. There were bawse doors which opened both ways into side-alleys, and there was a huge burly Englishman standing right in front of one of those doors and roaring like a bull of Bashan; one of the policemen swung his elbow round and hit him in the belly and knocked him through the doorway, so that the last part of the bawl was outside in the alley-way; it struck me so ludicrously to think how the fellow must have looked when he found himself "hollering" outside that I could not refrain from laughing outright. The audience immediately stopped its uproars, wondering what I was laughing at, and that gave me another chance and I caught it. So we kept on for about an hour and a half before they got so far calmed down that I could go on peaceably with my speech. They liked the pluck. Englishmen like a man that can stand on his feet and give and take; and so for the last hour I had pretty clear sailing. The next morning every great paper in England had the whole speech down. I think it was the design of the men there to break me down on that first speech, by fair means or foul, feeling that if they could do that, it would be trumpeted all over the land. I said to them then and there. "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every county and principal town in the Kingdom of Great Britain. I am not going to be broken down nor put down. I am going to be heard, and my country shall be vindicated." \* \* \* \*

"I went from there (Edinburgh) to Liverpool. If I suppose I had had a stormy time I found out my mistake when I got there. Liverpool was worse than all the rest put together. My life was threatened, and I had communications to the effect that I had better not venture there. The streets were placarded with the most scurrilous and abusive cards, and I brought home some of them and they are in the Brooklyn Historical Society now. It so happened, I believe, that the Congregational Association of England and Wales was in session there, and pretty much all of the members were present on the platform. I supposed there were five hundred people on the platform behind me. There were men in the galleries and boxes who came armed, and some bold men on our side went up into those boxes and drew their bowie knives and pistols and

said to those young bloods, "The first man that fires here will rue it." I heard a good many narratives of that kind afterward, but knew nothing of it at the time. But of all confusions and turmoils and whirls I never saw the like. I got control of the meeting in about an hour and a half and then I had a clear road the rest of the way. We carried the meeting, but it required a three hours' use of my voice at its utmost strength. I sometimes felt like a shipmaster attempting to preach on board of a ship through a speaking-trumpet with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men. By this time my voice was pretty well used up, and I had yet to go to Exeter Hall in London."

Dr. Campbell, a distinguished Englishman who was present, is reported to have said that he never heard anything like it since the days of Daniel O'Connell; that he had heard some of his best things, and he thought, on the whole, that not one of them equalled Mr. Beecher's efforts at that time.

The effect of Mr. Beecher's transcendent eloquence, pathos, wit and dramatic power has not been exaggerated by his biographers:

"The speeches in England which Mr. Beecher has thus simply but graphically described may fairly be characterized as the greatest oratorical work of his life. It may well be doubted whether, if oratory is to be measured by its actual results, there is in the history of eloquence recorded any greater oratorical triumph than that achieved in this brief campaign. The only parallel in public effect is that produced by Demosthenes' orations against Philip. The orators of the American Revolution spoke to sympathizing audiences; those of the anti-slavery campaign in this country produced far less immediate effect; the orations of the great orators in the British House of Commons—Chatham and Burke—rarely changed the vote of the House; and though Lord Erskine won his victories over his juries in spite of the threats of the judges and the influence of the Government, the issues which engaged his attention were not so grand, nor the circumstances so trying, nor the immediate results so far-reaching. It is not too much to say that Mr. Beecher, by giving a voice to the before silenced moral sentiment of the democracy of Great Britain, and by clarifying the question at

issue from misunderstandings which were well nigh universal and misrepresentations which were common, changed the public sentiment, and so the political course of the nation, and secured and cemented an alliance between the mother country and our own land, which needs no treaties to give it expression, which has been gaining strength ever since, and which no demagogism on this side of the water and no ignorance and prejudice on that have been able to impair.



## NOTE 13

(Page 122.)

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### Conway Cabal, Lafayette.

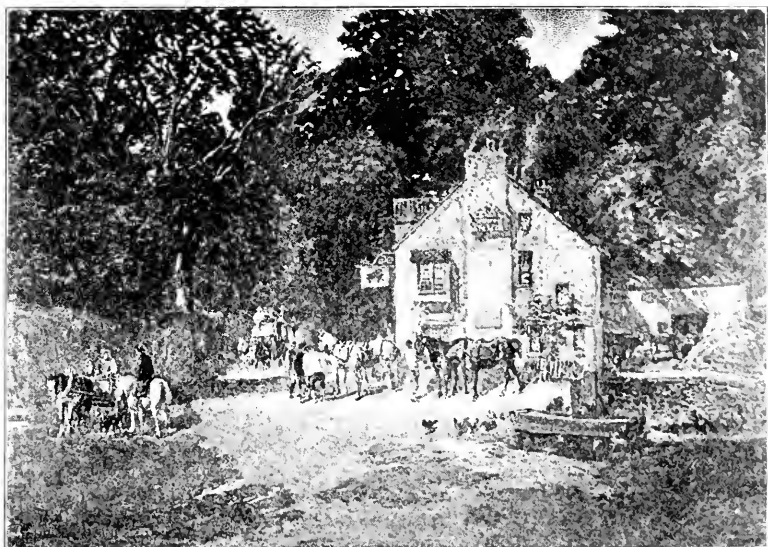
GEN. LAFAYETTE'S REBUFF TO THE CONWAY CABAL  
IN YORK. HIS SECOND RECEPTION IN YORK, 1825.  
EARLY STAGES AND PRIMITIVE CARS.

DURING the session of Continental Congress in York, 1777-8, many Continental Officers were quartered there. While Gen. Lafayette visited Congress, Gen. Horatio Gates and other members of the Conway Cabal, gave a feast in his honor, with a view of winning him over to the Conspiracy.

The faith and devotion of this young and gallant French officer never faltered toward the man he so loved and honored. In spite of the frowns and silence accompanying it, he gave as his toast: "The Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies."

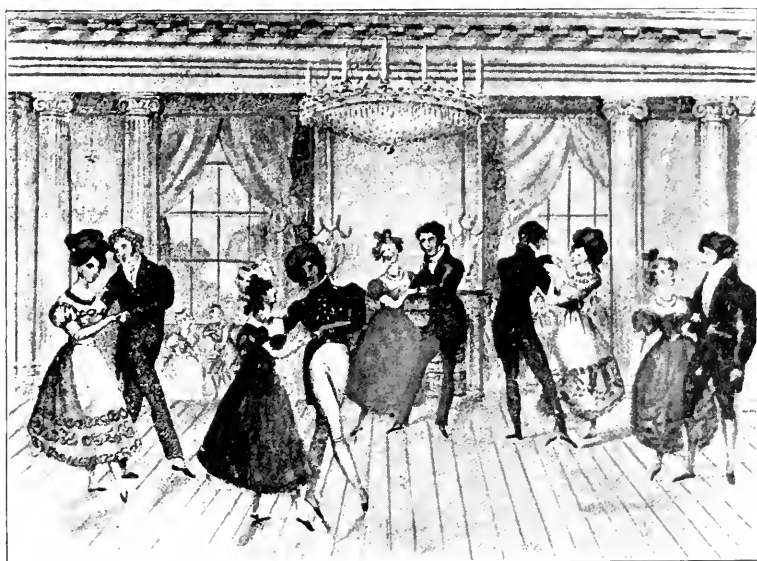
From "Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," Vol. 2, p. 339:

"Sparks relates that, when Lafayette arrived in York he found Gates at table, surrounded by his friends. The Marquis was greeted with great cordiality, and accepted an invitation to join them at table. The wine passed around and several toasts were drunk. Determined to let his sentiments be known at the outset, he called to the company as they were about to rise, and observed that one toast had been omitted, which he



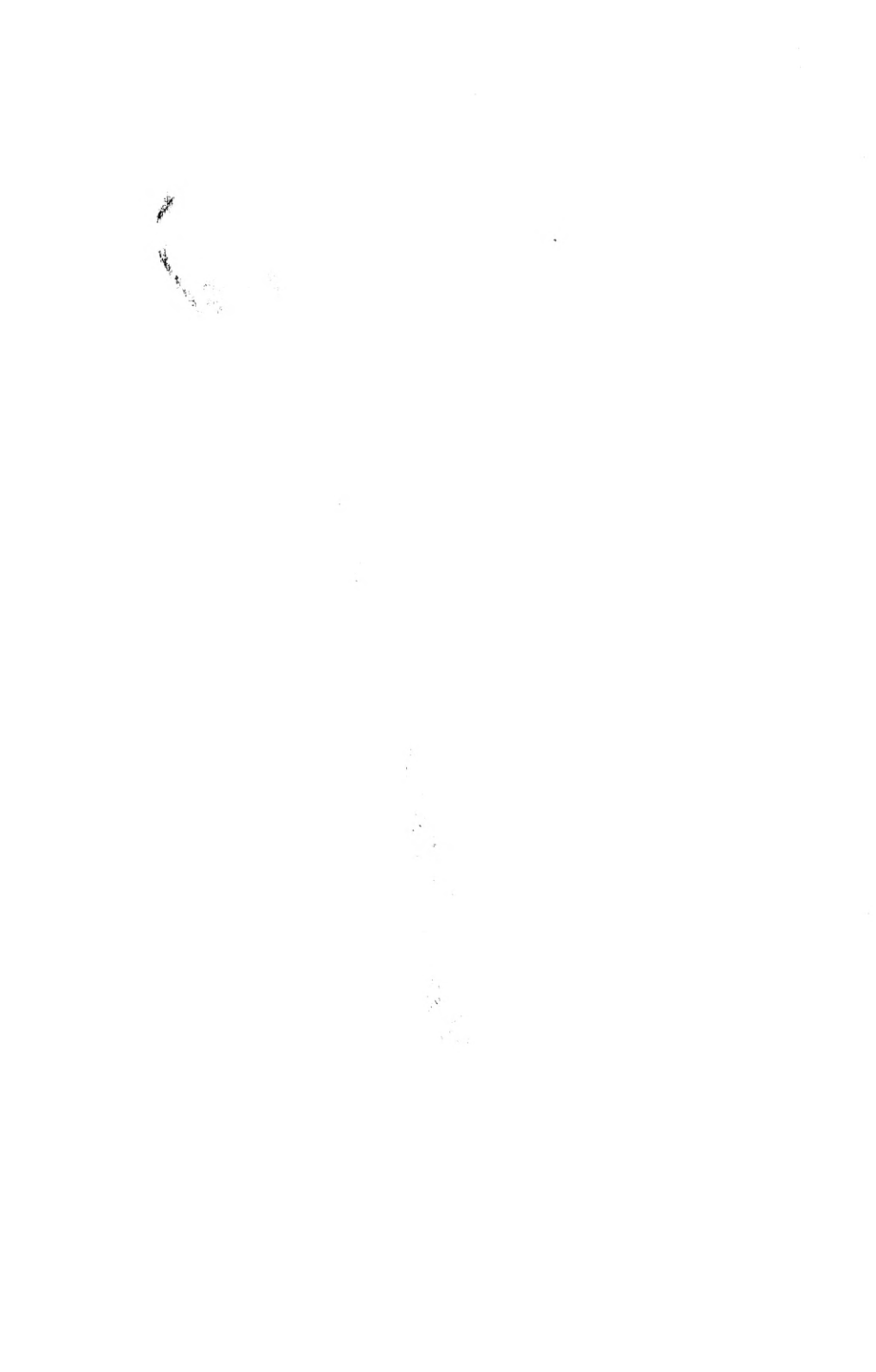
From Spangler Annals

GEN. LAFAYETTE'S STAGE TOUR, 1825. (p 189)



From Spangler Annals.

BALL GIVEN TO GEN. LAFAYETTE IN YORK, PA., 1825. (p 89)





would propose. The glasses were filled and he gave: "The Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies."

"The coolness with which it was received confirmed Lafayette in his suspicions."

### HIS SECOND VISIT TO YORK IN 1825.

Gen. Lafayette, on a tour throughout the country, in 1825, visited York. He was accorded a most hospitable reception, and a ball was given in his honor. A member of the committee of reception in a letter describes his impressions as follows:

"We had the great Lafayette here about two weeks ago. I was appointed one of the committee to receive, and had the honor to be much about his person, and enjoyed his conversation. He speaks the English very readily, making use of good and appropriate language though he has much of the French accent. He has a very pleasing and expressive countenance, eyes full, large nose, eye-brows much arched, and when he speaks he throws them up and down with a smile, every look and gesture manifesting peculiar interest to whatever he says. He is very ready of access and makes every one easy in his company. When I said to him—General, I am happy to see you look so well—you appear much younger than I expected to see you—He replied—Thank you, Sir—I have enjoyed very good health, I am 67 years. You have been in this place before?—I was here once, in '77—I stayed but a short time—36 hours—my business was with the Congress and the Board of War."

### EARLY STAGES AND PRIMITIVE CARS.

Gen. Lafayette made his tour of the States in the regular stages of the period. From 1756 to 1834 may be described as the Stage-Coach Era of the United States. The mail was carried from Philadelphia to Pittsburg in nine days. Each successive improvement of the highways of travel and commerce met its full share of opposition. The turnpike provoked a fierce antagonism; for Stage-Coach and Conestoga Wagon rendered the pack-horse a useless institution.

General Alexander Ogle, member of Congress in the days of General Jackson, in the course of a Fourth of July oration, described the opposition to the turnpike and wagon transportation: "Your grandmother," said he, "can tell you what a rumpus these ninnies raised around the first wagon road over the mountains to Pittsburgh. It would break up the pack-horse men and the horse breeders would be ruined. I told them that one wagon could carry as much salt, bar iron and brandy from Philadelphia or Baltimore as a whole caravan of half starved mountain ponies, and I further told them that of all the people in the world fools have the least sense."

The Stage was succeeded by the primitive Locomotive Coaches and Canal Packets. To the stage-owners and tavern-keepers the railroad and canals were innovations and unwelcome improvements. When the railroads came first into being, the cars had a kind of stage-coach body. In 1835 the building of railroads had so far progressed that the Postmaster-General recommended that the mails be carried on the railroads then being constructed. In that year, however, the contract for carrying the mails between New York and Philadelphia was given to the stage-coach line because the railroad protested that the schedule time required (thirteen miles an hour) was too fast.

## NOTE 14.

(Page 122.)

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### Gates—Wilkinson Duel.

GENERALS GATES AND WILKINSON AT YORK, 1778.

THEY MEET TO FIGHT A DUEL AT THE "ENGLISH CHURCH," YORK. THE CONWAY CABAL.

COINCIDENT with the intrigues of the Conway Cabal (in preceding note) were the reflections by General Gates on the conduct of Gen. Wilkinson, Adjutant General of the Continental Army. The latter deeming his honor deeply wounded by the course of General Gates, determined to demand satisfaction, and a duel was arranged to take place behind the Protestant Episcopal Church on North Beaver Street, York.

The account of this meeting of Gen. Gates is given by Gen. Wilkinson himself in his "Memoirs" in these words:

"I immediately proceeded to Yorktown, where I purposely arrived in the twilight, to escape observation; there I found my early companion and friend Capt. Stoddert, recounted my wrongs to him, and requested him to bear a message to Gen. Gates, whose manly proffer of any satisfaction I might require, removed the difficulties which otherwise might have attended the application; he peremptorily refused me, remonstrated

against my intention, and assured me I was running headlong to destruction; but ruin had no terrors for an ardent young man, who prized his honor a thousand fold more than his life, and who was willing to hazard his eternal happiness in its defense. Pardon me, High Heaven, in pity to the frailties of my nature. Pardon me, Divine Author of my being, for yielding to the tyranny of fashion, the despotic prescription of honor, when I sought, by illicit means to vindicate the dignity of the creature, whom thou hast fashioned after thine own likeness; for the first time in our lives we parted with displeasure, and I accidentally met with Lieut. Col. Burgess Ball, of the Virginia line whose spirit was as independent as his fortune, and he willingly became my friend. By him I addressed the following note to Gen. Gates, which I find with date, though it was delivered the same evening (the 23rd):

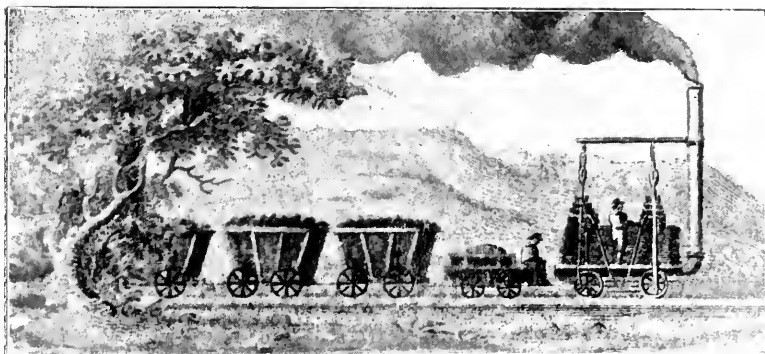
‘I have discharged my duty to you and to my conscience; meet me to-morrow morning behind the English Church, and I will there stipulate the satisfaction which you have promised to grant. I am

Your most humble servant,

GEN. GATES.’

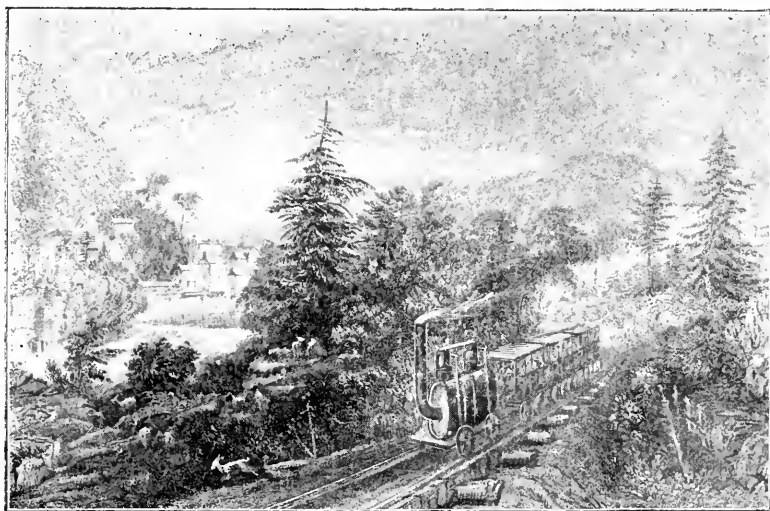
JAMES WILKINSON.

“The general expression of this billet was calculated to prevent unfair advantages, for, although Gen. Gates had promised me satisfaction, I determined to avoid unnecessary exposition; and therefore Col. Ball was instructed to adjust the time, and circumstances, and made no difficulty about the arrangements. We were to meet at 8 o’clock with pistols, and without distance. We arose early the next morning, had put our arms in order, and was just about to repair to the ground, when Capt. Stoddert called on me, and informed me Gen. Gates wished to speak with me. I expressed my astonishment and observed it was ‘impossible!’ He replied with much agitation, ‘for God’s sake be not always a fool, come along and see him.’ Struck with the manner of my friend, I inquired where the General was? He answered ‘in the street near the door.’ The surprise robbed me of circumspection; I requested Col. Ball to halt and followed Capt. Stoddert; I found Gen. Gates unarmed and alone, and was received with tenderness but manifest embarrassment; he asked me to walk, turned into a back street and we proceeded in silence till we passed the buildings, when he burst into tears took me by the hand, and asked me how I could think he wished to injure me? I was too deeply affected to speak, and he relieved my embarrassment by



From Spangler Annals.

PRIMITIVE COAL TRAIN. (p 190)



From Spangler Annals.

PRIMITIVE PASSENGER TRAIN. (p 190)



continuing 'I injure you? It is impossible, I should as soon think of injuring my own child.' This language not only disarmed me, but awakened all my confidence, and all my tenderness; I was silent, and he added, 'besides there was no cause for injuring you, as Conway acknowledged, in his letter, and has since said much harder things to Washington's face.' Such language left me nothing to require; it was satisfactory beyond expectation, and rendered me more than content. I was flattered and pleased, and if a third person had doubted the sincerity of the explanation, I would have insulted him; a long conversation ensued, in which Lord Sterling's conduct was canvassed, and my purpose respecting him made known, and it was settled I should attend at the war office (York) in my capacity of secretary a few days, and then have leave to visit the camp at Valley Forge, where Lord Sterling was.

"I attended at the war office, and I think found there the honorable Judge Peters and Col. T. Pickering, but my reception from the President, Gen. Gates, did not correspond with his recent professions: he was civil but barely so, and I was at a loss to account for his coldness yet had no suspicion of his insincerity."

It is related by Mr. Dunlap, in his History of New York, upon the authority, it is presumed, of the late Gen. Morgan Lewis, that a day had been appointed by the "Cabal" in Congress, at York, for one of them to move for a committee to proceed to the Camp at Valley Forge to arrest Gen. Washington, and that the motion would have succeeded had they not unexpectedly lost their majority which they possessed when the measure was determined on.

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### Note 15.

(Page 123.)

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## The Ducking of the Tory Rector in York, 1775.

DURING the Revolutionary war, (with the exception of a short interval) there was no divine service held in St. John's Episcopal Church, known as the "English Church," all the others being German. It was for some time used as an arsenal. Being very much out of repair through violence and long disuse, it was after the Revolution again fitted up for a place of worship. One of the first regular clergymen whose names are mentioned in the records was the Rev. Daniel Batwell. His residence was at the parsonage house in Huntington, now belonging to Adams County, but he preached steadily to the congregation in York. He was a missionary from England, sent by the Propagation Society, who commenced his services in York county a short time before the Revolution, and began his pastorate in York in 1774. His feeling, with respect to the war for Independence, but ill coincided with those of the people in his neighborhood. Having come from Huntington township he preached at York on the Sabbath, and on Monday morning following was seized by some rude and boisterous friends of liberty by whom he was three times ducked in Codorus Creek.



Being freed, he set out on his return to his dwelling house, but he had hardly arrived there when a company of armed men from York roughly seized him, and returning confined him in the public prison. On the 2nd of October, 1777, a memorial from Mr. Batwell was read in Congress. It set forth "that on a charge of being concerned in a conspiracy to destroy the continental magazines of this State, he was in custody of the keeper of the Jail in York County, by virtue of commitment, until Congress, or the Supreme Executive Council of this State, shall take further order touching him, or until he should be otherwise discharged according to law." "It appealed to Congress," by the certificate of Dr. Jameson, "that the memorialist was so much enaciated by a complication of disorders that his life would be endangered unless he would be removed from the jail. Congress, however, referred the memorial to the President and Supreme Executive Council of this State, in the meantime permitting him to remove from the jail, and receive every indulgence, yet still remaining in safe keeping.

After some time Mr. Batwell was released, and returned to England. Though his political views did not coincide with those of Americans, yet it is due to his worth to say, that he was an accomplished scholar and a good man. After his return, he obtained a church preferment in the county of Kent, where he ended his days.

In 1810, a small house was erected near the York Episcopal Church for the use of the sexton. In removing the pulpit, several pounds of powder were found concealed under it; probably placed there in the beginning of the Revolution by some one who had evil designs upon the Rev. Mr. Batwell.

## NOTE 16.

Page 123.

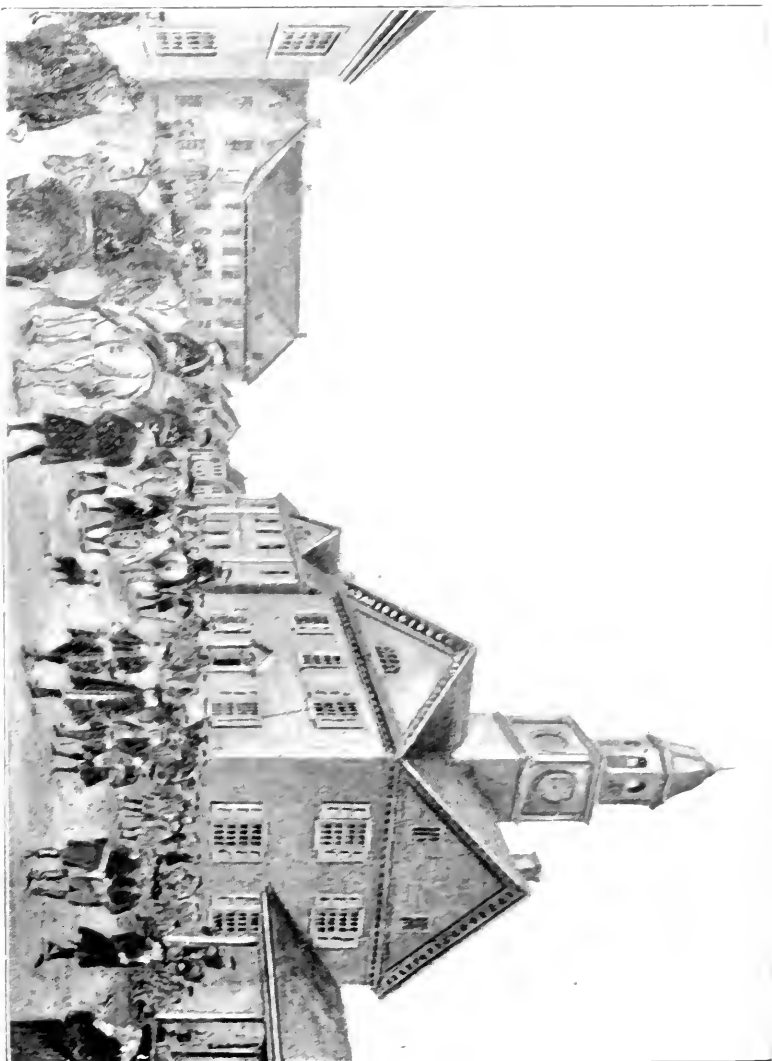
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### York County Patriotism in the Revolutionary War.

**Y**ORKTOWN, eleven miles west of the Susquehanna, was, during the Revolution, the only town of importance west of that river; and in it the Continental Congress sought refuge while Gen. Howe occupied Philadelphia, and in the late fall, winter and spring of 1777-78. It was an important theatre of action during the Revolutionary struggle. All the troops from South to North and *vice-versa* passed through the town.

The County of York was especially patriotic. It sent out more soldiers during the Revolutionary War than any other section of the colonies in proportion to population.

Thomas Hartley, a most valiant and distinguished colonel in the Revolutionary War from Yorktown, a member of Congress of the County from 1780 to 1800, and a Major-General of the Pennsylvania Militia, wrote from Yorktown, under date of March 17, 1770, to His Excellency Jos. Reed, Esq., President of Pennsylvania, as follows:



From the original

engraving of the original

State House

Court House

Market House

THE ACQUITTAL FOR THE DAY OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS AT YORK TOWN, PA., NOV. 1, 1777.  
ON THE DAY OF THE RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF BURGONYNE'S SURRENDER. p. 196



"Upon my arrival here I found many of the inhabitants dissatisfied with the determination of the council concerning the York election. They thought it hard that a majority of the electors should be deprived of a Representative in Council for years."

"They knew that they had been as patriotic as any; that the York district had armed the first in Pennsylvania, and had furnished more men for the war and lost a greater number of men in it than any other district on the Continent of the same number of inhabitants. At Fort Washington only, they lost 300 men, not 50 of which have ever returned. Their distressed parents and widows daily evince the melancholy truth."

In the York Moravian Church Records, made by Pastor Neissor, under date of July 17, 1776, appears the following entry:

"Yorktown seems quite deserted on account of the departure of all men under fifty years of age. Thus only the old brethren and sisters will be left. Several of our people, because the town has been so emptied, have in addition to some other persons, been elected as members of the Committee *ad interim*, with a guard given them day and night, in order to maintain peace and order, and give security against the plots of the Tories. All business and every occupation are prostrated, all shops are closed. How many prayers and tears will now be brought before the Lord by parents for their children, by children for their parents, by wives for their husbands." (See Spangler Annals, 361, 385, 394-462, 511-527.)

#### YORK RIFLEMEN AT BOSTON, 1775.

This Rifle Company left York July 1, 1775, and arrived at Boston on the 29th, and was the first company south and west of the Hudson to cross that river for the theatre of war. The York Moravian records of July 1st, have the further entry:

"This afternoon a company of 100 men of this town left for the American army in New England, with the ringing of bells, after a sermon had been preached by the Presbyterian minister on the text, 1 Samuel x, 12 in which they were exhorted to keep God before their eyes during their expedition, and then they could be assured of His protection and guidance; otherwise this would not be the case." (Spangler Annals, p. 516.)

## Note 17.

(Page 36.)

### Description of Battle Pictures.

#### BATTERY IN FULL CHARGE.

“THIS is a picture representing a colonel of mounted artillery at full gallop, and with sword raised, giving the word of command to his regiment who are seen a little behind him advancing in a whirlwind of dust, and inspired, as it were, with the heroism of their leader. One cannot contemplate it many minutes together without fancying himself transported into the thick of the fight, amidst all the neighing of the infuriated steeds, the hoarse command of the officers, the deafening roll of the ammunition wagons, and the whistling of the bullets. The part of the subject the most conspicuous is the black charger of the colonel. This beautiful animal is still before the entranced observer, his head turned to one side, his wild look, his nostrils dilated and blowing violently, and his whole body glazed with perspiration or white with foam. The picture is a perfect masterpiece of a wonderful warlike movement.”

#### HAVOC WROUGHT TO A BATTERY GOING INTO ACTION.

(Page 40.)

“The form of battle has greatly changed since the early stages of human history. Every epoch has had its own manner of conflict. In antiquity, the armies were drawn up and fought hand to hand; afterwards, war chariots were introduced, with long scythe-like blades projecting from the axles. Then elephants began to be employed in battle, and were taught by their masters to fight with all the vehemence and strength

which such creatures possess. The introduction of fire-arms again changed the form of battle. The use of cannon dates from the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Perhaps the most tragic act of the modern battlefield is that relating to the management of batteries. In this picture we have an example of the fearful havoc in that part where the guns are played. Not the least part of this tragedy is the destruction of fine horses. War does not spare these in its devastations. Here, in the foreground, we have a battery going into action. The artist has done full justice to the fearful scene. A blast from the enemy's guns has struck down the battery horses, and there is still universal ruin. The fight, however, goes on, and the morrow will take little heed of the destruction of to-day."

#### AN EVENING CAMP AT THE FRONT.

(Page 78.)

"This is a pleasing view of a group of artillerymen seated in a circle at the foot of a redoubt, on which are seen a line of slender guns pointed towards the horizon, and over whose menacing repose watches a sentinel with sword in hand. The loquacity of the principal speaker of the group is in quaint contrast with the silence of the guns. And, yet, the artilleryman is evidently narrating something very humorous and his story is of the highest interest. The day's labors have been so arduous that only two or three of his companions, whose mouths are agape, have the strength to keep awake and listen. The others are fast asleep and their fatigue is evidently so overpowering that the entire battery might thunder without waking them."

#### THE STANDARD BEARER FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

(Page 84.)

"The theme of this picture from an incident of war. There has been a charge against the enemy's earthworks. A repulse has followed, and the brave vanguard of the assaulting party has been slain. The battle is over, and in the gray of the early morning the dead are being carried away from the scene of carnage. Every detail of the picture has reference to the dead standard-bearer in the middle foreground, who

clasps to his heart the tattered banner with its broken staff. The eagle of his standard is in the dust, and his sword has been wrenched from his grasp, but he has fallen in the front rank with his face to the foe. The colonel stands with uncovered head in the presence of the dead hero, and every figure in the picture shows by the attitude or expression of countenance the reverential response of the human soul to bravery and unselfish devotion to duty. "Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, our hearts in glad surprise to higher levels rise."

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

(Page 84.)

"Last night beheld them full of lusty life;  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay.  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder clouds close o'er it, which rent.  
The earth is covered thick with other clay  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse, friend, foe—in one red burial blent."

## THE LAST MUSTER.

(Page 126.)

"This picture is a master-piece, and cannot fail to make a profound impression. These old men—worn-out veterans of war—have assembled in the chapel of a "Soldier's Home" and seem pathetically awaiting the end after hard work done—while some gallant fellows whose lives a dozen times risked had been devoted to the service of their country. They are now mustered in the service of God to await his "last call." Even, as we look, one has obeyed the summons beyond the power of his kindly neighbor to awaken him."

## THE SLAVE MARKET, ANCIENT ROME.

(Page 136.)

"Slavery was a recognized institution in Rome. Under its various governments alike, under Kings, the Republic and the Empire. Captives in battle were sold into slavery, criminals and insolvent debtors became



slaves, and parents, at one time of the Republic, could sell their children into slavery. There was nothing therefore to shock the Roman citizen in contemplating the Slave Market as one of the necessities of Rome.

In the picture there is an air of business-like reality about all concerned, from the gross old keeper, dipping his fist into his bowl of olives, to the youngster standing erect, so that every inch of his proportion may show to the best advantage, and a look of 'Won't you buy me?' on his babyish face. The central figure, probably a captured soldier, is a grand study, and his proud figure is a strong contrast with the courtesan seated contentedly at his feet. The four figures to the right run the gamut downwards, from the despair in feature and gesture of the tall female, the fearfulness and shrinking timidity on her right, sullen thoughtfulness at her feet, to the little slattern at the top of the ladder, who waits as patiently for a new master as a modern Biddy would wait in a modern intelligence office.

#### RECONNOITRING.

(Page 168.)

"A battallion of French foot Chasseurs are about to occupy a village that has just been the scene of a cavalry engagement in the Franco-Prussian War. The main body is seen advancing at the end of the street. Entering the principal avenue from opposite sides are small detachments, who have been scouring the town to prevent surprise. The extreme van is led by the squad of men in the foreground, whose commander is receiving information from a peasant youth. From their attitude and expression, it is plain that they are so near the retiring enemy that a skirmish is imminent. Melancholy proofs of the recent combat are seen in the Prussian Calvarymen and his horse who together lie weltering in their blood, and in the two wounded men on either side of the road. The one to the right is probably a German, while the other who is being succored by the inmates of the house at whose door he lies, may be a Frenchman. The villagers, who have either fled or shut themselves up in their houses, begin to show themselves again. Besides those who minister to the wounded man, a woman is perceived cautiously peering from an upper window; and two boys, terrified, yet

led on by curiosity and love of excitement, who creep slowly forward, are clinging for safety to the wall. A deep and stirring sense of reality pervades every part of the picture."

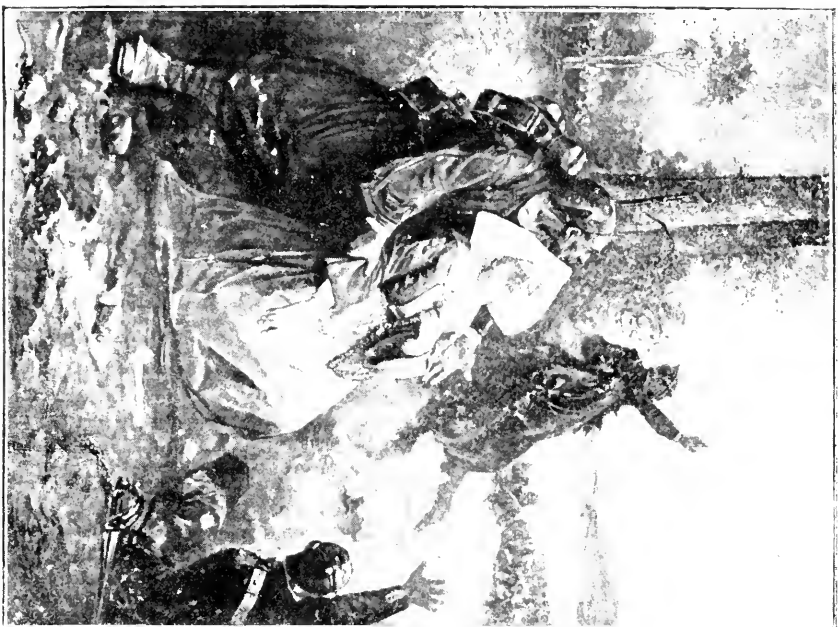
#### STOP FIRING.

"It is a curious fact to notice that when man's fiercest passions are at fever heat in the clash of war a touch of tenderness, all-controlling, is possible for allaying all thoughts of conquest. A Sister of Mercy on the battle field is wounded when in the exercise of heaven-sent mission—caring for the wounded and dying—and instantly goes forth the request, acknowledged by all brave men, 'Cease firing.' Too late it may be, for the fatal bullet seems to have done its work in this instance; but the fleeing and pursuers in an instant halt the mad career of combat to see what can be done for the wounded woman. It is a noble picture, and elevating in its lesson."

#### LAST THOUGHTS.

"It has long been known that many persons in cases of escape from death, say drowning, or hanging, or travelling accidents, who came to tell of their feelings when hope of life had fled, with great uniformity have said that the whole of their past life seemed to pass before them at a glance, and most vividly their early home life. The painter, acting on this, has painted the Trumpeter in full career, and while sounding the battle-charge for his comrades is met by the deadly bullet, and he knows instantly it is death. With one glance at the past, his last thoughts rest on his home, and as he may once have seen his father and mother and his young brother joined in prayer with the good pastor for the safety and welfare of their soldier son."





From a Painting:

STOP FIRING. (p. 202)



From a Painting:

LAST THOUGHTS (p. 202)



## INDEX.

---

African Slavery, the Cause of the Civil War.....	3-12
Antietam, Battle of.....	29, 32-45
Losses at .....	46
“Bloody Lane,” .....	35, 36
Arlington, Va. ....	20
Army Rations and Cooking.....	22
Army of the Potomac at Antietam.....	46
Its Strength at Fredericksburg.....	57
and Chancellorsville .....	89
Its Losses in these Battles.....	118
Battle Pictures, Description of.....	198
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward. His remarkable oratory in 1863 for the Union in England.....	84, 85, 182
Belle Plains, Va., Unloading Boats.....	58
“Bloody Lane,” Antietam.....	35, 36
Brown, John, Invasion of Virginia, Battle and Death .....	10, 149-153
Burnside, Gen. A. E. His costly errors and madness at Fredericksburg .....	57, 63, 76, 78, 79, 80
Cars, Primitive .....	189
Chancellorsville, Battle of.....	86-114
That terrible Saturday night at.....	91, 92, 94-107
Confederates, Advantage of, on the defensive, and re- cruiting .....	43
Congress United States. Free fight in 1858.....	145-148
Conway Cabal in York.....	179, 193
Dred Scott Case.....	9
Early Stage Coaches.....	189
England. Hostile to the Union in 1863.....	183

## INDEX

Enlistment in the Army.....	17
Fear of the Soldier in Battle.....	30, 31
Free Fight in U. S. Congress in 1858.....	145-148
Field Hospitals; Terrible Scenes after Battle.....	39
Franklin, Gen. Wm. B. Error in his Recollections..	78
Frederick, City of.....	23
Fredericksburg, Battle of.....	61, 79
Fredericksburg, Hardships and Suffering Before the Battle .....	59
Gates, Gen. Horatio. Wilkinson Duel.....	191
Gettysburg and Waterloo.....	168
Grant, Gen. U. S. Fear in Battle.....	31
Harper's Ferry, Surrender of.....	41
Its Remarkable Scenery.....	54, 171
Hartley, Col. Thomas.....	196
Hooker, Gen. Joseph. Blunders at Chancellorsville, .....	90, 91, 112
President Lincoln's Remarkable Letter to.....	118
Jackson, Gen. Stonewall.....	91
His mortal wound at Chancellorsville.....	91-107
Desire to raise the Black Flag.....	107-8
His death and not Gettysburg the turning point of the war.....	100
A Great Chieftain.....	107
Lafayette, Gen. in York and Conway Cabal.....	179
Lee, Gen. Robert E., Lost Dispatch of.....	23, 24, 40, 41
At Antietam .....	50
At Fredericksburg .....	75
Over-confident at Gettysburg.....	119-120
Losses in Battle.....	45, 167
McClellan, Gen. Geo. B.....	21
At Antietam .....	40-48
Relieved of Command.....	57
Mills' House, Fredericksburg, Entry of Shell.....	68, 69
Missouri Compromise .....	8
Negro Religious Meeting in New Orleans before the War; howling dervishes; humorous description.	131-138

# INDEX

One Hundred and Thirtieth Regiment, Pa. Vol., formation of .....	18
At Antietam .....	30-45
At Fredericksburg .....	61-68
At Chancellorsville .....	90-95, 109-112, 115, 118
Return Home and Banquet.....	121-128
Picket Duty at the Front.....	88
Pictures, Battle .....	198
Regimental Losses .....	169
Rifle Pierced at Antietam.....	37, 50
Rigor Mortis at Fredericksburg.....	62
Second Corps, "The Fighting Corps".....	46, 47
"Six Hundred," Losses of.....	170
Shelter Tents .....	60
South Mountain, Battle of.....	25-27
Spanglers of Virginia in Confederate Army.....	55
Spengler Hall .....	50
Stages, Early .....	190
Stevens, Thaddeus .....	83, 84, 173
Sumner, Gen. Edwin V.....	22
Sumner, Senator Charles. Brutal Assault upon in the United States Senate.....	134-144, 177
Tory Rector, York, 1775. Ducking of.....	194
Washington. In Hospital .....	81
Wilkinson, Gen. Gates' Duel, 1777.....	191
Winter Dug-outs .....	87
York County, African Slavery in.....	5
York County Companies in 130th Regiment.....	18
York County Patriotism in the Revolution.....	196
York Hospital .....	51
York in Revolutionary War.....	122
Gates-Wilkinson Duel .....	122
Ducking of the Tory Rector.....	122
York, War Meetings.....	14, 15, 16, 154, 156, 158, 164
Zinn, Col. H. I., Killed at Fredericksburg at the head of the 130th Regiment.....	66











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